Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week

June 25, 1958
PRICE
9d

Lucke Quads presented to the Governor's wife

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820881

A deodorant soap
that's a Beauty soap, too!

Tact safeguards your freshness all over, all day, as no ordinary soap can

Gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past. You see, Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery—miracle ingredient G11, known to science as hexachlorophene.
And it's G11 which washes away up to 95% of the germs which actually cause perspiration to decompose, become offensive.

and gentle **Tact** protects your complexion beneath your make-up

Tact soap
keeps perspiration *Odour-Free*

When you wash beforehand with Tact, your complexion is protected underneath your make-up. For gentle Tact washes away up to 95% of the bacteria which ordinary soaps leave on your skin, free to cause trouble beneath your make-up. And Tact, with G11, stands guard against new germs, too! It's ideal for teen-age skin problems. Buy Tact Deodorant Soap in the big bath size and save money.
Regular size, 1/-. Bath size, 1/5.

★ PROVED BY LABORATORY TESTS TO WASH AWAY UP TO 95% OF THE GERMS WHICH ACTUALLY CAUSE PERSPIRATION ODOUR AND SPREAD SKIN BLEMISHES

BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP NOW FROM CHEMISTS GROCERS AND STORES

D115

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: 34 Stirling St., Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

June 25, 1958 — Vol. 26, No. 3

Our cover

● The Lucke quads were on their very best behaviour when, with their parents, they were presented to Lady May Abel Smith (right), wife of the Governor of Queensland, at a reception arranged by the Country Women's Association in honor of Lady May at Bundaberg recently. They are, from left, Eric, Kevin, Veronica, and Jennifer. Cover photograph by Lionel Keen. More pictures of the quads and of the fast-growing Sara quads, of Sydney, are on pages 16, 17.

CONTENTS

Fiction

Sylvester (Serial, Part 3), *Georgette Heyer* . . . 19
Mr. Kensington's Finest Hour, *Lee McGiffen* . . 20, 21
The Tramp, *Derry Lemaire* 23
Last Chance for Love, *Alec Waugh* 24, 25

Special Features

Empire Games Athletes . . . 8, 9
Sara and Lucke Quads . . . 16, 17

Fashion

Dress Sense 26
Holiday Wardrobe . . 27
Fashion Frocks . . . 45
Patterns 61

Homemaking

Cookery 49
Home Plan . . . 50
Gardening 51
Prize Recipes . . . 53
Transfers 54

Films

"Gigi" 32, 33
Film Preview . . . 34
Reviews 55

Regular Features

TV Parade, *Nan Musgrove* 10
The Australian Year . 11
Social 15
Readers' Letters . . 18
Ross Campbell . . . 18
Beauty 26
Red Cross Contest . . 28
Worth Reporting . . 29
Here's Your Answer . 31
The Laugh Was On Me 36
Stars 60
Mandrake 62
Teena, Crossword . . 63

The Weekly Round

● The Lucke quads were very self-possessed when they were presented to Lady May Abel Smith recently. They shook hands gravely and chatted unselfconsciously to her.

AFTER the meeting, Eric broke away from his parents to return for another look at Lady May, saying, "Pitty lady."

The frocks worn by Jennifer and Veronica were made by Mr. and Mrs. Lucke's friend and neighbor Mrs. Mario Sergiacomi specially for the vice-regal meeting.

Mrs. Sergiacomi also helped Mrs. Lucke to bath and dress the quads for the C.W.A. outing, even though she herself was also busy preparing for a visit from the Governor and his daughter Elizabeth an hour later. The Sergiacomis have one of the finest pineapple farms in the Bundaberg district.

★ ★ ★

OUR short, short story this week, "The Tramp," is the second written by Englishman Derry Lemaire, now living in Killara, N.S.W., to appear in The Australian Women's Weekly.

His first, "The Feeling," published in March, was recently recorded by Mr. Lemaire for the Blind Book Society.

The tape on which it was recorded will be part of the already large circulating library of tape-recorded stories prepared for the blind.

★ ★ ★

FAMOUS photographer Cecil Beaton had a keen helpmate in his mother when he bought and started redecorating "Reddish House," which is featured on pages 40, 41 this week.

"When we first came here," says Mrs. Beaton, "there was just a narrow little pathway, and the garden was so steep that one felt it might fall in on the house.

"We had to dig some of it away to give breathing space."

Mrs. Beaton had paving stones brought down from London, and had a terrace made while Cecil was away in America.

★ ★ ★

INCIDENTALLY, Cecil Beaton figures in two of our features this week. He designed the sets and costumes for the new film version of the Colette novel "Gigi." Scenes in color from the film are on pages 32, 33.

NEXT WEEK

● Imagination plus subtle flavorings are necessary to prevent low-cost meals from becoming dull and monotonous. Next week Leila C. Howard, our food and cookery expert, gives recipes for meals that are both thrifty and interesting, for every day of the week.

Don't let Housework age your hands . . .

Keep **Hinds** Honey & Almond Cream **handy**

Hard water — detergents — soap — grease take their toll! Restore natural oils to your hands and keep them lovelier with Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. All chemists! ACE

MARIGNY **Smart Set**

The only setting lotion that gives brilliant highlights as it sets your hair.

3/9 everywhere

5407

CHUCKLERS' WEEKLY
EVERY THURSDAY 9d.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820882

Now in Samoa: Nino is doin' orright!

By ANNE DWYER, staff reporter

● Last November a bombshell hit Australian book-stores under the title of "They're A Weird Mob," supposedly an Italian journalist's impressions of Australia and Australians, by an unknown author, Nino Culotta.

IT was an immediate success. The first edition of 6000 sold out in three weeks, the second as soon as it appeared, and the next three before they reached the shops.

"They're A Weird Mob" now has created an Australian record for the quick sale of any book—local or overseas — with 74,000 copies bought in five months.

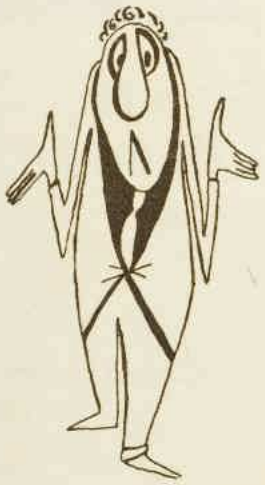
The ninth edition will be on sale soon, bringing the total to nearly 100,000 copies.

The tenth edition is in preparation, but the publishers are temporarily out of paper.

Many more thousands of people have read "Weird Mob" in serial form in Australian newspapers.

It will be published in England in September with the title of "How To Be An Australian" (many people may not agree), plus a slang glossary so that English readers won't miss any of the finer points.

It also is being considered by American publishers, its adaptation as a play is planned, and in July it will be broadcast as a radio serial.



NINO, one of Wep's illustrations for "Weird Mob."

The identity of the author, Nino Culotta, was one of the best-kept secrets in the publishing world.

There was quite a stir in January when the author was revealed as an Oatley, N.S.W., pharmacist named John Patrick O'Grady.

O'Grady wrote the second half of his book in New Zealand, on his way to Samoa.

Almost any day, 50-year-old John Patrick—ex-commando, ex-wrestler, and ex a dozen other occupations—can be seen riding his motor-scooter in the streets of Samoa's capital, Apia, where he is Chief Pharmacist and Dispenser for the New Zealand Government in Western Samoa.

Writing Australia's fastest-selling best-seller scarcely rippled the calm surface of O'Grady's life in Apia.

"Father regards the whole thing as a marvellous fluke," said his eldest son, John, a Sydney radio writer.

"He has had several very good offers to come home since 'Weird Mob' appeared, but he loves the Samoans and his work, and can't see any good reason to leave.

"Father's very happy about the success of the book, but he's not at all affected by it. He's a very phlegmatic bloke!"

And a very unpredictable one.

"Dad used to get tired of the pharmacy and announce that he was going for a holiday, but his idea of a good holiday was to walk to Bathurst and back," John said.

Another time when O'Grady, sen., had a yearning for the out-of-doors he worked as a builder's laborer—and this is how Nino was born.

In choosing Apia for his home, O'Grady has followed in the footsteps of Robert Louis Stevenson, who spent the last four years of his life there, and is buried on the summit of Mount Vaea, above the town.

Some of the royalties from "Weird Mob" bought a typewriter which goes with O'Grady on his official inspection tours.

Thus the tap-tap of the typewriter comes from the Fale, the village guest-house, before the "Ruler of the House of Medicine," as he is called, goes to sleep.

These journeys will provide material for O'Grady's next novel, a Samoan's view of life in Samoa.

Future plans include a trip around the world next May.

The result of this probably will be a sequel to "They're A Weird Mob," with the main characters, Nino, and his Australian wife, and Nino's builder friend, Joe, and Mrs. Joe, a hilarious four on a world tour.

NINO CULOTTA, also John Patrick O'Grady, author of Australia's record-breaking best-seller "They're A Weird Mob," looks out to sea across a palm-fringed Samoan beach. Mr. O'Grady, now the New Zealand Government pharmacist for Western Samoa, formerly lived at Oatley, N.S.W.

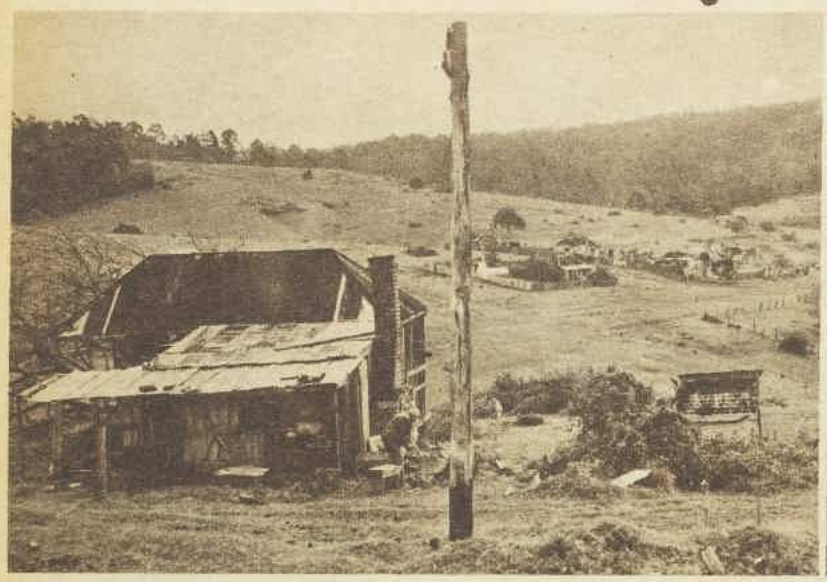
ABOVE: Mr. O'Grady and Samoan friends enjoy a basket of delicacies, the gift of the village where they stayed the previous night during an inspection tour of some outlying dispensaries.

BELOW: Palauli, a typical village in Western Samoa, where the friendly, dignified people have won the heart of author O'Grady. In less than two years O'Grady has learnt to speak Samoan.

GOING TO SCHOOL, Samoan-style, in the village of Salailua, where the people refer to O'Grady as the "Ruler of the House of Medicine," and gave him a kava root, a rare honor. These pictures were taken by Mr. J. Ryan, of Eastwood, N.S.W., during a recent visit to Samoa.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820883

Black Friday for the miners



PART of the ghost-town of Minmi, west of Newcastle, which once supported 16 pubs before its coalmine closed. "Will we become another Minmi?" people in Kurri are asking.

DICK and Nellie Simm are fine types, from Lancashire originally, who face a doubtful future on the coalfields.

Pits are closing and hearts are breaking on the coalfields

● The old bent man limped from his rotting shack and slowly chopped up the back of a broken chair and took the sticks inside.

By
RONALD McKIE

SOON smoke from his chimney was drifting across the gully, across the other crumbling shacks whose roofs, brown-black with rust, were scabs on the face of the green valley.

This was Minmi, west of Newcastle, once a roaring town which supported 16 pubs until the coalmine on which it lived was closed down.

Now it's a ghost town with one pub, a few shops, clusters of decaying houses, the water-worn mine workings—a rotting, rusting litter of wood and iron and lost hopes.

The only reason photographer Keith Barlow and I drove to this place is that today on the South Maitland coalfield in the Hunter Valley—at Kurri and Weston and Pelaw Main and Stanford and other places—desperately worried men and women are asking: "Will we become another Minmi?"

This question is a melancholy theme that recurs again and again as you go south from Maitland through Kurri and Cessnock along what is probably the richest coal valley in Australia.

Rich in coal—yes, but not in work, for the South Maitland field is facing a genuine crisis.

Less than a week ago, Friday, June 13, was indeed Black Friday in the north, for on that day 550 miners lost their jobs.

One hundred men went at Stanford Main No. 2 at Paxton, and 200 went at Kurri's Richmond Main, one of the biggest mines in New South Wales.

Next door at Weston, at Hebburn No. 1, 250 men walked out of the long tunnel that slopes like a dimly lit street into the earth, and from another tunnel—for this is not a shaft mine—the pit ponies came out, too, their sweaty coats streaked with coaldust.

Men and horses left Hebburn for the last time, before the management "put the gates on her," for this pick-and-shovel mine, which has operated for more than 50 years, has been closed.

Although Hebburn still holds at least 20 years' coal—and good coal—nobody in the district believes that this mine will ever be worked again, or that the estimated 1000 tons of coal lying at grass in the mine yard will ever be moved and used.

Kurri-Pelaw Main-Weston-Stanford, a small composite area which depends on three mines, is the hardest hit in the whole South Maitland field, for Hebburn has closed, Richmond Main has retrenched, and retrenchments are expected at Pelaw Main.

The general guess is that there won't be one mine working in this area by 1959.

Mechanisation, which means cheaper coal production, is the real basis of these dismissals.

It's why Hebburn closed down—for, as more than one miner said: "Let's face it. The day of pick-and-shovel mining is over."

But the mass sacking of 450 men on one day in one small area like Kurri raises grave human and social problems to this whole community.

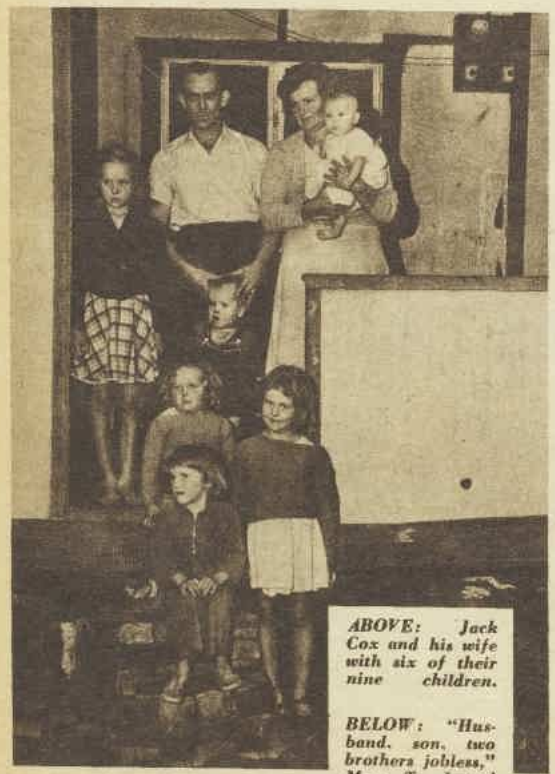
Most of the men are married with families, so that at least 2000 people are directly affected out of a total population in the Kurri area of about 9000 people.

And nearly a quarter of a community with no money coming in means that everyone is hit—the baker, the draper, the grocer, and all the others who keep a town going.

Even before the men finished work townspeople were already losing their jobs. At three hotels seven people were put off, and one hotel cut its beer quota by half.

The mine dismissals also mean that cars, refrigerators, washing machines, TV sets, and many more things which families are buying on hire purchase will be repossessed unless payments can be kept going.

In a mile drive between



ABOVE: Jack Cox and his wife with six of their nine children.

BELOW: "Husband, son, two brothers jobless," Mrs. T. Izzard (right) tells Mrs. May Yates.

Homes in danger

MRS. DICK TREAY has seven children and needs this machine, but she will lose it if she can't keep up payments.

FATHER checks homework of Intermediate student son George Dumbrell, 16, of Weston. But what future has this boy?

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820884

Where do they go from here?

ABOVE: Some of the 250 pick-and-shovel miners who for the last time walked out of this tunnel at Hebburn No. 1, Weston, last Friday when the old mine closed down.

BELOW: Three of the miners who lost their jobs when Hebburn No. 1 shut down. They now face the hopeless task of finding a job in the area or leaving the district.

Kurri and Weston I counted more than 100 TV aerials, and wondered how many would survive the next few months.

But what of the men who are workless in an area like Kurri which has no other industries except coal?

What of their families, their children leaving school who have little hope of jobs unless they leave home and get out of this one-industry district?

Most of these men either own their own homes or are paying them off, and they don't want to leave the area for two reasons: Their houses are home, and they wouldn't get a fraction of the money they have put into them even if they could sell them.

One miner told me that he wouldn't get £150 for the house which cost him £900.

They therefore have to find work within range of their homes — around Newcastle, for example—and spend three to four hours a day travelling to and from their jobs, or they have to go elsewhere.

If they go to other parts of the State they have to live apart from their families and see them only occasionally.

Days before the dismissed men finished work at the mines many of them were losing money by taking time off to chase work in the Newcastle area.

Of the dozen men I questioned only a few had found jobs. One man went to 11 places in Newcastle and failed. Another had taken a job on the South Coast, and that means he will be separated from his family, except for occasional visits, almost indefinitely.

Nobody knows yet how many men will get jobs, but the general feeling is that few men over 40 — and many of the workless miners are in that age group — will find work.

You couldn't meet finer people than many of these miners and their wives, but today, unemployed with money owing on homes, furniture, and even pension payments, they are bitter, bewildered.

Mrs. May Yates, president of the Northern District Miners Women's Auxiliaries, took me round to some of the homes.

"I've got two workless in this house," Mrs. Nellie Simm, a former Lancashire lass, told me. "My son, who borrowed £400 from the Coal Board to buy a house and still owes £150, is thinking of going to Bourke to look for a job. And my husband could easily lose his pension."

"That's right," Dick Simm said. "I retire in 10 months, but if I can't keep up my pension payments I lose a pension of £10 a week."

He shook his grey head. "There's no future in this whole valley unless we get secondary industries—a chemical industry based on coal, a powerhouse. The writing's on the wall. Not one miner's job is safe."

"This is a hopeless place for young people," Mrs. Simm added. "With the mines dying and nothing being done about it, the boys have to leave home to get work, and it's even worse for the girls.

"I've just heard of a mother who only a few days ago took her 16-year-old daughter to Sydney to put her in a job in a shop.

"No girl of 16 should be left on her own in a place like Sydney, but what else can you do?"

Mrs. Jack Cox, of Weston, and mother of nine children, shook her head sadly.

"There'll be a lot of tight belts in this area soon. If Jack can't get a job we'll have to live on £6/2/6 social service and £17 a month child endowment.

"And £1 a week payment on this Coal Board house will have to come out of the endowment.

"I don't know how we'll even feed the kids. Three of them aren't well very often and take a lot of medicines. They have Bright's Disease."

Jack Cox took the 13-week-old baby from his wife. "Unless they do something quick, start some new industries, this town'll be full of empty shacks — like Minmi," he said.

Mrs. Pat Treay, who has seven children, told me that her husband, an ex-soldier, had been back at work only three months after being on casual work for 13 months.

Continued on page 10

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820885

AMAZING **NEW** HAIR DISCOVERY!

color-glo lights up your hair with sparkling natural colour

THERE'S A COLOR-GLO SHADE TO SUIT YOUR VERY HAIR COLOUR

HONEY BROWN

BLACK CHERRY

DEEP AUBURN

DOVE GREY

TITIAN GOLD

MOLTEN GOLD

Not a dye! Not a tint!
Outlasts 5 shampoos!

color-glo — *the hair beauty discovery of the age — has arrived from Paris!*
Now you can give your hair radiant natural colour in a few minutes — at home!

Working on an entirely new principle—'controlled colour' **color-glo** performs the miracle of doing for your hair (and for you) what lipstick does for your lips—make-up does for your complexion! Your own natural hair colouring actually controls the degree of new colour **color-glo** creates in your hair for more beauty.

color-glo brings your hair to life by creating new, delicate colour loveliness. It adds new, **natural** colour . . . new brightness . . . enhances your own natural hair colouring. And it's so simple to use. There's no messy mixing or pouring into saucers with **color-glo.** No difficult brushing into the hair . . . no special methods of any kind. Just use **color-glo** as you would an ordinary shampoo. Then, see what happens! In a few minutes, your hair will have an entirely new beauty . . . glorious natural colour that will outlast 5 shampoos!

color-glo has an added attraction, it improves the condition of your hair. Hair becomes more supple, silkier, easier to manage . . . stays as you want it to. It is safe to perm **color-glo'd** hair.

color-glo won't rub off on clothes or pillows, and is not affected by rain, damp or seawater.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO to color-glo your hair

1. Wash your hair in the usual way. Sprinkle **color-glo** straight from the bottle on to your damp hair and lather it.
2. Wait a few minutes, then rinse. Your hair is now ready for setting. It's as easy as that!

color-glo is available in 6 lovely shades. Dove Grey, Honey Brown, Black Cherry, Molten Gold, Titian Gold and Deep Auburn. Whether you have "mousey", brown, blonde, black or grey hair, one of these shades will blend with it, and bring out lights you never dreamed existed!

color-glo

by marigny

TRADE MARK

The House of Hair Beauty

AT CHEMISTS, STORES AND HAIRDRESSERS, ONLY 7/10

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820886

A home for only £175

"FLOTSAM," the 33ft. scow which singer Peter North has converted into a houseboat for his family. It cost only £175, but saved a weekly pay-out of £9/9/- for rent.

Where a father can sing and a baby cry

By MARYA HULL

● You don't ring the front door bell to let the North family know that you've arrived — because they haven't got a front door.

YOU just shout across the bay and one of them — Peter or his wife, Faith—will appear at the stern of "Flotsam," their houseboat, jump into "Jetsam," the dinghy, and row to the jetty to pick you up.

And with a few strong strokes on the oars they will put you aboard their temporary home—a 33-foot converted Army scow moored in a quiet bay off Sydney Harbor.

Peter North is a bass in the chorus of the Elizabethan Theatre Trust's Opera Company chorus.

He, Faith, and their 14-month-old son, Michael, were living in one room for which they paid £9/9/- a week.

Peter was not allowed to sing in it, and the neighbors complained if Michael cried.

So three months ago they decided to take to the freedom of the sea and bought "Flotsam" for £175.

She had not been used for years, her motor was out of order, and her tiny cabin was littered with feathers and birdlime.

Bright visions

But the young couple had visions of converting it, and Faith sold her sewing-machine to pay the deposit.

Peter, with Faith's young brother, John, worked for a month on it, and when the family moved in the boat had bright cotton curtains on the windows, a tiny nursery in the bow for Michael, two bunks, an ice-box, spirit stoves and lamps, a sink, and a shower.

So they have all the essentials—and no rent to pay . . . an important point for this young couple who admit they've been broke since they were married five years ago.

Their income-boosters have included making and selling lampshades (Faith was doing interior design when she married) and renting a room on the Royal Progress route during the Queen's visit in 1954, and re-renting seats for £7 (front row), £5 (back row); standing room £1/10/-.

"It sounds an awful thing to do," said Faith, "but the £40 we made that day kept us for weeks."

Peter, whose father was in the Colonial Office, was born in Hongkong and educated in North China, New Zealand, Australia, and England.

His first job was in the Middle East, where he joined the Palestine Police Force.

After returning to London he took a job at a bakery in Soho, working the night shift. But after life in Palestine he couldn't settle down in England, and came to Australia.

For the last three seasons he's been with the Trust's Opera Company.

He told me: "In England my mother encouraged me to study singing, and found me an Australian teacher. I didn't **work very hard, and stayed** with him only long enough to learn one operatic aria.

"But I sang that aria at the opera company audition, where I got a job in the chorus and the encouraging advice to study seriously."

This month Peter goes on tour to Brisbane with the company's chorus, and has an understudy part of "Swallow" in Britten's opera "Peter Grimes."

ABOVE: Michael North, 14 months, wearing the special lifejacket his grandmother made for him, about to go ashore in the dinghy with his mother, Faith, for his daily run around the park. Michael wears his safety lifejacket aboard, but has never fallen overboard. "He seems to sense the danger," says Faith.

●

LEFT: Peter and Faith North go for a row in "Jetsam." The dinghy was originally part of the set for the opera "Peter Grimes," which the Elizabethan Trust's Opera Company has included in its repertoire this year for the first time.

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

clears dandruff, dry scalp and hair dullness

Many Australians suffer from unhealthy hair and scalp often without knowing it. They believe their hair is naturally dull, or realising something is wrong, start using lotions and dressings that only mask the problem temporarily.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS: Specialists conclude very many hair troubles stem from the *incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp.* Dust, grime and dandruff form a deposit which tends to block hair follicles and can prevent the flow of natural scalp oils. In extreme cases the deposit is visible (as dandruff), though it's often in the hair without being seen!

THE ANSWER: Loxene *medicated* shampoo as a scalp treatment. This preparation, called Loxene, *really cleans* away all dust, grime and flaky deposits (dandruff). With regular use Loxene removes and helps overcome the development of dandruff.

ONLY HEALTHY HAIR CAN BE ATTRACTIVE HAIR

Hair that is really clean, really healthy, is lustrous and easy to manage and set. Use Loxene regularly—it is the natural way to beautiful hair.

3/11 PER BOTTLE, SUFFICIENT FOR 8 SHAMPOOS

Single treatment bubble, 1/3

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

L1A.18

I always buy NUGGET because of its brighter shine

MOST PEOPLE now buy "NUGGET"—they prefer it for the faster, longer-lasting and much *brighter* shoe shine it gives — resulting from special blending of its waxes to an exclusive new formula. Try it . . . you'll like it, too!

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING SHOE POLISH

Twist to open

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820887

Aussie girls chosen for Games

● Twenty-four women will be among Australia's team of 108 competitors and 14 officials who will leave for Wales on July 2 to compete in the Empire Games from July 18 to July 26.

THE team will be billeted at the Games Village at St. Athan, a physical - training school owned by the R.A.F., about 17 miles from Cardiff. The complete training facilities include a new quarter-mile cinder track.

The girls will look neat and trim in their team uniform of a grey frock with detachable white collar, green blazer, grey beret, and red-tan shoes.

The women competitors comprise 11 athletes, two fencers, and nine swimmers.

There are also two manageresses—Mrs. Alf Robinson, of Victoria, in charge of the athletes, and Mrs. May Williams, of N.S.W., in charge of the swimmers.

The swimmers are Beverley Bainbridge, Gergaynia Beckett, Alva Colquhuon, Ilsa Konrads, Lorraine Crapp, Barbara Evans, Dawn Fraser, Sandra Morgan, and Ann Nelson.

The fencers are both Queensland girls—Misses D. O'Brien and B. McCreath.

The athletes are Gloria Cooke, Betty Cuthbert, Helen Frith, Wendy Hayes, Lois Jackman, Kay Johnson, Michele Mason, Marlene Mathews, Anna Pazera, Norma Thrower, and Beverley Watson.

Five of the athletes will leave with only one regret—that their husbands have to stay home. They are Marlene Mathews, Gloria Cooke, Beverley Watson, Norma Thrower, and Anna Pazera.

Marlene Mathews, in private life Mrs. Barry Willard, has another big enthusiasm apart from her running—the house that she and Barry are planning to build on the block of land they own at Carlingford, N.S.W.

"Get over the hurdle as quickly as possible, and waste no time in the air" is the maxim of N.S.W. record-breaking hurdler Gloria Cooke, Mrs. Brian Wigney.

In the half flat over a shop at Earlwood, where the Wigneys live, is a Certificate of Honor, awarded to Gloria after she represented Australia in the Melbourne Olympic Games.

Romance

Excited as she is about her forthcoming trip, Gloria will be glad to return home. By then the Wigneys' brand-new house, "Stray Leaves," should be finished and ready for the young couple to move in.

It was by accident that 21-year-old Polish-born Anna Pazera proved herself a javelin-thrower and was included, as Anna Wotaszek, in the Polish Olympic team to compete in the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne.

She casually threw a javelin one day, and everyone was shaken by the distance.

"From then on," she said in her broken English, "I do not run more, I throw only the javelin."

Tiny, fair-haired Anna met her Polish husband, Tadeusz Pazera, while spending a week-end in Adelaide during the Games. They married soon after and now live in a small flat in Fitzroy, South Australia.

Twenty-two-year-old hurdler Norma Thrower began her career when still a schoolgirl, Norma Austin.

As there are no other girl hurdlers in South Australia, Norma trains with two male State hurdlers, Geoff Jones and Dean Perrott.

ABOVE LEFT: Kay Johnson, of Perth (sprinter), baby of the team, will have her 18th birthday overseas. She is coached by Olympic champion Shirley Strickland (Mrs. Laurie de la Hunty).

ABOVE RIGHT: Michele Mason, 18, of N.S.W., shares the Australian high-jump record of 5ft. 6in. with Helen Frith, of N.S.W. She finished fifth against international champions at the last Games.

POLISH-BORN Anna Pazera, 21, javelin-thrower, of South Australia, was included in Poland's team to the last Olympic Games. In Australia her record throw is 164ft. 5½in.

ABOVE: Beverley Watson, 22 (long jump), holds the Australian title of 19ft. 6½in. Her husband-coach Ernest, whom she married at 18, has dug a 23ft.-long, yard-deep sandpit in their driveway so that she can practise at home.

LEFT: Hurdler Wendy Hayes, 19, of Victoria, holds the Victorian 100 and 75 yards sprint records, 80 metres hurdles record, the Australian junior 100 yards sprint record, and the Victorian 65 yards junior hurdles record.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820888

Champion athletes after new honors

GLORIA COOKE, record-breaking hurdler, of N.S.W., in private life is Mrs. Brian Wigney. Since her early athletic days at Canterbury Home Science School she has been leaping hurdles, left foot first.

LOIS JACKMAN, 20-year-old discus-throwing champion, of Melbourne, threw 149ft. 7½in. earlier this year to make her Australian residential record. The fair-haired athletic champion is barely 5ft. 2in.

Both Wendy Hayes, hurdler, and Lois Jackman, small 20-year-old discus - throwing champion, of Victoria, make some of their own clothes.

Lois works an accounting-machine in a Melbourne office, where Welsh members of the staff are teaching her to "sing" her words as the Welsh do.

Cameras will be an important item in the luggage of two of the girls — Olympic gold-medallist Betty Cuthbert and 18-year-old Helen Frith, high-jumper.

As well as being the holder of the world 200-metre sprint record (23.2 sec.), Betty has another, singular honor.

She is the first living Australian to be depicted on a stamp—issued by the Dominican Republic, in the West Indies, in a series of eight, to commemorate the Olympic Games. It is diamond-shaped, measures about 1½in. by 1½in., and is priced at two cents.

Betty, who won her first State championship at the age of eight, helps her parents with their plant nurseries at Ermington, N.S.W.

Michele Mason (high jump) is the proud owner of several budgerigars—an interest she shares with several other champions, including Marlene Mathews, Betty Cuthbert, and Gloria Cooke.

Mrs. Alf Robinson, of Melbourne, who will be in charge of the girl athletes, is herself a former champion athlete.

As Mabel Moad she won the first Australian women's walking championship in 1932, covering half a mile in four minutes.

Mrs. Robinson was a foundation member of the Victorian Women's Amateur Athletic Association.

ABOVE: Champion sprinter Marlene Mathews, of N.S.W., has one main ambition at the Games—to become the first woman to run 100 yards in 10 seconds.

RIGHT: 18-year-old Helen Frith, of N.S.W. (high jump), is brown-haired, 5ft. 10½in. tall. She is a keen collector of rock-'n-roll records and also "stray animals."

LEFT: Honey-blond sprint champion and triple Olympic gold-medallist Betty Cuthbert holds the world 200 metres sprint record (23.2 sec.).

ABOVE: South Australian hurdler Norma Thrower, formerly Norma Austin, gained third place in her race at the Melbourne Olympics in 1956.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820889

Get relief quickly

ORDINARY household tasks, gardening, or any of a hundred activities may bring on the dreaded pain of sciatica and lumbago—but the real cause is often faulty kidneys!

When kidneys become inactive, your system is clogged with toxins and body waste. Knowing the cause of your pain, you may well wonder how to stimulate your kidneys to proper action again. The answer is De Witt's Pills. World famous, sure acting De Witt's Pills go to work stimulating and cleansing your kidneys immediately—and give you visual evidence of this within 24 hours. Don't suffer one day longer. Buy a bottle of De Witt's Pills from your chemist or storekeeper today.

Economy Size (100 pills) **8/-**
Regular Size (40 pills) **5/-**
New Trial Size (20 pills) **3/-**

Mrs. R.O.V., Camp Hill, Brisbane, writes:—
"My husband has been suffering for the past 4 months with sciatica . . . and he could not work. I put him on a course of your pills. After the first bottle . . . he is now back at work." (Original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office).

De Witt's PILLS

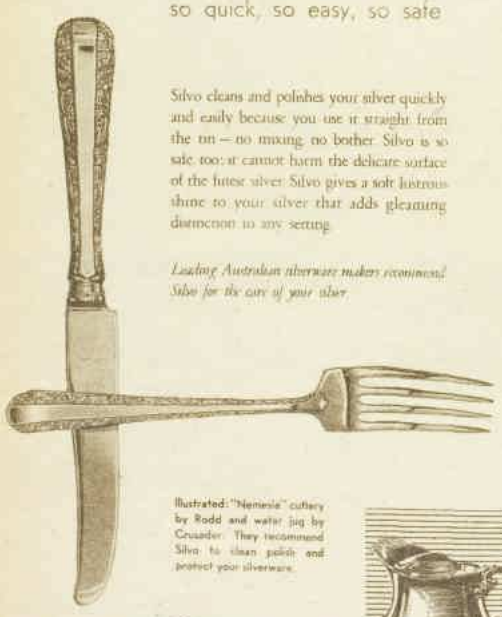
For Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Joint and Muscle Pains

SILVO HAS A WAY WITH SILVER . . .

so quick, so easy, so safe

Silvo cleans and polishes your silver quickly and easily because you use it straight from the tin—no mixing no bother. Silvo is so safe too: it cannot harm the delicate surface of the finest silver. Silvo gives a soft lustrous shine to your silver that adds gleaming distinction to any setting.

Leading Australian silversmiths makers recommend Silvo for the care of your silver.



Illustrated: "Nemesis" cutlery by Rodd and water jug by Crusader. They recommend Silvo to clean polish and protect your silverware.

SILVO
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

'Just the facts, Ma'am'

● Sergeant Joe Friday's famous badge 714, seen each week when the famous TV show "Dragnet" begins (Channel 7, Mondays 9 p.m.), is resting in a special glass case, never again to be used.

JACK WEBB, producer and star as Sergeant Joe Friday, of the Los Angeles Police Department, put the badge in the case himself and locked it away when he announced that the "Dragnet" series was ended.

Before you panic and think that you'll soon stop seeing this first-class show, let me tell you that it's been on American TV for seven years, and Webb has made enough episodes in advance to go on into 1959 in America.

That sounds like we've got another five years to go before we panic about it ending.

Webb, despite coaxing, is determined not to go on with the series.

"It started as a radio programme almost nine years ago, and it's been on television for seven," Webb said. "Nobody wanted it at first, but we finally got a fill-in during the summer months on TV and the public liked it.

"Suddenly, the name of hard-working Joe Friday was a household word. His 'Just the facts, Ma'am' was a phrase recognised by all.

"Police departments gave us their approval of a sincere attempt to show accurately a cop at work, and Service clubs credited 'Dragnet' with helping to reduce juvenile delinquency.

"We got more than 100 awards, plaques, certificates, and medals for technical excellence, story interest, humanitarian effort, and general showmanship.

"I'm not too sorry about Friday's career coming to an end. After seven years of playing the part I'm a little tired. If I never again do anything that amounts to much, the memory of 'Dragnet' will be enough to keep me happy."

I feel sure that Mr. Webb really means that, but he's got something more tangible to put the capital H into his happiness. He is estimated to have made 3,000,000 dollars (more than £A1,500,000) on the series in America, and expects to make that much again from re-runs in other countries.

To add to this gold-plated happiness, Webb has also announced that his third marriage will take place shortly. The bride is actress Jackie Loughery, Miss U.S.A. of the 1953 Miss Universe contest, who was formerly married to singer Guy Mitchell. Engagement pictures of the couple show that Sgt. Friday has had that smooth black hair clipped into a crew-cut.

★ ★ ★

BY the way, there was an extra bonus in "Dragnet" recently—the surprise appearance of Dennis Weaver of "Gunsmoke" (Channel 9, Sundays, 9 p.m.), who shed the broad-brimmed hat and slouchy Western clothes of Chester Good, Marshal Dillon's side-kick, to turn out in a dark, well-cut flannel suit as a police technician checking bullet calibration.

Dennis accompanied those two entertaining characters Sergeant Joe Friday and Officer Frank Smith when they called on and questioned a woman concerned with a murder. He is just as polite as they are, and more handsome, taller, and straighter.

In fact, Dennis without his "Gunsmoke" limp and got up in trappings of the American businessman is quite something. But I like him best tending his duties in Dodge City's Law Office and helping Marshal Dillon.

★ ★ ★

IF you're a "whodunit" fan, you have a permanent date for Tuesdays at 8.30 p.m. on Channel 9 for the new Perry Mason show. Perry, of course, is Erle Stanley Gardner's famous criminologist, a character with a tremendous following in book form.

From the preview glimpse I had of the show, Perry will soon have a big following on TV. The part is played by Raymond Burr — remember him in the Grace Kelly-James Stewart film "Rear Window"?

On TV each one of Gardner's books is telescoped into a show that lasts for an hour. Connoisseurs of murder mysteries tell me that the TV adaptations are extremely well done — they conform to the ethical demands of detection, giving all the required clues, and don't cheat viewers at all.

Perry Mason, the main character, is an attorney-at-law (a lawyer to you), but he plays a very different role from his Australian counterpart.

For a start, he's always a hero to his client. One of his big jobs is solving their crimes, aided by a private eye he employs, Paul Drake (William Hopper), who does all Mr. Mason's leg work and unthinking detection; his other stalwart is his secretary, Della Street (played by Barbara Hale).

Mr. Mason's work for his clients always winds up with some brilliant courtroom work, so you see he's a busy man.

The Perry Mason show is good, well-produced entertainment. It has everything — besides ethical clues, there's High Life, three fingers of rye regardless of all circumstances, nightclubs, and lashings of gorgeous blondes.

Mr. Mason is a lady-killer, Grade A, and specialises in defending these beautiful blondes, who enthral him briefly while his sterling secretary, Della, who carries a torch for Perry, looks on.

A man with an eye for what he calls useless information tells me that every single girl who goes wrong in the Perry Mason show is a blonde; his secretary, who doesn't count with Perry as a woman, is a brunette.

To me this doesn't sound like useless information at all. I'd classify it as sad but true.

SERGEANT JOE FRIDAY (Jack Webb), right, the polite but ruthless hero of "Dragnet," questions a suspect while his offsider, Officer Smith (Ben Alexander), left, stands by. Webb has announced the end of "Dragnet," a series which makes a tremendous impression wherever it is shown.

TELEVISION PARADE

by NAN MUSGROVE

MEET PERRY MASON (Raymond Burr), to be seen each Tuesday night at 8.30 on Channel 9.

Black Friday for the miners from page 5

"We managed to pay off our house," she said.

"I haven't bought a thing for myself for a year, and the last time I bought a new dress was three years ago. I can't afford to have my hair set or anything nice like that.

"What I'd like more than anything in the world is to be able to buy school uniforms for my girls, and to get a double bed and a three-quarter bed for them. The five girls sleep in two single beds and a cot at present.

"But a lot of people are worse off than we are."

What stands out most is that mines are closing or retrenching as coal mechanisation increases and that the South Maitland field, particularly the Kurri area, is at a critical stage in its history.

That such a crisis has been developing for years has been known, but nothing has been done to prepare for it. Even many miners have ignored the warnings.

Everyone in the district says that Governments have been planless, clueless in an area that will stagnate and die unless action is taken to stop the drift.

The area, and particularly the Kurri area, needs relief works as a temporary solution, and unemployed miners should not lose pensions and homes because of their inability to keep up payments, they say.

But the long-term solution is secondary industries based on coal in a one-industry area where even the children leaving school have no future unless they migrate.

Land is no problem. A businessman told me that Kurri's old sports ground, which covers seven acres, could be had for £100.

Fine modern high schools at Kurri and Cessnock are meaningless if children they turn out have to leave their homes and district to get work.

As many people who work around Maitland and Newcastle have bought cheap homes in the South Maitland coalfields area—houses are half the price they are in Newcastle—Kurri, Pelaw Main, Weston, and Stanford are not likely to become ghost towns.

About six hundred people leave Kurri each day to work in the heavy and other industries of the Newcastle area.

But unless other industries take the place of the dwindling mines, Kurri and its satellites could within a few years come perilously close to being new Minmis.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820890

THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

AUSTRALIA produces more than one-quarter of the world's wool and on this rests the bulk of her prosperity. Shearing of this golden fleece is going on practically all the year.

The shearing season has just started in warmer parts of N.S.W., W.A., and S.A. The picture above shows brawny shearers in the galvanised-iron shed on Poltalloch Plains Station, S.A. At right, a newly shorn sheep is counted out of the shed at "Cherry Tree," Tooraweenah, New South Wales.

An average Australian shearer tallies up to 150 sheep in an eight-hour day; a "gun" (very proficient shearer) 150 to 200 a day; the "ringer" (best shearer in the shed) more than 240 sheep a day. The picture above was taken by Keith Phillips and the one at right by Mrs. J. E. R. Finch.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820891

magic texture . . .
magic colour . . .

Cuban Pink
by YARDLEY

. . . singing new lip colour
with an undercurrent
of excitement that will quicken
your pulse, make you feel
irresistible. Creamier, smoother,
more indelible than ever before.
So 'long-lasting',
you will feel it's part of you . . .

Lipstick, 13/9; Quick Change Refill, 8/6.

YARDLEY LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK • TORONTO • SYDNEY • CAPE TOWN

FREE OF RHEUMATIC PAINS
FREE OF ILL-HEALTH
thanks to MENTHOIDS

—says Mrs. W. M., of Kensington.
"Severe rheumatic pains made life a misery. I cried with pain as it was agony to move. I was advised to take Menthoids. After the first flask I felt so much better I continued treatment. I'm happy to say I'm now really well. Aches and pains have left me, I can do my housework and go about as I used to. My bad health has gone and I feel really alive and well, thanks to Menthoids."
(Original letter on file, Head Office.)

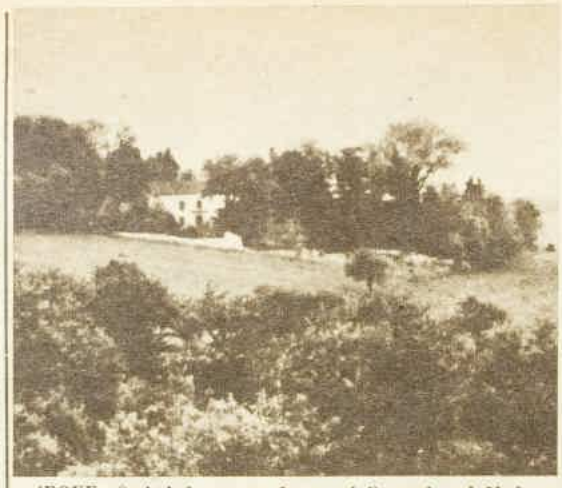
SEE WHAT MENTHOIDS WILL DO FOR YOU!
The remarkable double action of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids rids the system of poisonous toxins, the main cause of rheumatic aches and pains, sciatica, lumbago, kidney and bladder weaknesses, hot flushes, aches and pains in limbs and muscles.

Menthoids tonic action also tones the system to recapture youthful energy, buoyant health and a real zest for living. Say goodbye to aches and pains that sap your strength and make life a misery. For yourself and your family—start Menthoid treatment TO-DAY.

9/- or 5/- EVERYWHERE

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

M14



ABOVE: Secluded country home of General and Madame Charles de Gaulle, 170 miles north of Paris. From the park, in which the General enjoys six 15-minute walks a day, is a wonderful view of the French countryside.

RIGHT: General de Gaulle and his wife in their pew at the village church of Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises. Devout Roman Catholics, Sunday Mass was one of the few times each week the de Gaulles left the grounds of their home.

Austere soldier mellows to elder statesman

● While people the world over think they know General Charles de Gaulle, Premier of France, they are considering only the record of the tall, awkward soldier, twice hailed as the saviour of France. De Gaulle the man is almost unknown.

● By MARCELLE POIRIER, of our Paris staff, who reported the activities of General de Gaulle and the Free French Forces throughout World War II.

In 1943 she joined the Free French Military and Administrative Liaison Mission, and as an officer-observer for the French Information Services was one of the first group of women to land in France after D-Day.

On August 20, 1944, she was ordered to report to newly liberated Rennes, in Brittany, to link up with General de Gaulle, who had just arrived from Algiers.

Since then she has often met the General and his closest supporters.

CHARLES DE GAULLE has few friends.

His private life is guarded jealously by the wrought-iron gates of his estate at Colombey - les - Deux - Eglises, 170 miles north of Paris, through which only the chosen pass.

To me, de Gaulle is firstly a broadcast voice, heard in a hospital in Leeds where I was surrounded by French wounded brought back from Dunkirk. That day his voice inspired the blind, the legless, the badly burnt to volunteer for more service.

I remember the General's first public appearance at a Free French Rally in Albert Hall, London. He was so shy it was almost painful to look at him. I felt that at any moment stagefright would force him to stop speaking.

Later I saw him submerged by a mass of excited war-workers in a tank factory in Coventry. The women had rushed forward to touch and kiss him, and an anguished face surmounted by a gold-braided cap rose above the crowd.

From Rennes, the beginning of his return to Paris after D-Day, I saw him in each phase of his triumphant journey.

As we drove the last few miles into the city I saw him, in a car ahead, craning forward to see again the Eiffel Tower.

I saw him climb out on a windowsill of the Paris Town Hall to greet the crowds, and the next day stand imperturbably at the foot of the altar in Notre - Dame Cathedral while German snipers hidden in the galleries fired across the nave.

But I could not say I know him. He is not a "mixer." He is reserved and austere, but he inspires deep loyalty in all who work for him.

Charles Andre Joseph Marie de Gaulle is 67 years old. Because of the "de" in his name, many people think he is a member of the aristocracy. He is not.

His father was a professor of literature at the Jesuit College in Paris. From him Charles de Gaulle inherited his ascetic character and a Puritan type of Roman Catholic faith, deep-rooted and sincere.

As a boy he was embarrassed by his height. He was thoughtful, quiet, and studious.

In a German prison camp in World War I he was able to rewrite books of Ovid, Homer, and Caesar. This did not prevent him from trying five times to escape.

His love of solitude is shared by his wife, Madame Yvonne, who wears a cloak of invisibility. She accompanies the General wherever he goes, but is seldom seen and rarely photographed.

A small, quiet, dark-haired woman with a tranquil smile, she was as delighted as her husband when in 1933 they bought their country home, with a heavy screen of trees hiding it from the road.

The house has 12 rooms. The turret has been turned into the General's study, where he spends — or used to spend — his evenings writing his memoirs, now in their third volume.

Keynote of life at "Le Boisserie" is simplicity. Yvonne de Gaulle runs her home with the help of two servants, Philomene and Louise.

She has a little car in which to go shopping while Rene, the chauffeur, drives de Gaulle's large but far from new model.

Yvonne de Gaulle is usually up early. The General likes his coffee and bread roll at 7 a.m.

While he reads the newspapers, listens to the news, and answers letters, she supervises the housework and the garden.

Their children, Philippe and Elizabeth, are both married and have children, whose photographs are on the General's desk.

The de Gaulles had a third child, Anne, an invalid who died 10 years ago when she was 18. Anne was one reason why Madame de Gaulle has led such a secluded life.

In her memory, the de Gaulles founded a home for backward children, the Anne de Gaulle Foundation, run by a religious order, near Paris.

Anne is buried in Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises, and every week the General and his wife place flowers from their garden on her tomb.

Charles de Gaulle is a model of self-discipline, a thinker who has disciplined his emotions, who economises his words, his appreciation, his praise, but never his disapproval.

He has a critical eye that misses nothing and a prodigious memory.

He states his view with a forthrightness that often shocks, but even his most violent detractors admit his fundamental honesty.

For all his apparent coldness, the General is not insensitive.

Only those who know him well enough can tell when he is deeply moved—by his pallor, his added stiffness, and a break in his voice which he cannot control.

Today General de Gaulle is more mellow than he was in the post-liberation period. White-haired, plumper, and even benign, he appears in the role of elder statesman.

The change even shows in his clothes, from austere navies and dark greys to a light grey suit and a pearl-grey tie.

His manner has changed, too. Where during and after the war he would shrug with nervous impatience at a question he felt unnecessary, or answer with brutal scorn, he is more tolerant.

At a recent Press conference he thundered in answer to a question: "I restored the Republic in France after the war. Do you think that at the age of 67 I suddenly want to become a dictator?"

Then he leaned back, relaxed, shrugged one shoulder, and stretched out a hand in a gesture to reveal the absurdity of the accusation.

He also was more animated, appeared sure of himself, and spoke with dignity.

The man who for many years has been a symbol of France is fittingly named. "Gaulle" is French for France.

De Gaulle: "Unknown" Premier of France . . .

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820892

Will Third Man be a lucky one for Ingrid?

● Lars Schmidt, an elegant, clever, lucky Don Juan of 45, has become actress Ingrid Bergman's beau since the break-up of her marriage to film director Roberto Rossellini, for whom she abandoned her first husband and child.

By **GEORGE AXELSSON**

I CALLED him "Lucky Lars" right from the start, because everything this theatre producer touches seems to turn to success.

How did Ingrid come into his life?

Lars is secretive, but no more so than Ingrid. It was by chance I learned that the pair knew each other.

Early last year I tried to induce Ingrid to give me an interview. Ernest Hemingway—Ingrid played the lead in his "For Whom the Bell Tolls"—spoke for me, but nothing happened.

I tried the direct approach, but Ingrid used 25 (written) words to say "No" politely.

I mentioned this setback to Lars Schmidt, whom I had known for about a year. Lars said, "Well, let me try. I'm lunching with her today."

I thought he was joking, but he wasn't. His efforts, though, turned out just as negatively as Hemingway's had. One of his rare failures.

Lars is a tall, blond, pleasant-mannered fellow, unrelentingly, maybe overly, elegant, but very masculine—a bit of a Don Juan, in fact.

He plays no favorites on racetracks or on women.

One Sunday, early in the season, we went to Longchamps, the world-famous track near Paris.

Claiming to know something about horses, I advised Lars to play the hot favorite. Lars smiled, went to the "big" window, and returned flashing a 10,000-franc (£A11) ticket on the biggest outsider.

It won easily, and Lars indifferently pocketed something like £A400.

Lucky (or shrewd) with horses, so with women. Blondes, brunettes, redheads, he likes them all—"just so they aren't stupid."

The budding Schmidt-Bergman romance was cleverly handled by the two concerned.

It began at the time Ingrid was appearing in "Tea and Sympathy" at the Theatre de Paris and Lars was producing "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" at the Theatre Antoine.

Ingrid came on her own initiative to the dress rehearsal at the Antoine, and there met Lars for the first time.

Her receptiveness to friendship at that moment must be judged against the background of her loneliness.

Roberto Rossellini, her great love for whom she had sacrificed so much, the father of three of her children, had gone off to India. He said he had gone to look for solitude, but rumor had it that the solitude bore the name of Hindu beauty Sonali Das Gupta, wife of an Indian film director. Ingrid ignored the rumors, but she looked unhappy.

She had her work, was one of the world's most acclaimed actresses, and had just received the "Anastasia" film award from America. This was especially gratifying, because it meant that America had taken her back at last.

MARRIAGE PLANS are reported for Ingrid, here smiling with her wealthy Swedish beau, Lars Schmidt.

But she was in Paris, alone and sad.

Then, enter Mr. Schmidt.

It was easy for them to see each other, as they were living at the same hotel.

To discourage talk and speculation, however, Lars, the fox, moved ostentatiously to a smaller, but equally select, establishment nearby.

They saw a lot of each other, often dining at small gourmet restaurants, where few saw them.

It was an international scoop when somebody broke the news that a new Bergman romance was in the making; by that time it was already six months old. The pair concerned were non-committal.

Lars dresses well, if somewhat discreetly. He never seems to depart from those grey flannel suits made by an expensive Barcelona tailor, nor from his black or dark grey ties.

He is no sportsman. He dislikes physical effort, never walking farther than to or from his car. This year he has switched from his ruby-red roadster to a dark grey Mercedes. Two years ago it was a Porsche.

Fast cars

Lars likes fast cars, fast motor-boats, and good food. He is a good cook. He likes to fish, and to cook his catch.

His distaste for physical exercise also includes dancing—even with Ingrid.

Although Lars takes naturally to cafe society, he is happiest when relaxing on an island in the rock-studded archipelago off his own native Goteborg, the Swedish west-coast port.

It is on one of these islands that he has bought Danholmen, a cottage which he showed Ingrid when she recently visited Sweden to meet his parents.

Lars is selective about friends. As a showman he must frequent the bright spots, but he likes small parties best.

He feels unhappy at gala banquets and similar "boring affairs." He is not much of a wine drinker, and never touches cigars, but smokes plenty of cigarettes. For cocktails he prefers dry martinis or port. And, after dinner, whisky. He is much too busy to eat or drink much for lunch on weekdays.

Lars never talks much about what he is doing.

His best friends didn't know he was producing "The Diary of Anne Frank" at the Theatre Montparnasse until the play opened and Ingrid Bergman, at his request, put in a publicity appearance at the dress rehearsal and congratulated the leading actress.

No one knew that he had invested in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof."

That was the only occasion on which I have had some doubts as to his luck. The reviews were devastating.

But the show became a terrific box-office success.

Lars, now 45, belongs to a wealthy middle-class family in Goteborg.

His father, Reinhold, an Army officer before he went into business, owns important real estate in the heart of Goteborg, including an entire street. He also owns a baronial estate in Goteborg's residential suburb, Lerum, which Lars will inherit, together with his brother, Reinhold, jun.

Lars married the Baroness Dickson, a good-looking widow of a wealthy Goteborg industrial magnate.

Her name was Ingrid, too.

The marriage ended in divorce, another of Lars' rare failures.

But his only commercial "flop" concerned a theatrical venture in Goteborg. Not being able to find a theatre, he bought a derelict ship and converted it into a showboat. The ship didn't sink, but the venture did.

Undaunted, Lars went to America to buy plays, which he picked with flair; but he had to go down on his knees to get producers in Europe to accept plays that eventually made their fortunes, and increased Lucky Lars'.

Ingrid is currently making in England "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness," a film based on the biography of a woman missionary in China.

Now, I am told, she plans a prolonged rest, perhaps on the rocky island off Goteborg.

Ingrid has again found her long-lost happy smile, the smile she had in the days when she made her first acquaintance with success.

1—*FIRST HUSBAND, Dr. P. Lindstrom, with present wife, their son, Peter, 2, and daughter by Ingrid, Jenny.*

2 — *SECOND HUSBAND (right), Rossellini, and their children, Isabella and, below, Ingrid and Robertino.*

THE PAST:

● Ingrid Bergman deserted her first husband, Swedish Dr. Peter Lindstrom, and daughter, Jenny Ann, for Roberto Rossellini, Italian film director, whom she later married. Ingrid and Rossellini got a legal separation in November. It is reported that after her Mexican divorce she will marry Lars Schmidt.

3—*REUNION in Rome last year with daughter Jenny Ann Lindstrom after six years apart.*

4—*PARTING. Anguish shows on faces of Ingrid and Rossellini, in Paris, after announcing their legal separation.*

5—*AFTER the separation (right), in the Italian Alps with her children, twins Isabella and Ingrid, 6, and Robertino, 8.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820893

zip... it's off in a flash!!!

A little Bear will fix it!

That's just how fast new Bear Wonder Formula Tape comes off the roll! No more tugging, no more snapping—just a gentle pull and it zips off the roll and on to the job! Bear Wonder Formula Tape sticks tighter too, because it has a strong new adhesive. Try it for yourself. Once you've felt the quick-'n'-easy zip-off action of Bear Wonder Formula, you won't waste time with old-fashioned tapes! For extra value, buy the 1/6d. handy plastic dispenser which now has an additional 25 tape inches.

Keep Bear Tape handy for sealing school lunches!

Fix the children's toys with Bear Tape!

Use Bear Tape to secure recipe cuttings in your recipe book!

new BEAR* BRAND WONDER FORMULA TAPE

*Trade Mark Property of the Norton Company, U.S.A.

BUY FROM THESE COLOURFUL BEAR TAPE DISPLAYS IN YOUR STORE

Handy sized, plastic dispensers in bright colours, complete with extra length tape roll (½" x 225") — 1/6 each.

Refill rolls ½" x 180" and ¾" x 120", 1/- each.

MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY BEHR-MANNING (AUST.) PTY. LTD. AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF TAPES, SANDPAPERS AND ADHESIVES

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820894

THE BRIDE ARRIVES. Romayne Hordern, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hordern, is escorted up the steps of St. Mark's by her father. Romayne married Dugald Munro, son of Mrs. John Broinowski, of Point Piper, and the late Mr. Ranald Munro. Color pictures of the wedding will appear in next week's issue.

BRIDAL GROUP. Mr. and Mrs. Dugald Munro leave St. Mark's with their attendants (from left), Mackenzie Munro, Janice Henty, Diana Horn, and Gillis Broinowski.

THE GROOM'S MOTHER, Mrs. John Broinowski (right), arrives for the wedding with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mackenzie Munro, of "Gaerloch," Cooma.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

TWO attractive Sydney girls made lovely brides when they were married last week—Romayne Hordern to Dugald Munro at St. Mark's, Darling Point, and Mary Anne McDonald to John Duncan at Holy Cross Church, Woollahra.

Romayne wore a graceful dress of cream tulle with appliques of lace marking the high empire waistline and embroidering the hem.

Her elbow-length veil was fastened by a gold plaited band wound round a topknot of hair.

She carried a full-blown white rose with two pink-tipped buds tied with long streamers of satin ribbon.

Bridesmaids Diana Horn and Janice Henty wore fairy-tale dresses of cream tulle inspired by Dior.

Cloaks of tulle fell from the shoulders, to be caught under at the hem by roses and on the top of their piled-up hair nestled a single rose.

They wore short matching tulle gloves and carried satin-bound prayer-books.

The church was decorated with garlands of palest pink camellias twined round the pillars, and two large bunches of satin-tied arum lilies hung in the porch.

Dugald was attended by his brother Mac and stepbrother Gillis, and the ushers were Robert Henty, Clyde Packer, Bill Davey, and James Warner.

The young couple will live on Dugald's property, "Ross Farm," Marulan.

After the ceremony Mr and Mrs. Hordern gave a small, family dinner party at their Point Piper home.

The guests were received in the central courtyard of the beautiful "round" house, open to the starlit sky and with bunches of Chinese lanterns shining high in the trees.

• • •

A CROWD of excited schoolgirls gathered in the grounds of Holy Cross Church to watch Mary Anne McDonald arrive for her wedding to John Duncan.

The bride and her three attendants, Helen Duncan, Helen Russell, and Marie Toohey, chose almost identical dresses in heavy white delustred satin.

Cut slim and straight, with high Chinese collars and long, tight-fitting sleeves, they had floor-length panels falling from above the waist to form a slight train.

Mary Anne wore a high crown of hand-made orange blossom on her fine tulle veil, nearly five feet long.

The bridesmaids wore similar orange-blossom crowns, with short stiffened veils framing their faces.

And they all carried small bunches of orange blossom tied with large white satin bows.

Mary Anne and John are now holidaying at Surfers' Paradise and will soon move into a house at Double Bay.

Anne

MOTHER OF THE BRIDE, Mrs. Anthony Hordern (right), who wore a full-length mustard-yellow silk coat over her draped white crepe dress, with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Baillieu, who came over from their home in Victoria specially for the wedding.

RADIANT BRIDE Mrs. John Duncan leaves Holy Cross Church, Woollahra, with her husband. Mrs. Duncan was formerly Mary Anne McDonald, the only daughter of Mr. F. B. McDonald, of Bellevue Hill, and the late Mrs. McDonald, and John is the younger son of Dr. and Mrs. George Duncan, of Darling Point.

AT THE RECEPTION in Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hordern's home at Point Piper are (from left) Mrs. Alec Creswick, Lady Spender and Sir Percy, recently returned to Australia from The Hague, Mrs. Frank Stening, and Dr. Stening.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820895

THE QUADS ARE EIGHT GREAT LITTLE SPORTS

● Eight little Australians with a great enthusiasm for sport are the Sara quads, of Punchbowl, N.S.W.— who will be eight in August — and the Lucke quads, of North Gooburrum, near Bundaberg, Queensland, who celebrate their third birthday next month.

ABOVE: The quads learn to play Soccer from their elder brother, Geoff (second from right). While Judy (left) "referees" and Alison waits on the sideline, Mark leads the race to the ball and Phillip (right) is just about to pounce.

BELOW: The Sara children line up after their brief but hectic Soccer lesson. From left are Mark, Phillip, big brother Geoff, Alison, and Judy. Both Mark and Phillip wore outsize football boots, which hampered their efforts.

BIG brother Geoff, aged 11, was the inspiration behind the Sara quads' latest craze—Soccer.

It's the game Geoff plays at school and on Saturday mornings, and he's such an enthusiast he wasn't happy till he'd tried to teach Mark and Phillip.

As soon as they started playing with the junior-size Soccer ball, Judy and Alison appeared in shorts and shirts and refused to be left out of the fun.

Before Geoff had time to organise the game properly, local children of assorted shapes and sizes, in a dozen one-man teams, swooped down on the group, and there was a brief no-rules-barred skirmish.

For a while young Judy was in charge of the pack, but the Saras eventually got clear with the ball and had the game to themselves.

Mark, clad in Geoff's green-and-red knitted cap, his yellow-and-maroon Soccer jersey, and a pair of borrowed boots, was hampered in his chase after the ball till he got used to his outsize clothes.

"Give me a kick. Give me a kick," he bellowed in mounting rage as his efforts to keep up with the game were thwarted every time he tripped over the boatlike boots.

Phillip and Alison were less eager to play, and spent most of their time watching the others and avoiding the scramble.

Back home, the quads' young characters are changing.

They've grown from noisy, boisterous, self-willed tots into noisy, boisterous, but well-mannered children.

Growing up

Their interest and love at the moment is divided between Pipi, the green-and-yellow budgerigar which perches out of reach on the curtain rail, Butch, the new pup, and television.

"That TV set has been a real blessing to me," said Betty Sara, the quads' mother. "It keeps the children quiet at night and gives me a chance to catch up with things round the house."

At school the children are making good progress, and continue individually to make their own friends among schoolmates.

And how has each quad, in his or her own way, changed in recent months?

Judy is less shy, while Mark remains a little pepperpot, Phillip still loves his garden, and Alison has become the most adult of the four.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820896

VERONICA, along with the other three Lucke quads, has taken up tennis, and she's the one with the true "centre-court" temperament.

KEVIN looks disgruntled as he gazes at the large hole in his racquet. He'd played a winning game, and was making his ace "hit" when the ball went sailing through the strings.

JENNIFER wasn't taking any chances of missing the ball. Her method of serving was to carefully place the ball on the racquet and give it a swift underarm loft into the air.

ERIC enjoyed "smashing" at the net with his racquet, even when the ball was not in play. On the court he's a model player, always full of smiles.

IN Queensland, the Lucke quads, who won't turn three till July 12, are proving it's never too young to take up sport.

Toys have now taken second place to tennis.

Besides being great sideline supporters of their mother, Mrs. Arthur Lucke, who recently joined the Welcome Creek Tennis Club, the quads are playing the game themselves—with miniature racquets and slow-moving practice balls.

They'd hardly make the Davis Cup team, but they've worked out court techniques all their own.

Tiny Veronica, for instance, has a marked "centre-court" temperament.

When she missed the ball during the mixed singles with Eric, she raced across the court to hit him on the head with her racquet. A few seconds later she was remorsefully kissing him to make up for her ill-humor.

On the court

Jennifer, the most promising of the four young players, has natural balance and a powerful "lob" service; Kevin likes to sit down and relax after a short time of hard hitting; and placid Eric would stay on the court all day if he didn't find the sound of afternoon-tea cups even more interesting than the tennis.

The quads, all great chatterboxes, are also all hearty eaters, and are now bursting the buttons of clothes which fitted them comfortably a few months ago.

Eric is still the heaviest, weighing 36½lb. Kevin is now 34lb., and former lightweight Veronica has caught up with Jennifer, both tipping the scales at 29½lb.

They're four energetic youngsters, and are always in a hurry to get up in the morning. By the time their parents rise at 6.30 a.m. they've bounded out of bed and are well on the way to dressing themselves.

Mother's helps

They're well-behaved children, who vie with each other to "help Mummie" round the house.

One of their happiest times each day is during the radio breakfast sessions, when they sing and dance to pop tunes.

Apart from tennis, the quads love going on fishing expeditions in a boat which their father, Arthur Lucke, built last year.

Agnes and Arthur Lucke, who pride themselves on being "loving but sensible" parents, consider the quads are still too young to appreciate a "real" party on their third birthdays.

Because of this, the day will be marked simply by a "hand-out" of wholesome cake and possibly some inexpensive, identical toys.

And the word "identical" is important, for the quads' parents make a strict rule of treating them all alike, even to the point of choosing their toys in the same colors to avoid nursery arguments.

● Pictures of the Sara quads were taken by staff photographer Ron Berg, and those of the Lucke quads by Lionel Keen, of Bundaberg.

THE QUADS LINE UP for a coaching lesson from their mother, Mrs. Arthur Lucke, who was a keen tennis player before she married. From left are Eric, Veronica, Kevin, and Jennifer. The children are learning the game thoroughly, using miniature racquets and a slow-moving plastic practice ball.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820897

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

IN the modern home it now seems to be "out of fashion" to include religion in any conversation. Children are sent to Sunday School and Church, but to speak of God in the home appears as embarrassing to parents as sex discussion used to be. How can young people grow up with sound Christian ideals for their everyday lives if they are not permitted to absorb them in their everyday living?

£1/1/- to Mrs. Nancy Joy, "Araby," via Roma, Qld.

I WOULD like to suggest that manufacturers of fruit-bottling outfits devise a gadget that will break the seal on a bottle of preserved fruit without ruining the lid. I always break the tips of my sharp-pointed knives in my endeavors, and I am sure many housewives do the same.

10/6 to Mrs. W. Bredereck, Box 163, P.O., Coonabarabran, N.S.W.

IN Western Australia and, no doubt, in other States, there is an acute shortage of nursing staff in the country areas. I think nurses should come under the same system as school-teachers, who are under contract to go where they are sent for three years after their training.

10/6 to Mrs. Nancy Turner, Prawaning, W.A.

WE hear such a lot about wild ducks being a pest and eating the rice crops. Why are the ducks not shot and sold in the cities? There are hundreds of people like myself who would like to taste again wild duck, or even pigeons.

10/6 to Miss O. Hancock, 14 Bickell Road, Mosman, N.S.W.

THERE must be many people who, like myself, are often asked to play the National Anthem at meetings, concerts, etc., and who wonder whether or not those present are going to sing. Sometimes a few start and gradually fade away, and the pianist is left wondering whether she should stop, start again, or keep going.

10/6 to Mrs. B. Hinge, Mundalla, S.A.

USUALLY I wear rubber gloves when washing the dishes. No matter how careful I am, I usually get a prick from a fork in the right-hand glove. This makes it impossible to use it again and leaves me with many left-hand gloves. The best solution I discovered was to turn a left-hand glove inside-out so that it could be used on the right hand.

10/6 to Mrs. W. Abdul Karim, British Embassy, Beirut, Lebanon.

I AM a store manager in a State prison in Denmark. Through the past five winters I have told the prisoners a lot about butterflies and stamps from other countries, and they are very interested. Last winter it was Norway, another winter U.S.A., and so on. And now if you could help me I would be very glad. I want to contact butterfly-collectors and stamp-collectors in Australia.

Sent in by store-manager John Jensen, The State Prison Horseroed, Helsingoer, Denmark.

FOR some months my husband and I have been renting a furnished room, kitchen, and bathroom for £5/10/- a week. We consider ourselves fortunate, as we know there are many people in far less comfortable accommodation. This does not stop me from wondering how people who let rooms justify their dishonest practice of charging high rents. On Housing Commission standards our flat could not possibly be worth more than £3 a week. Landlords say, "If people will pay it, why shouldn't we take it?" — but this is not moral justification. If any landlord can offer another reason I would be very interested.

10/6 to D.A.M. (name supplied), Hawthorn, Vic.

Writing English

WITH regard to New Australians learning English, and old Australians learning a foreign language (Mrs. van den Hoek, 7/5/'58), my experience may be of interest. My parents have assisted several New Australian couples to speak English, but found the couples had great difficulty writing the language. At my suggestion they correspond with me. In my reply I include corrections of misspelt words and wrongly constructed sentences. From brief letters of two or three lines they have now progressed to writing two or three pages. Perhaps members of clubs could form English correspondence clubs for New Australian members of their association in other towns or States.

10/6 to Mrs. D. Perel, West End, Brisbane.

Family affairs

HAVING an only three-year-old, my problem was to get him to share his beloved bicycle with little visitors who were just as determined to have a ride as he. I solved it by bringing out my alarm clock and telling each child that when the big hand moved to such and such a figure and the bell rang he must get off and let someone else have a ride. I gave them each ten-minute sessions. Now I find them eagerly watching the clock and quite ready to get off at the appointed time.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Margaret O'Malley, Newburn Road, Queen's Park, W.A.

● ***Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.***

JACK and JILL
THE CHILDREN'S TOOTHPASTE
IN THREE FLAVOURS
BANANA, RASPBERRY, PINEAPPLE
GUARANTEED SUGAR FREE
IT'S A VIOGEN PRODUCT 2/- AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Ross Campbell writes...

THE FIDDLER

THE rubber-band problem is on my mind lately.

These bands come wrapped round the morning papers.

I get two papers, because I work for one and I have to know what tricks the other paper is up to. That makes two rubber bands each morning.

You may not have struck this problem, as some newsagents don't put bands on their papers. They bend them like boomerangs instead.

These benders are usually more keen long-distance throwers than the rubber-band type of newsagents.

We used to have a bender who drove down the road at 30 m.p.h. and could hit the front door about one time in two.

He was a gifted thrower—he may have had aboriginal blood. The trouble was his near-misses landed on the roof, or in trees, pools of water, etc.

The rubber-band newsagents are usually more conscientious.

Our newsagent is like that. Sometimes, if he runs out of rubber bands, he wraps the papers with sticky tape, but basically he is a rubber-band man.

I get up very early for the papers. The habit started through my eagerness to read my own work.

When I have something in the paper I creep out at dawn, often

catching it in my hands before it touches the ground.

After rolling the rubber bands off, I don't feel like throwing them away.

You never know when they might come in handy for fixing ponytail hair-dos, or holding the paper on jars of jam, or making garters or shanghais.

So I slip them over my fingers.

They stay there all day. I have got into the habit of fiddling with them, stretching them and snapping them back.

I feel lost and irritable now without a rubber band to play with — the way Porfirio Rubirosa gets when there are no girls around.

This may seem a harmless weakness, but it annoys my wife.

"I wish you'd take those bands off your fingers," she says. "The way you fiddle with them looks neurotic."

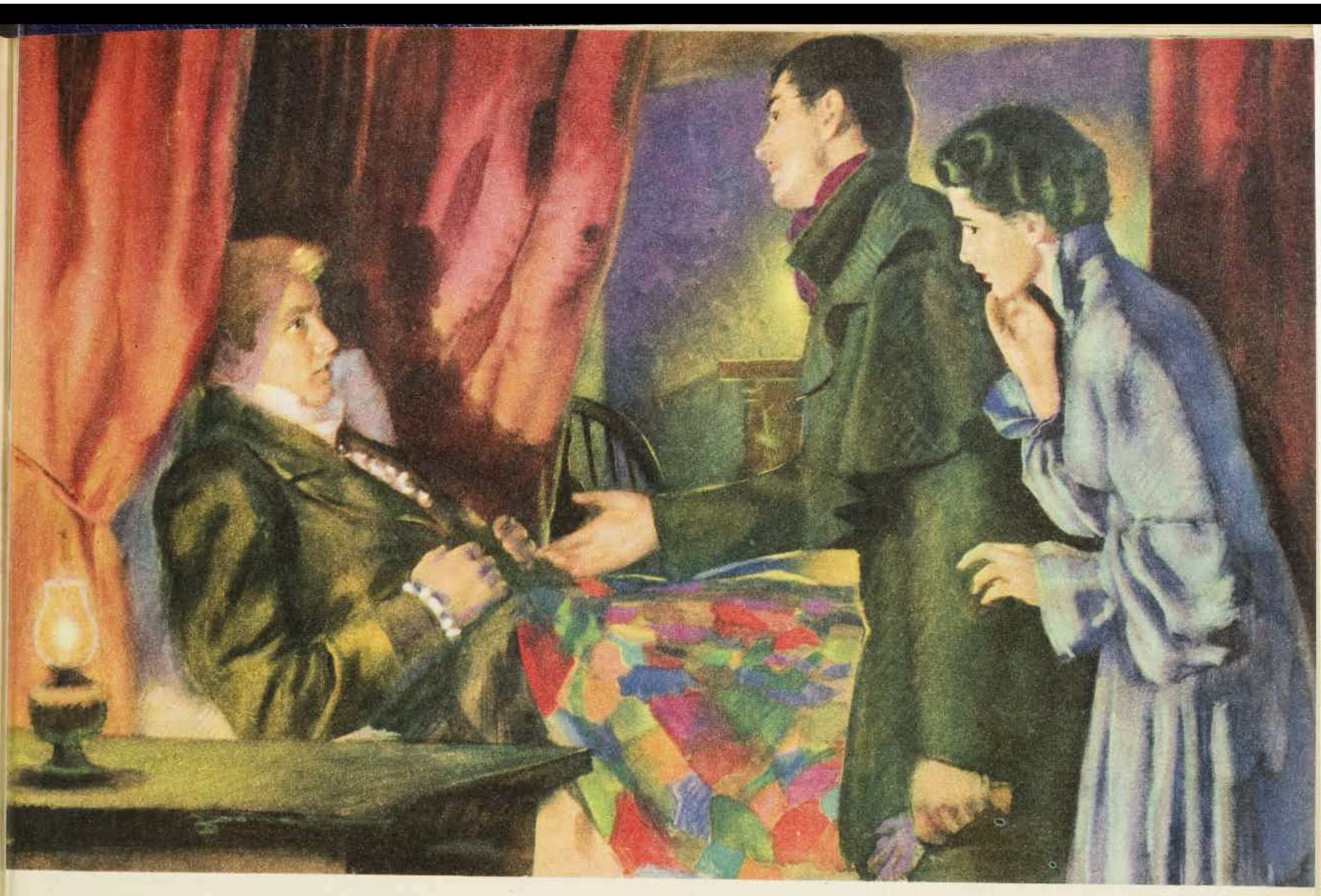
"Why can't I have a little neurosis?" I reply. "All the other chaps at the office have them — some worse than rubber bands."

She calls me Queeg, after the captain who played with ball-bearings in "The Caine Mutiny."

I think she may get at the newsagent and make him use sticky tape. But if she does I'll buy my own rubber bands.

In these trying times, why shouldn't a man at least have the right to fiddle?

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820898



"Tom," said Phoebe anxiously, "this is the Duke of Salford; he would have me bring him up to see you."

SYLVESTER

Third instalment of our serial, a delightful romance of Regency days

By Georgette Heyer

WHEN SYLVESTER, arrogant, elegant Duke of Salford, tells his mother he intends to marry, she jokingly suggests he ask PHOEBE MARLOW, daughter of her dearest friend, VERNA MARLOW, now dead. The Duchess has not seen Phoebe since a baby, but Sylvester is confident of his mother's good taste. His godmother, LADY INGRAM, grandmother of PHOEBE, hastens to inform LORD MARLOW of Sylvester's interest, and he is invited to the family seat, Austerby. Sylvester is not marrying for the sake of an heir, as he already has one, EDMUND, small son of his twin brother, HARRY, who left him as sole guardian, much to the annoyance of flighty IANTHE, the boy's mother.

Phoebe is horrified when she learns of the possible proposal, as she saw Sylvester during her London season and came to dislike him so much that she made him Count Ugolino, a character in her novel soon to be published. However, when Sylvester sees her, a plain, dull young woman, he changes his mind about the marriage. After an uncomfortable dinner and boring evening Sylvester determines to quit Austerby as soon as possible, and so does Phoebe, not knowing of Sylvester's changed plans. Her friend TOM ORDE, the Squire's son, promises to drive her to London to take refuge with her grandmother.

Breakfast at Austerby is disturbed by MRS. ORDE announcing Tom has run off with Phoebe. ELIZA, Phoebe's disliked stepsister, says she heard them planning to elope to Gretna Green. Lord Marlow says he will follow them. Sylvester takes his leave and en route sees a wrecked curricle. At a nearby inn, The Blue Boar, he is not surprised to see Phoebe. NOW READ ON.

THE startled exclamation which broke from her, and the look of dismay which came into her face, afforded Sylvester malicious satisfaction. "Ah, how do you do?" he said affably. One hand gripping the banister-rail, a painful question in her eyes, she uttered: "Mama—"

"But, of course! Outside, in my curricle." Then he saw that she had turned perfectly white, and said: "Don't be such a goose-cap. You can't suppose I would drive your stepmother thirty yards, let alone thirty miles!"

Her color came rushing back. She said: "No—or she consent to drive in a curricle! What—what brings you here, sir?"

"Curiosity, ma'am. I saw the wreck on the road, and guessed it to be Mr. Orde's curricle."

"Oh! You didn't—you were not—" She stopped in some confusion; and then, as he looked up at her in bland inquiry, blurted out: "You didn't come to find me?"

"Well, no!" he answered apologetically. "I am merely on my way to London. I am afraid, Miss Marlow, that you have been laboring under a misapprehension."

"Do you mean you were not going to make me an offer?" she demanded.

"You do favor the blunt style, don't you? Bluntly then, ma'am, I was not."

She was not at all offended, but said, with a sigh of relief: "Thank goodness! Not but what it is still excessively awkward. However, you are better than nobody, I suppose!"

"Thank you!"

"Well, when I heard you come in I hoped you had been that odious ostler."

"What odious ostler?"

"The one who is employed here. Mrs. Scaling—she's the landlady—sent him off to Newbury to purchase provisions when she feared they might be snowed up here for weeks, perhaps, and he has not come back. His home is there, and Mrs. Scaling thinks he will make the snow an excuse for remaining there until it stops. And the thing is that he has taken the only horse she keeps.

"Tom—Mr. Orde—won't hear of me trying if I can ride Trusty—and I own it would be a little difficult, when there's no saddle, and I am not wearing my riding-dress. And no one ever has ridden Trusty. True would carry me, but that's impossible, his left hock is badly strained. But that leg is certainly broken and it must be set!"

"Whose leg?" interrupted Sylvester. "Not the horse's?"

"Oh, no! It's not as bad as that!" she assured him. "Mr. Orde's leg."

"Are you sure it's broken?" he asked incredulously. "How the deuce did he get here, if that's the case? Who got the horses out of their traces?"

"There was a farmhand leading a donkey and cart. It was that which caused the accident: Trusty holds donkeys in great aversion, and the wretched creature brayed at him just as Tom had him in hand, as I thought. Tom caught his heel in the rug, I think, and that's how it happened. The farmhand helped me to free Trusty and True; and then he lifted Tom into his cart and brought him here while I led the horses.

"Mrs. Scaling and I contrived to cut off Tom's boot, but I am afraid we hurt him a good deal, because he fainted away in the middle of it. And here we have been ever since, with poor Tom's leg not set and no means of fetching a surgeon, all because of that abominable ostler!"

"Good heavens!" said Sylvester, struggling with a strong desire to laugh. "Wait a minute!"

With these words he went out into the road again, to where Keighley awaited him. "Stable 'em, John!" he ordered. "We are putting up here for the night. There is only one ostler, and he has gone off to Newbury, so if you see no one in the yard, do as seems best to you!"

"Putting up here, your grace?" demanded Keighley, thunderstruck.

"I should think so: it will be too dark to go farther in another couple of hours," replied Sylvester, vanishing into the house again.

He found that Phoebe had been joined by a stout woman with iron-grey curls falling from under a mob cap, and a comely countenance just now wearing a harassed expression. She dropped a curtsy to him; and Phoebe said with a careful emphasis: "This is Mrs. Scaling, sir, who has been so very helpful to my brother and to me!"

To page 38

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820899

Doctors prove PALMOLIVE can bring you *a lovelier complexion* in 14 days!

YOU, TOO, can look for these complexion improvements in 14 days

- ★ *Fresher, brighter complexion!*
- ★ *Less oiliness!*
- ★ *Added softness and smoothness!*
- ★ *Complexion clearer, more radiant!*
- ★ *Fewer tiny blemishes and incipient blackheads!*

NOT JUST A PROMISE—BUT A PROVED PLAN

This is all you do. Simply massage your skin twice a day with the extra-mild pure lather of Palmolive—then rinse and pat dry. You'll see Palmolive bring out your beauty while it cleans your skin.
Use Palmolive . . . it's so mild—so gentle . . . that's why Palmolive is by far the largest selling toilet soap in Australia.

BUY THE BIG SUPER-BATH SIZE AND SAVE MONEY

W1128

HEY, KIDS!
CHUCKLERS' WEEKLY
Your own Comic & Magazine!
EVERY THURSDAY 9d.

THE BEST COOKS

use
FAULDING essences

Mr. Kensington's Finest Hour

HE viewed the correspondence on his desk with the distaste of a lonely man faced by letters beginning with an impersonal "Dear Sir" and addressed to "Mr. Edwin Drake Kensington, British Consul."

The morning was full of Texas-blue skies and soft gulf breezes. But Mr. Kensington was full of bitterness and too much gin and tonic, which had an unhappy effect on his queasy stomach. His only concession to the dazzling sunshine was leaving his umbrella in his solitary hotel room.

His secretary had the day off. After all, there was only routine business. This Texas appointment was for the young on the way up or the old on the way down, and Edwin Kensington had no doubt as to his own direction. He was sixty; his shirts had been frayed by strange laundries from Abyssinia to Nicaragua. His well-aged suits had been cleaned and pressed by odd tailors from Portugal to Syria.

He remembered vaguely that it was in Haiti that he had stopped worrying about his greying hair. That was after Madge had died. Without a wife, a man gets a little careless.

But even though his appointments had become less and less important, there had always been his son, Peter, to think of: Peter in a proper British school; Peter spending holidays with him; Peter coming down from Cambridge in 1939, just before the war broke out.

Edwin Kensington closed his mind abruptly. In quiet desperation he started on his letters. Would he like a weekend on a real Texas ranch?

Mr. Kensington remembered his welcome at the airport ten days ago. The Mayor had given him a ten-gallon hat, a size too large, and cowboy boots, a size too small. He grunted and put the invitation aside. One by one, he opened advertisements for oil stock and uranium rights.

Gradually he waded through his correspondence. There was an invitation to speak at a women's club, and another to address a Little League Baseball dinner. His temples started to throb. Wearily he closed his eyes and sensed rather than saw the door open.

He jerked himself into the semblance of a very busy man and met the grave blue eyes of a boy in blue jeans and a white T-shirt.

"Mr. Edwin Kensington, British Consul, sir?" There was such awe in the boy's voice that Mr. Kensington unconsciously straightened his tie. He asked gruffly. "What is your business, boy?"

"Model soldiers, sir," the boy said. "Made in England—I collect them. The store that sold them went broke. I'd like to sell them to other boys at school, too, if I can order them direct. All I need is the firm's address, your honor."

"I'm not 'your honor'! I'm Mr. Kensington. Speak up. Who are you?"

"Jonas Stevens, sir. If you could help me——"

"Leave your address and I'll see."

But Jonas stood his ground with happy confidence. He said: "I looked up 'consul' in the dictionary, sir, and it said a consul promotes foreign trade and establishes friendly relations between two countries. I'm real friendly towards England and I have fifty dollars from my paper-round to do business with. See, here's one of the models."

Jonas placed a two-inch replica of a Coldstream Guardsman on the desk. Mr. Kensington, looking at it, could visualise the scene as the guard changed at Buckingham Palace. He remembered how excited and wide-eyed his son, Peter, had been so long ago. Jonas Stevens had that wide-eyed look.

He said: "Sit down, lad. I'll see what I can do to help."

A somewhat lengthy search produced a catalogue with the required address. Jonas copied it down carefully and then said: "Thanks, Mr. Kensington. I've never met a real live consul before. I bet you've been in a lot of exciting places and known terribly important people."

"You've been to the cinema too often and looked at television too much," Mr. Kensington said severely. However, he sat a little taller after that, hearing again Peter's enraptured voice at eleven: "You actually saw the King at a garden party."

Edwin Kensington tried to shut those mental doors, swept open after so many years by a fresh breeze of a boy named Jonas. He knew he must send the lad packing before things got out of hand.

But Jonas had a plan. He said: "I'd like to take you to lunch, sir. I've saved up the money. Unless you have to eat with someone real important —"

His voice faltered and he turned away. On the back of his T-shirt Mr. Kensington saw in red letters: Eager Beaver Cleaners.

"For heaven's sake," Mr. Kensington said, "whatever is that on your shirt?"

Jonas beamed with pride. He said: "This is my Little League Baseball shirt. I just wear it for practice and special things, like meeting you. The team is sponsored by the Beaver Cleaners. It's the first year I've made a major team."

Mr. Kensington conceded momentary defeat. He put on his bowler hat and buttoned his coat. He said. "Let's get on with the lunch. I have a busy afternoon . . ."

The Hamburger Round-up across the street would not have been Mr. Kensington's choice, but Jonas insisted that it was superduper. And that is how Her Majesty's consul met the American hamburger "with everything." At the first whiff of mustard and onion, Mr. Kensington felt his stomach protest, but it was too late to draw back. He ate, washing down the spicy concoction with what the waitress assured him was tea.

He thought that perhaps if he talked to the boy he could forget what he had eaten. He said: "What position do you play in the team? The game is much like cricket, no doubt."

Jonas wiped a stray piece of onion off his tanned cheek. He said: "Well, sir, I don't really play any position. I'm bench strength."

Mr. Kensington frowned. "Bench strength?"

The boy put his second hamburger down defiantly. He said: "I'm a substitute. I'd like to play left field, but I don't hit very good. The coach says every team is just as good as its bench strength."

Mr. Kensington could see again those misspelt letters from his own son at his preparatory school: The Headmaster says we can't all be in the first eleven, and I do try very hard.

Mr. Kensington forgot the hamburger. "Why can't you hit, Jonas?" he asked.

Jonas gulped down a pickle. "I'm afraid of the ball. I got hit two years ago. Just an accident in tryout."

"Surely your father could help you get over a fear of the ball."

"My father was killed on D-Day. I never knew him."

Mr. Kensington was silent for a while. Then he said awkwardly: "I'm sorry, Jonas. That must have been a bitter experience for your mother."

Jonas glanced up from his double milk shake in surprise. "No, sir," he said, "my mother wasn't bitter. She was sad, but she says nobody should ever be bitter . . . It gets you no place."

"Your mother must be a remarkable woman."

"Oh, she's real keen . . . Say, don't you want dessert? They have swell Tummy Busters here."

Mr. Kensington's stomach protested again. He inquired cautiously: "Is that its proper name?"

Jonas' eyes danced. He said quickly: "It's a jumbo sundae with four kinds of ice-cream, whipped cream, chocolate sauce, and cherries. It costs fifty cents, but you go right ahead and take one. I've got the money, sir."

Mr. Kensington was conscious of a strong feeling of nausea, but his impeccable good manners didn't desert him. He said: "Thank you, Jonas, I really couldn't. I am in your debt for a delightful lunch."

"Gee, you really liked it?" Jonas paid the bill proudly. "Thanks for helping me. Maybe you could come to see us sometime."

Mr. Kensington said yes, he would like to, and hurried back to the office . . .

He spent his Saturday afternoon reading the local papers, pausing without knowing why on the sports page when he saw a headline: "Little League Teams Announced." There it was in very small type: Jonas Stevens — Eager Beavers. During the rest of the day he found his thoughts returning frequently to Jonas and his baseball difficulties, and on

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820900

He needed no ribbons to be their hero . . . a story by LEE McGIFFEN

Sunday he took out of the public library an armful of books on the game.

At ten o'clock on Monday morning Mrs. Stevens rang him up. "You've been most kind to Jonas, Mr. Kensington," she said after introducing herself. "I know you're busy, but won't you have dinner with us tomorrow night?"

Mr. Kensington panicked. He told himself that he didn't want to become involved with anyone, certainly not with an appealing boy like Jonas. And yet in his heart he badly wanted to go. He was lonely and he couldn't think of Jonas without thinking of his own son, too. If he could do anything to help the boy . . .

He had no good excuse for refusing; and he reminded himself that in the job he had now in this small Texas town it was his job to further good international relations on even the humblest level.

He said that he would be delighted to come.

He found that Mrs. Stevens fitted her son's description, "keen." The dinner was spiced with the gaiety and humor only a boy can generate, and the food was good, too. The roast beef was excellent, the rolls were hot, and the salad crisp. And the tea . . .

"We got it just for you, Mr. Kensington," Jonas told him eagerly. "Mom knows an Englishwoman who taught us how to make it."

"It's the first real cup of tea I have had in Texas, I assure you," Mr. Kensington said.

It was some little while later that the phone rang and Jonas returned to the table, the sparkle gone from his eyes. He said: "Knucklehead wants to borrow my new shirt for the dinner next week. Okay?"

His mother's face clouded. "But, Jonas, aren't you going to the Little League dinner? You know Mr. Harris at the drugstore said he'd take you."

"Yeah, I know," Jonas said miserably. "But — well, the other kids are going with their fathers. I guess I won't go."

Mr. Kensington remembered the invitation to speak at the Little League dinner. He had meant to ring up the chap and refuse, of course. But now, somewhere in the back of his mind, he wondered how often Peter had been lacking a father — a father who was a long way away, perhaps checking visas in Guatemala . . .

"Jonas," he said, "tell your friends the shirt is not on loan. I am the guest speaker at that dinner. Naturally, I would not care to go alone. Perhaps you would do me the honor of coming with me?"

Jonas stared at Mr. Kensington as though he couldn't believe his ears. Then he rushed to the phone and his triumphant voice drifted back to the dining-room. "Yeah, I'll be wearing it myself . . . Sure, I'm going with the British Consul. I'm not a liar. He's a friend of mine . . . Yeah, see you around, Knucklehead."

Cary Stevens was silent, but her eyes said "Thank you."

Later, having built up his strength with two pieces of lemon pie, Jonas tackled the subject of the speech Mr. Kensington would make.

"You will tell how you were in the Battle of Britain and went to Dunkirk, and how you met the King once?" the boy said. "I just know you did all those things."

Mr. Kensington looked thoughtfully at his eager young host, not wanting to dampen his youthful idealism.

"We'll see, Jonas," he said. "I'm afraid my own role in those days wasn't a very heroic one. I did take a boat over to Dunkirk, but it was a very small boat and I only picked up seven men. That wasn't a very big contribution, believe me. But I'll do my best to make a speech equal to the occasion."

In the next week Mr. Kensington gave much time and thought to his speech, for he was shy and not very clever with words. But he gave little thought to his clothes. A dinner naturally meant a dinner jacket.

It was not until he escorted Jonas into the church recreation hall that he realised his mistake. The introductions were cordial, the handshakes genuine; but they came from men in casual sports shirts and slacks.

He murmured a word of apology to the chairman as he and Jonas were escorted to the speakers' table. "I say, I didn't know this was . . ."

His host winked at Mr. Kensington. "You sure know your kids," he declared approvingly. "Why, if you hadn't turned up looking like you just came from a Royal tea party, they'd have been mighty disappointed . . ."

When the pecan pie was gone to the last crumb, the League managers were introduced, and the guest speaker's moment had come.

". . . our new friend in Texas, Consul to Her Majesty the Queen of England, Mr. Edwin Kensington!"

The applause rang out and Mr. Kensington was on his feet, looking into the eager faces of half a hundred American boys.

He spoke simply, telling them he was not an ambassador. "Consuls are, you know, not the first team," he said. "As you say in Little League circles, we are bench strength. We do not confer with Prime Ministers or Her Majesty the Queen. We do not wear ribbons of honor across our shirt fronts, as you see the ambassadors, wearing them in the cinema. We confer with sea captains, importers, plain businessmen, and Englishmen who have lost their passports. There is some excitement, but we have our dull days, just as your fathers do in their work."

He caught Jonas' eye and wondered how he could mention the subjects so dear to the boy's heart.

He went on: "I have been asked to say something about Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain. Well, now, those events are a long way off, and no nation can live on past glories. You must not imagine that in Britain we think only about those days all the time. After all, you only celebrate Independence Day once a year yourselves."

That raised a smile from his audience and, encouraged, he continued: "We are proud of the men who flew our fighter planes in those days, proud of the men who returned from Dunkirk to train a new army and fight back. It was a good job well done. We pay homage to those who died in that war — as you do."

Peter, his only son, had been killed at Dunkirk. That was his private grief. He could hardly mention that.

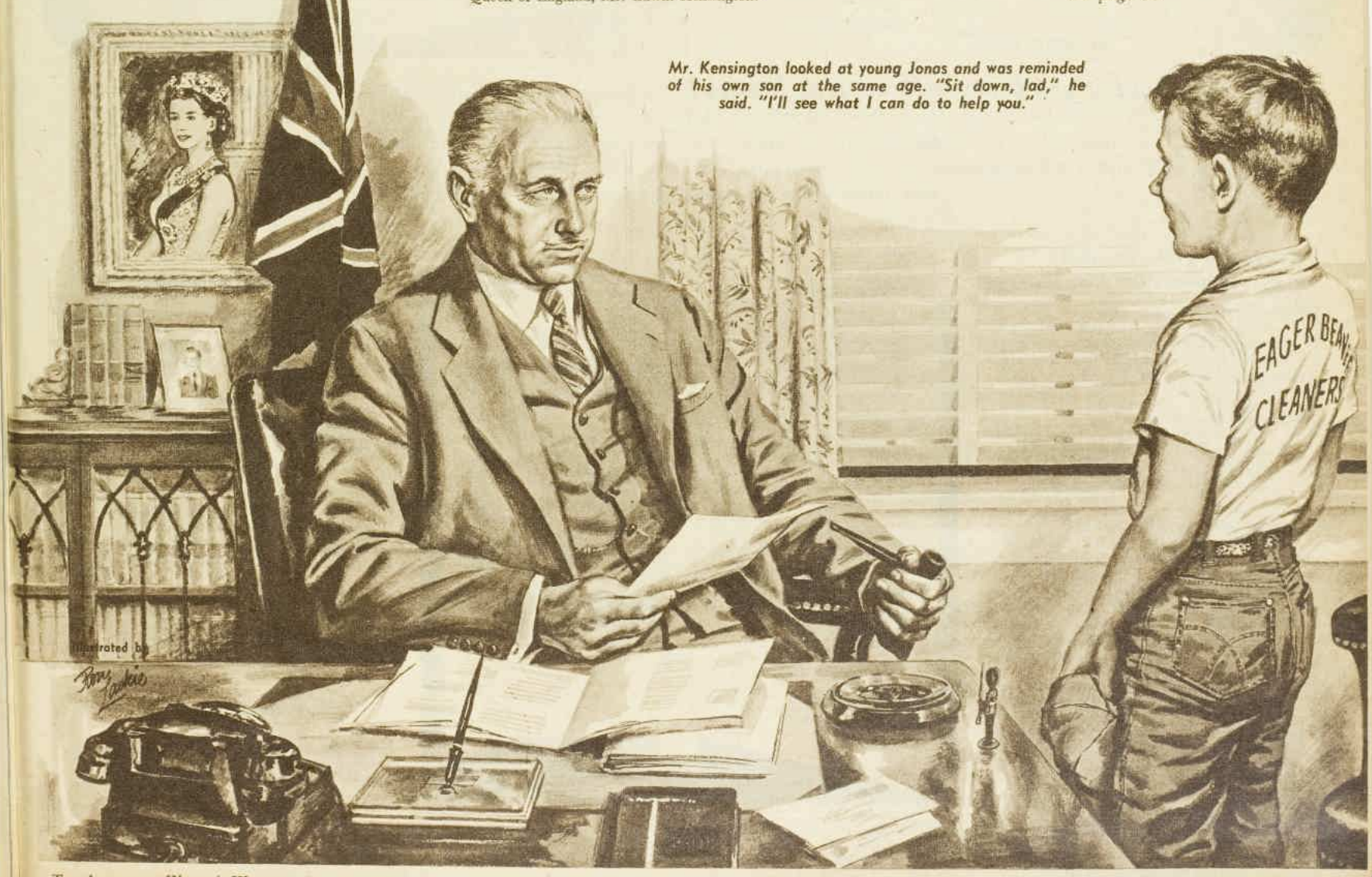
"But we must live in the present," he said in conclusion. "Our two countries face grave problems in a troubled world. We have no reason to be ashamed of our laurels, but we must not lean on them. If we stick together we shall come through . . ."

In his own ears it did not sound a very original speech, but at the end of it the applause reassured him. He should have felt refreshed, but tiredness still dogged him — the tiredness of a man who had walked far and had not yet reached his destination.

The success of the speech wasn't confined to the dinner. In the days that followed, Mr. Kensington's business increased noticeably. Men who had attended the dinner dropped into his office.

There were inquiries about English bicycles, Scotch tweeds, Sheffield steel, and Spode china. And within a fortnight Mr. Kensington had moved from his dreary hotel to a

To page 36

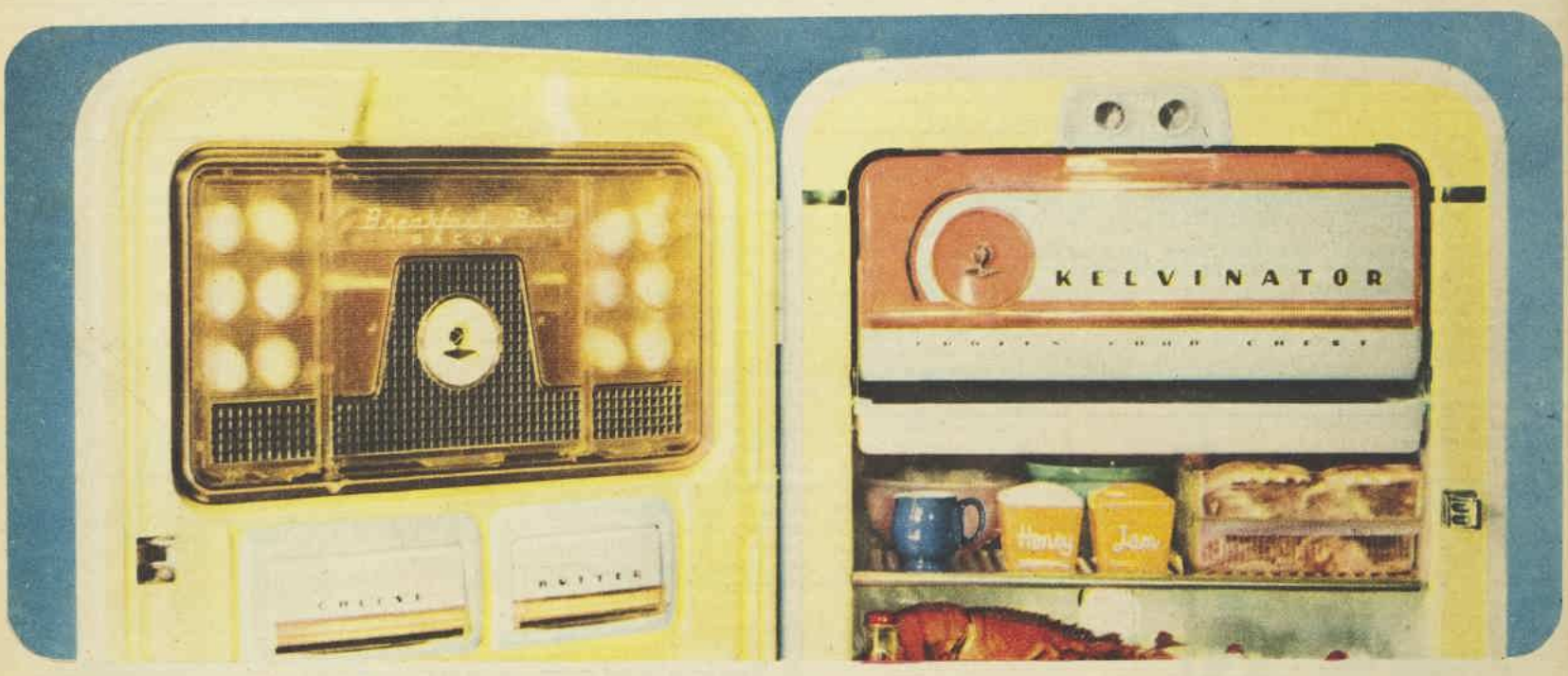


Mr. Kensington looked at young Jonas and was reminded of his own son at the same age. "Sit down, lad," he said. "I'll see what I can do to help you."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820901

Only **Kelvinator** has "Magic Cycle" Defrost

You never see or touch defrost water



Without it you'll never know true luxury! You'll never have to defrost again . . . you'll know true luxury with Kelvinator "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting. Nothing to turn on or off! No need to remove food! No defrost water to empty—it is evaporated for you! It's revolutionary—the refrigerant which makes the refrigerator cold is simply reversed—automatically. "Magic Cycle" acts in a matter of minutes so that even quick-melting ice-cream stays frozen during defrosting!

Kelvinator gives you more luxury features for your money

New exclusive "Breakfast Bar"
Here is everything you need for a delicious breakfast: eggs, bacon and fruit juices. Each item has its own compartment located at the top of the Pantry Door for instant use.

Big Frozen Food Chest
Keeps up to 35 lbs. of meat, fish, commercial and home-packaged foods—including sandwiches and cakes—*fresh*. Location puts everything at eye-level. Easy to see and reach.

Glorious Colour — inside and out!
Kelvinator gives you the greatest colour selection ever! Choose from four inside colours: Butter-Cup Yellow, Pacific Blue, Surf Green, Golden Sand. New outside colours, too—in addition to Lustrous White and Kelvin Cream, there are Pastel Green, Pastel Blue and Pastel Yellow—optional at extra cost.

KELVINATOR HAS THE MODEL YOU WANT AT A PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD

10¼ cubic feet	£231 10 0*
10¼ cubic feet	£221 0 0**
10¼ cubic feet	£199 10 0
8¾ cubic feet	£189 10 0**
8¾ cubic feet	£173 0 0
8¾ cubic feet	148 guineas
8¾ cubic feet	139 guineas

*"Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting
**"Magic Cycle" Push Button Defrosting
Price slightly higher in country areas

LOWEST DEPOSIT • SPECIAL TERMS
5 YEAR PROTECTION PLAN

The Kelvinator "Space-Saver 11 De-Luxe" with "Magic Cycle" Defrost! Plus exclusive "Breakfast Bar", Deep Door Shelves, Full-Width Frozen Food Chest, big Meat Keeper, Roll-Out Shelves, Twin Fruit and Vegetable Crispers, Powered by the mighty "Polarsphere" Sealed Unit. Price: £231/10/0. Available in right and left-hand opening doors.

Exclusive! Balanced Refrigeration

Comparison tests with other refrigerators prove it! Kelvinator gives *better balance* of temperature between the frozen food section and normal storage sections.

Refrigerated on *five* sides, with a special rubber gasket on the evaporator door, Kelvinator Frozen Food Chest gives faster, better freezing.

The Kelvinator insulation assures ideal temperatures in the normal storage sections—prevents liquids freezing up.

Moist-cold temperatures in the Kelvinator Twin Crispers keep fruit and vegetables fresh, crisp, delicious.

Choose
Kelvinator
for Better Living

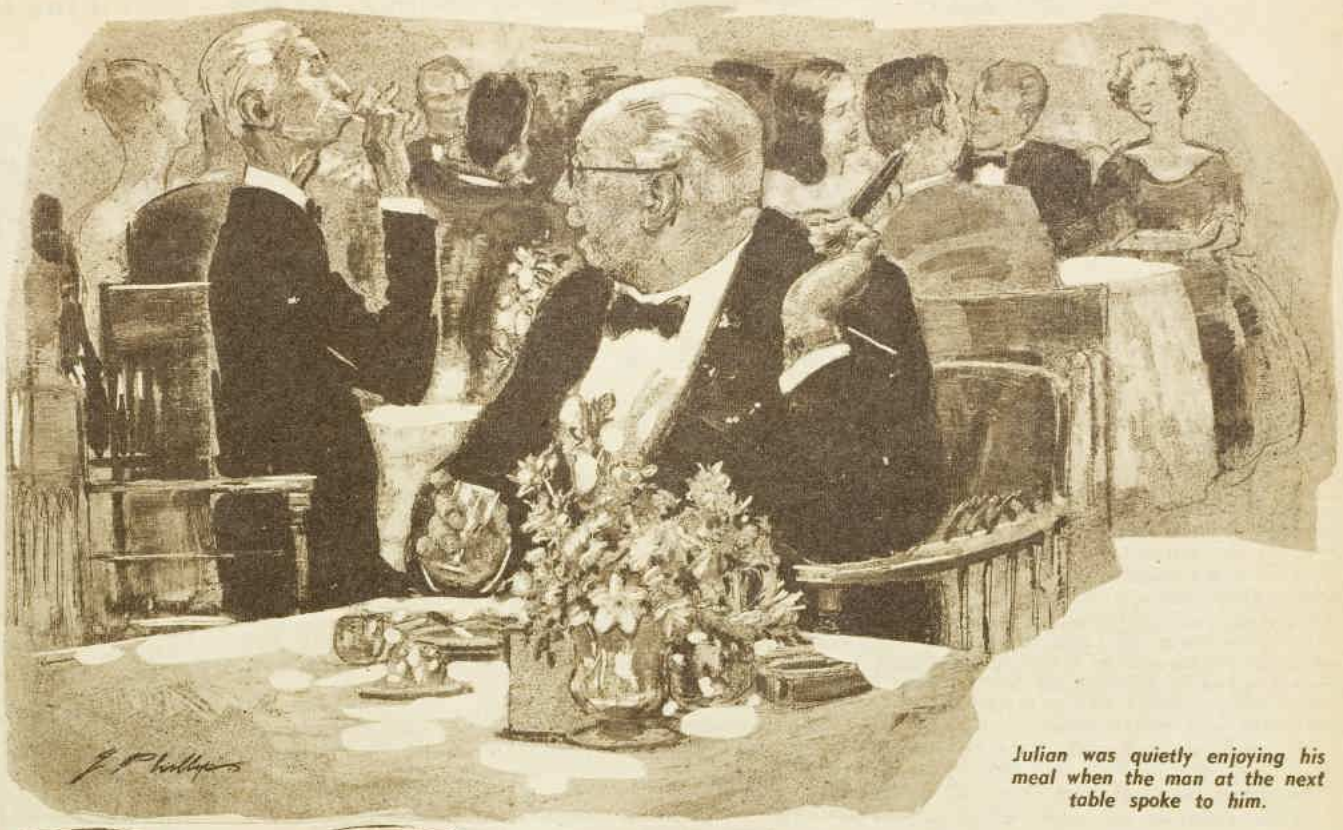
A Quality Australian Product Precision-Engineered by Kelvinator Australia Ltd.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820902

A short short story

By DERRY LEMAIRE

Illustrated by Phillips



Julian was quietly enjoying his meal when the man at the next table spoke to him.

THE TRAMP

JULIAN RUTLIDGE was a tramp. He had been a tramp all his life, apart from a spell in the Army during both World Wars. Even as a soldier he had managed to escape most arduous details. He was not unintelligent; he just hated work. He was, in fact, a rogue, but a pleasant rogue.

Julian had really been too old for the Army in 1939; nevertheless, although a tramp, a strange patriotism had led him to pester the authorities until he had finally been allowed to join the R.A.S.C. His patriotism, though well intentioned, did not make him like work any more than he had done before.

It was not long before the Army found out his limit tions and employed him accordingly in work which was always supervised and which did not require too much physical labor. Perhaps this was an easy way out for them, but at least they obtained the maximum that Julian Rutlidge was prepared to or could give.

One sergeant-major had battled with him a little longer than most, but had finally given up after telling Private Rutlidge to have a haircut as he looked like a poet, and being given the answer, "But I am a poet, sergeant-major."

Because of his age he was demobilised sooner than most when the war ended. He received a small gratuity—demob leave and a demob suit. The suit lasted the longest, but merely because it was Julian's only one. By 1957 it was tattered and patched, and only Julian could have worn it with such an air of dignity and comfort. At the age of sixty-three Julian could be quite a handsome figure of a man—that is, if he was bathed, clean-shaven, and well-dressed.

Normally, Julian Rutlidge was none of these things, but if the occasion arose he could be if he wished. The extraordinary thing was that he did wish it now and then—as, for example, when he had presented himself at the recruiting office.

Since the war he had given up wandering round the country and spent his life in London. Perhaps the Army had, in spite of himself, given him method—for, by 1957, his life was finely organised. He required 27/6 a week on which to live.

This was spent exactly the same way each week—16/- went on rent for a bed in an outhouse at the back of a garage in the North End road. No one else would have considered it, but Julian had cleaned his room to a certain extent—that is to say, he had removed the junk and stuck cardboard over the only existing cracked window. He didn't seem to feel the cold; he seldom undressed fully to go to bed. The remaining 11/6 was spent on daily papers, a beer, or tobacco. He kept a diary and planned his days six months ahead.

He had so arranged his time that he was able to find free food at some charitable organisation every day of the year without repeating his visits too often to the same firm, so to speak. If one judged by the denominations he had acquired during these free repasts, he was a highly religious man. But Julian belonged to all religions, yet had none of his own. Nevertheless, he had acquired a philosophy of life which served him well, for he was the most contented of men. He did not want more than he had—he was not envious of the rich or contemptuous of the poor.

For entertainment he again referred to his diary, in which was recorded all free lectures, films, talks, art shows, and concerts. It is surprising how many of these there are in London, and it was seldom that Julian had to go without his free entertainment for the day. Of course, London is large, and it often happened that he had to travel some distance to reach his meal and then his concert.

He was, however, quite a fine judge of character and could tell exactly how far he could go in a bus before he had to tell the conductor that he was so sorry—he had suddenly spotted he was going in the wrong direction—he should have taken a No. 9 on the other side of the street—ninety-nine times out of a hundred Julian didn't have to pay and carried on towards his destination by a series of leaps and bounds.

He was especially good with the lasses and would often let a bus go by if the conductor was a male. Sometimes he recognised too late that the conductor knew him and then he paid the minimum fare not with any reluctance but happily—oh, yes, it was a pity, but one had so much in life that if you were occasionally found out that was just one of those things.

Julian, you will remember, could look well if he wished. This happened once a year. It was not something that could be explained—not even by Julian himself—he would save, go without tobacco or beer for a period, even go so far as to earn a few pounds at some odd job for a week or two — at widely different intervals, of course. This would go on until he had £20, when his one effort ceased and his routine returned to normal.

Then on the twenty-second of December each year Julian Rutlidge would have his day off. Why the twenty-second? He didn't know; it simply happened that that was the date he had had his first outing, and since then he had kept to it. Ever since, on this one day of the year, he would go to the public baths, have a shave and haircut, hire himself a dinner-jacket and give himself an evening out at the Savoy.

On this one day he did not stint himself—had a pre-dinner aperitif—a seven-course meal, which included the best the chef could produce—suitable wines were served with the fish, the meat, and the sweet—and he invariably ended with a Napoleon brandy of impeccable character. He was fully aware that such a Gargantuan meal, even though so well married to its appropriate wines, would be difficult for a man unused to it to deal with elegantly.

He therefore arrived early and spent four hours over the dinner alone, thus allowing the food and wine to blend easily and without going to his head unduly. The night over, Julian would return to his normal existence, still unenvious and still only wanting his one day a year.

It was one of these twenty-second of December nights that Julian met Joseph P. Karp. He was quietly having his aperitif when the man at the next table opened the conversation by saying he was an American, which was unnecessary, and continuing with a little speech on how much he had enjoyed his stay in London, his first visit.

Julian normally kept to himself on his once-a-year outings, but Joseph P. Karp was so friendly that he could not help but be pleasant—which he normally was—and soon the conversation was fast and furious, for Julian, with all his free education, was not uninteresting and, as you are aware, not unintelligent.

So it was that the pair dined together, and despite Julian's protests — quite sincere — the bill was paid by Joseph.

Over the Napoleons the American started on a more personal note, told Julian he was in London partly for pleasure and partly in his capacity as the big American business executive. Julian was suitably interested and Joseph, encouraged, went on to explain his business, its difficulties, and how costs were continually increasing and how one of his major problems was to keep these down, but that no one could think of any more ways of doing the job more economically.

Julian had listened with interest; it was a new world to him. Nevertheless, he could not resist interjecting and suggesting what seemed to him a commonsense solution. Joseph P. Karp remained for once silent; his mouth open he looked at Julian in amazement. "Sir! — I think it would work," he said. "It's so simple, too simple for anyone to have thought of it before."

The evening ended on this happy note. Julian had enjoyed himself, they exchanged addresses, but Julian soon forgot Mr. Karp. It was nine months later that Julian received a letter asking him to meet Joseph P. Karp at the Savoy in three weeks' time. Julian hesitated for a whole week; he had never altered his routine voluntarily before, but finally decided to go as he had already accumulated his £20.

Now, businessmen have the reputation of being hard, tough, and certainly not prone to giving ex gratia payments. Nevertheless, Joseph P. Karp was at the head of a large organisation which had always prided itself on its honest and fair dealing. Julian, to his intense amazement, found himself presented with a cheque for £7000 in consideration of his idea which had saved the firm £50,000 in the first six months.

Joseph, in equal amazement, found Julian refusing to accept the offer, not because he did not consider it sufficient but because he simply did not want any money at all. Joseph explained that his firm had always paid for good ideas and that they considered an unwritten contract had been made between the two at their previous dinner. They also felt, purely from a business point of view, that such payments must be made to encourage other people.

They parted good friends and Julian took the cheque to a bank the following morning. He had no idea what to do with the money and still didn't want it. The bank manager suggested he should open an account with £1000 and invest the remaining £6000. Julian opened an account with £200, selected some ten companies at random and bought shares in them to the value of £6800.

The bank manager did everything he could to dissuade him investing in nine of the ten companies, which, he explained, had no hope in heaven of even declaring a dividend and were much more likely to fade away completely in the next year or two. Within six months nine miracles occurred and Julian cleared £16,500.

In the meanwhile Julian had tried not to alter his mode of living, but the knowledge that he possessed all that money gradually had its effect. At this stage he only bought himself a new suit, shirts, and underwear, but it was not long before he found himself new accommodation and started to pay for his meals.

It is not necessary to give the details — nothing Julian now did could prevent him from making money. He tried everything he could to lose it—he backed outsiders at the races, they came in; he invested in ridiculous stocks, they came good; he financed the most stupid schemes presented by obvious confidence tricksters, they turned out to be schemes by geniuses who lacked capital. He tried giving the money away, but he always got a return in some other avenue.

Julian, after three years, was worth £500,000 and had given up his old way of life; he was also extremely unhappy.

Then the great idea came to him—he couldn't think why he had not thought of it before—he had found the one people to whom he could give his whole fortune with the certainty of no return—the Treasury.

Nevertheless, Julian was surprised to find that even there quite a few legal complications had to be gone through before the money was accepted, but accepted it was.

The sad thing is that Julian is no happier now, for having tasted and got used to other things he found his old way of life an impossible misery.

Julian is now working for his living . . .

(Copyright)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820903

He had never told her what he really thought of her—was it too late now?

Last chance for love

A complete short story by ALEC WAUGH

THE reception clerk picked up the two blue passports, then looked at the attractive young couple facing him across the desk. It was early June, the season was not yet at its height; two single rooms were vacant, but he preferred to let a double room when possible. He turned the pages of the passports. Julia Salmon, Martin Salmon. Yes, they were married right enough.

"If you took a double room, sir, I could give you much better accommodation, at the same price."

The young man looked at his wife. For some months now at home they had occupied separate rooms. On their first evening in France, after an exhausting bad-weather flight, she had said on her way from the airport, "I'm very tired. I don't want any dinner. I'll go straight to bed." And he had booked her a separate room.

It is easier to maintain a habit than to break one, and now she made no sign. He shook his head.

"No, thanks, two single rooms."

"As you prefer, sir, and just for the one night?"

"Just for the one night."

He was on the seventh floor. He walked on to the balcony. It was a quarter to five and the heat of the day was lessening.

The Promenade des Anglais was thronged with men and women of every age, of every race, of every station, sauntering by in light, gaily patterned clothes. Scarcely a chair under the bright umbrellas was unoccupied; an Algerian in a crimson fez was hawking carpets; a newsboy was shouting "English papers, this morning's English papers;" children were splashing at the water's edge; exquisite young women in bikinis were stretched on yellow mattresses; the waveless sea had taken on the mauve-pink sheen that had made Homer call it "wine-colored."

The lovely city of Nice was at its loveliest. Happiness was spread below him and in his heart there was a black despair.

An aeroplane rose slowly in the sky, half circling the bay and turning westward, bound for England, perhaps, as he would be tomorrow. In a few hours he would be at his desk, in London, with Julia in Brussels with her sister. The experiment had failed.

When he had said, after their child had been still-born, "Darling, you need a holiday. Let's have a month in France," they had both known that he was really saying, "Things have been going wrong. Let's try a second honeymoon." Just as they both had known, three days ago, when she had said, "Do you mind if I stay on a little. I'd like to spend a week with Lily," that actually she was saying, "It's not working out."

In a month he would receive a letter starting: "This is the most difficult letter I have had to write . . ."

The telephone rang behind him. It was Julia.

"Let's play the game tonight," she said.

It was a game that they had played during their engagement, meeting in a hotel lounge or bar, pretending to be strangers, chuckling over the waiter's amused surprise—a game that they had not played since their marriage.

"Be in the bar at half-past six," she said. "I'll be a little later."

He was there by a quarter-past. It was a small, dark bar, below ground level. He sat where he could watch the staircase.

He was tired, desperately tired, in no mood for the game. Why had she revived it after all these months, tonight of all nights? Anything, he supposed, to avoid a repetition of the last two nights, with its polite making of conversation about mutual friends. Well, that made sense.

What had happened on this trip? What had happened to their marriage? It was in ruins now, but how or why, or when or where: he did not know, he could not guess.

She paused at the head of the staircase and looked round her. Her eyes rested upon him and moved on, showing no recognition. She was wearing a blue skirt and a pale blue jumper that brought out the gold in her hair. She was slim and rather tall. "I'm seeing her for the last time," he thought.

As she came down the steps, two men in the middle of the room broke off their conversation, their eyes following her as she chose a seat against the wall. A solitary young Italian stared, undisguisedly.

To whet the curiosity of other men was half the flavor of the game. But tonight their roused attention sent a quiver of irritation along his nerves. Next time she came into a bar she would be, in fact, unattached or with another man.

A waiter came over to her and she gave an order. A newspaper lay beside her and she picked it up.

The two men returned to their drinks and talk, but the Italian was restlessly conscious of her presence. He beckoned the waiter across and whispered something. The waiter shrugged, he seemed to be saying, "I'm sorry, sir, but I don't know."

This was the game at its best and normally Martin would have prolonged it, but tonight he was impatient and on edge. He took out a calling-card, wrote on it, "You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I want to hear your voice. May I join you?" and signalled the waiter to come over.

She played it beautifully. She put down the newspaper and read the card, then looked up at the waiter questioningly. The waiter pointed in his direction. She fixed on him a long, impersonal, speculative stare, then wrote with her lipstick, "Just for one drink."

She looked him up and down as he sat beside her, and then turned away, abruptly.

"Do you make a point of this kind of thing?" she asked.

"It's the first time I've done it."

"Is that strictly true?"

He hesitated. It was a rule of the game that you had to tell the truth in terms of your adopted character. If either was caught out in an inconsistency, the game was lost.

"It's true and it isn't," he said. "I haven't done anything like this since I married. I was a different person then."

"So you're married."

"I was."

She lowered her eyes demurely and sat forward. "Tell me about yourself. Right from the start," she said.

He hesitated.

Usually he had chosen a role as different as possible from his own. But this evening he had sent his card across. He had to be Martin Salmon with a professional address in London. He must be himself and yet not quite himself. "I'm English," he said. "I was born in Hampshire . . ."

She knew, as well as she knew her own home in Kent, the rambling house where he had spent his boyhood. Their fathers had been schoolfellows, the families had exchanged summer visits; but it was not of the things that he and she had shared that he talked now but of his escapades with other boys, the picnics, the games, and the camping.

It all became very real to him, as he re-lived it with nostalgic vividness, here in this dim-lit foreign bar. Memory brought a warmth into his voice. She listened with quickened interest, an attention that she did not pay him normally.

"I'm English, too," she said. "But all that's new to me; perhaps it's through not having had a brother."

Again he hesitated; he had given her his real name, but she clearly could not be Julia Salmon. She would have to choose herself a part; and the skill of the game lay in tricking one's opponent into a contradiction. But he did not want to play it that way, just now.

He looked at her left hand and the two rings on her third finger. "You're married," he said, "and some unusual things must have happened to you or you wouldn't be alone here in a French hotel. I'm curious to learn all about you. Yet I'd prefer you to stay—no, I won't say a mystery, but I'd like to think of your life beginning this evening when you came down that staircase. Everything about you was so perfect, the way you moved, the clothes you wore, your fair hair. You looked so regal, yet so human, too."

Her eyes widened. "I said one drink, but, after all that, I think I'll need a second."

The second cocktail became a third.

"It's after eight," he said. "Why don't we dine together?"

The ornate dining-room was barely quarter full, but it did not look empty with the gilt chairs and scattered groups reflected and re-reflected in the heavy mirrors.

"This is my last meal in France. I must make it a special one," he said, smiling at her.

"Let's dance," he said.

Because they had not danced for ages he had forgotten how smoothly their steps fitted. "I knew," he said, "that you would dance divinely."

"Tell me about your wife. Were you tremendously in love with her when you proposed?" she said, looking at him intently.

He laughed. "It may sound odd, but I never did propose."

"No?"

"We'd known each other all our lives. We'd always been each other's date. It was always assumed we'd marry. When I was offered a job in London, I said at once, 'Now we can be married right away.'"

"But you were in love, genuinely in love?"

"Of course; why else should I get married?"

"Why else, indeed?"

There was a pause.

"And what went wrong with it?" she asked.

"I've never known."

"Another woman?"

"It may sound ridiculous, but even at college I never had a date with anybody else."

"Another man?"

"No, I don't think so, no. I'm sure there wasn't."

"Just folded up, then?"

"Yes, just folded up."

They went back to their table and the waiter brought the oysters; they were very small with very jagged shells and a rough sea-water flavor.

"Did you have different tastes," she asked, "different senses of humor, liked different people, you a city, she a country type? When it is that way, there's not much to be done, you know."

He shook his head. "That's the last way it was. We'd had the same upbringing, we had the same ideas about nearly everything. When we went to a party, we always agreed on which couple we'd like to invite to our house. I'd say 'How do you feel about the Robinsons?' It was always how I felt, too. It isn't easy to explain . . ."

"Did she know you felt that way about her?"

"Of course; we could talk in shorthand, you see."

The oysters had been replaced by the fish soup. It was a dark rust-red yellow, redolent of saffron. The waiter proffered a thick, buttercup-yellow sauce. It was ayoli, he told them; and very strong.

Martin said, "We might as well try it."

It had scarcely any smell but it flavored the soup with garlic.

"I hope that you don't find this too plebeian," Martin said.

"On the contrary, I like things to be of the place and soil."

Expertly, the waiter spun the gold-foiled bottle in its steaming bucket. The wine was cool and fragrant.

"You say that your wife stood for everything you admire and respect, but you must have had points at issue. You must have disagreed now and then, surely."

"Only about unimportant things."

"What kind of things?"

"Nothing that either of us really cared about; capital punishment, vivisection, politics, never about the apparently trivial things that the women's magazines give as all the true pinpointers — whether men should wear bow-ties, for instance. We never quarrelled about those."

"But you did quarrel about politics?"

"We never really quarrelled. I always changed the subject."

They took only a few spoonfuls of the soup. It was very filling. They wanted to be hungry for the duck.

"What was she like to look at?"

"Very beautiful."

"In what way beautiful?"

He shrugged. "It's hard to describe a person. Do you know what the heroines of novels look like? Was Emma Bovary a blonde? Had Anna Karenina dark hair? If I said she was pale-skinned, fair-haired, rather tall, not exactly thin, with long, slim legs, that wouldn't give you a picture of her, would it?

"She always looked so bright, whether she was dressed for the beach or a country walk, a cocktail party or a formal dinner. She did not spend a great deal on her clothes, but she never looked the same twice. She was very clever with accessories. I got a kick every time I saw her. I felt so

To page 35

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820904

"Tell me about yourself, right from the beginning," she said, demurely lowering her eyes as Martin settled comfortably beside her.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820905

RICHARD HUDNUT NEW Quick HOME PERMANENT

GIVES YOU THE LOVELIEST, MOST NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS OF ALL!

So easy, no need to shampoo first!

Only Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Perm has Crystal-Pure Lanolized Wave Lotion. A lotion so pure yet penetrating you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave! So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odour. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked in to last with exclusive Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion!

Wave and wash with ½ the work!

It's the quickest! Only Richard Hudnut's Crystal-Pure Lotion penetrates so fast it lets you wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips. You get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers—half the winding time—half the work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin soft, sweet to be near. Use Richard Hudnut today—be shampoo fresh tonight!

Choose the **RICHARD HUDNUT** Home Perm made specially for your type of hair.

FOR EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR and for soft, natural curls in normal hair, RED BOX.
FOR HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR and for tighter, firmer curls in normal hair, GREEN BOX.
For bleached, tinted, brightened, colour-rinsed or lightened hair, use the "Easy-to-Wave Hair" kit.

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE

13/-

A more natural-looking, stronger, longer-lasting wave, whichever hair style you prefer!

. . . and for those end curls and between-perm pickups —

RICHARD HUDNUT **Quickette** END CURL HOME PERM

Keep your hair always perfectly styled in between perms with this smaller-size Richard Hudnut Home Perm. Two pickups in each package. **9/-**

HP98.143

DRESS SENSE

● This chic ensemble is our answer to many Dress Sense requests for a smart and casual "separates" pattern.

THE easy-fitting striped top is designed to team equally successfully with tapered slacks or shorts; the skirt can match or mix with a variety of blouses.

Details of how to order the pattern are given below the picture.

The skirt and top make an ideal twosome to take along if you're planning a holiday in the sun — or perhaps a cruise to warmer weather.

And if you are one of the lucky ones setting off on a cruise, here are a few reminders:

● Casual clothes are the thing for daytime wear. Be clever with color combinations — that way, one pair of slacks, shorts and a skirt can look new all the time with a few different overblouses or sun-tops.

● Don't plan your sportswear just to look smart. Games such as deck tennis and quoits are quite energetic. An untidy waistline (where the blouse and shorts have parted company) or straps on show (no neckline forethought) don't add up, fashionably speaking.

● For evening wear short dresses are adequate — and certainly easier to manage on board ship than a trailing gown. But have pretty shoes.

● A fur wrap or warm stole is essential for chilly evenings. You can't look glamorous when you're cold.

● Most cruises feature a fancy-dress night. It's an idea to devote some thought to this, and take something with you that can be converted into a possible prizewinner.

For example, one woman once took along a collection of green balloons, fastened them to a skirt of a slim brown dress, and looked remarkably effective as a bunch of grapes.

DS306: Pattern for casual separates may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material (striped top) and 2¼yds. 36in. material (skirt). Price 4/6.

Beauty in brief:

Gibson Girl hair-do for charm

By CAROLYN EARLE

● The 1958 Gibson Girl look in hairdos is one of the prettiest and easiest-to-wear styles in a long time. It is soft without being fussy, smart but not exaggerated.

BEST of all, perhaps, the Gibson Girl line can be kept looking attractive by almost anyone who has enough skill to care for her own hair.

In this style the hair is brushed high in the front to give a pouf effect and then gently eased to show the suggestion of a wave.

The sides are swept back into loose end-curls, and as a finishing touch a few front strands of hair are swirled with a comb to form a fringe on one temple.

The Gibson Girl style fills all the requirements of current chic. It is short enough if you fancy wearing the chemise or trapeze line, yet simply feminine.

However, the average do-it-yourself hairdresser would be wise to start with a good haircut by a professional, even where the hair has natural curl.

He will shape, style, and snip your locks into the proper contour and make the do-it-yourself job much easier.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820906

HOLIDAY WARDROBE BUILT ROUND ONE BLAZER

● **Whether you're sailing on a cruise or heading for the sunshine at a northern glamor resort, you'll have a happier holiday if you have a well-planned wardrobe.**

Here is a holiday wardrobe that will cut your luggage problems in half and enable you to be well-dressed for any occasion. The key to its casual elegance is a basic color scheme — navy and white.

● *For sightseeing (above left), wear your navy blazer and white sou'wester with a white chemise, and carry a white-spotted yellow satchel.*

● *For city stops (above right), wear the blazer with a matching skirt, white blouse, and scarlet straw sailor hat, tipped well back.*

● *For almost any occasion (above), wear a navy-and-white-striped chemise, low-belted or un-belted as it suits you best. The blazer fits perfectly into the picture.*

● *For late-afternoon or dinner dates (right), your classic white chemise looks wonderful with an armful of colored bracelets, and, of course, your navy blazer.*

● *For the beach, for boating, or just lazing round the deck, the versatile blazer again, teamed this time with white duck pants and a navy-and-yellow-striped matelot sweater. Complete the outfit with a yellow beach bag.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820907

SEND TO-DAY FOR HUGHES

FREE STYLE GUIDE!

OVER 100 NEW DESIGNS FOR 1958

It's your complete guide to knitting the style leaders of '58...Over 100 creations from Australia's leading fashion designers, including exciting designs in Hughes Bouclé—the fabulous new *tweed-textured* knitting yarn! Send TO-DAY for your FREE Style Guide.

● In Twinprufe Crochet. Book 225. Knitting Books 1/9 (posted, 2/-).

● Hughes Bouclé and Twinprufe Crochet. Book 223.

● In Kwicknit. From Book 220.

● In Twinprufe Crochet Book 217.

● In Twinprufe 4-ply. From Book 217.

● BOUCLE
● TWINPRUFE
● KWICKNIT
● BULKYKNIT
● KOOBA
● JUNIOR KWICKNITTING

Hughes

KNITTING WOOLS & BOOKS

SEND THIS COUPON FOR YOUR FREE STYLE GUIDE

Or write in on plain paper, printing your name and address clearly. Post to F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd. (Dept. 3C), 30 Grosvenor St., Sydney

TO: F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd. (Dept. 3C),
30 Grosvenor Street, Sydney, New South Wales.
Please send me a copy of the free "Hughes Style Guide for 1958."
NAME
ADDRESS
STATE
(USE BLOCK LETTERS) 3C.58

DISCUSSING plans for a fund-raising garden party — latest Brisbane "Bride" Quest candidate Mrs. Patrick Seeney (centre) with Mr. and Mrs. Eric Boston, who will give the party in their Sunnybank home on June 28. Picture by W. A. Jones.

Quest for "Bride" nears end

● Entries for the Red Cross "Bride of the Year" Quest close in less than a fortnight. Closing date is June 30, but candidates have until July 15 to finish their fund-raising campaigns.

IF there is a "Bride" candidate in your district, you have the chance between now and the end of the Quest to help her raise money for Red Cross.

Funds raised by the Quest will enable the Red Cross to carry on its wonderful work of helping people unable to fend for themselves.

This work includes the Blood Transfusion Service, caring for ex-service men and women, and helping those in distress because of floods and bushfires.

There are more than 50 young brides working for Red Cross through the "Bride of the Year" Quest.

Prize for the "Bride of the Year," the girl who raises the most money, is a round-the-world honeymoon by Qantas Super G Constellation, and £1000 spending money given by Ampol Petroleum Ltd.

Qantas representatives will meet the lucky couple at stopping places and show them the sights.

The girl who raises the most money in each State or Territory will win a two weeks' holiday on the Queensland Gold Coast. She and her husband will be the guests of the Surfers' Paradise Chamber of Commerce.

Last-minute entrants in the Quest are two candidates from New South Wales, Mrs. William Beveridge, of Bowral, and Mrs. Myles Bush, of Goulburn.

Latest Queensland entrant is Mrs. Patrick Seeney, a tall, blond professional model sponsored by Boston Silks, of Brisbane.

Typical of fund-raising activity in the last few weeks of the Quest is the campaign which two brides are conducting on the south coast of Queensland.

FEBRUARY bride Mrs. Myles Bush, of Goulburn, one of the latest N.S.W. girls to enter the Quest. Picture by Warlow Studios, Goulburn.

Mrs. Clifford McInally and her Southport Junior Chamber of Commerce committee are planning a gala mannequin parade at the Pacific Hotel, Southport, on Saturday, June 21.

On June 22 a spectacular "road block" will tell motorists the story of Red Cross through roadside displays and posters. The climax will be a mock car smash with a "patient" receiving a blood transfusion.

At Surfers' Paradise pretty Mrs. Tom Thornton is arranging an "Evening in Paradise" at the Surfers' Paradise Hotel on June 27. Mannequins will fly from Sydney and Melbourne, and some of the guests will travel by chartered plane from Brisbane.

Any girl who is a natural-born or naturalised Australian or a British subject resident in Australia, married between June 1, 1957, and June 1, 1958, is eligible to enter the Quest.

For entry forms and all inquiries, write to Red Cross in your State. (From Western Australia, address all correspondence to Red Cross National Headquarters, 122 Flinders St., Melbourne.

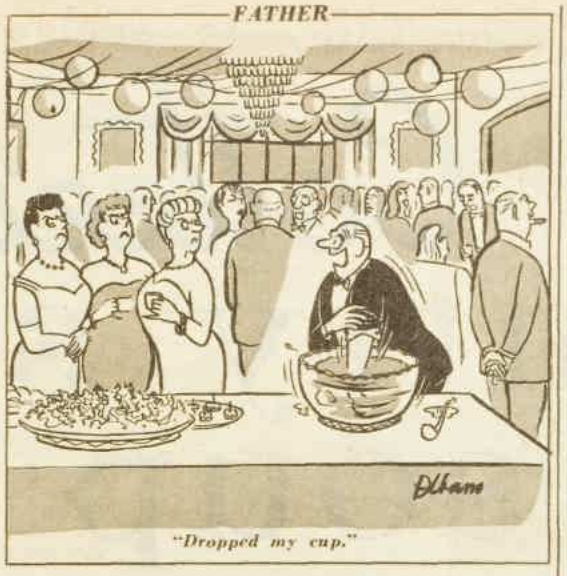
"BRIDE" candidate Mrs. William Beveridge, of Bowral, N.S.W., photographed with her husband after their wedding last February. Picture by Larelle Studios, Bowral.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820908

MOTHER

"Let's pretend we're fairies and dance all the way home."

FATHER



"Dropped my cup."

Worth Reporting

THREE kangaroos living in the north of England, Nandoo, Matilda, and their only son, Pinto, seem to have forgotten the land of their forefathers.

They like sporting in the snow so much that they retire to their specially heated hut only when it is raining, says their owner, Australian surgeon Geoffrey Morey.

All born in England, the kangaroos have been photographed for TV, newsreels and newspapers, and magazines from all over the world.

Mr. Morey, animal enthusiast and keen photographer, spends many holidays in East Africa making films of wild elephants and lions — but he always returns to photographing the kangaroos.

"So many people want pictures of my Australian pets," he said, "that I have put them into a book. I give the money from sales towards keeping kangaroos in England."

No "pigeon eyes" for older women

THE newest beauty trend for older women is to add glamor to the eyes and to soften the mouth, says Miss Lillian Mayle, president of an American cosmetics company, now in Melbourne.

"If the mouth is too accented and you use very little make-up, the eyes will look tired and faded," she says.

Miss Mayle warned against "pigeon eyes," explaining that by putting eye-shadow only near the lashes women tend to show up the slightly crepey look that comes with age.

Her advice: "Start applying eye-shadow immediately below the eyebrows and blend it down to the eyelashes so that the whole eyelid is lightly colored."

Mascara is very important for older women, because the tips of eyelashes tend to bleach. Miss Mayle suggests a silver-green eye-shadow for brown or hazel eyes, and for blue eyes a silver-blue shadow that is not too bright.

Frenzied lion in Town Hall show

THE ancient Chinese Lion Dance, which is so energetic that it requires relays of men to dance the part of the lion, will be performed for the first time in Australia during the Asian Festival in Adelaide's Town Hall on June 23-24.

Flown down specially by the R.A.A.F. from Rangoon for the festival, the Lion Dance costume is fantastic and elaborate. A huge lion's head is attached to a four-foot-long striped satin body. One man carries the head, another is the satin-covered body. The lion dances in a frenzy to the beating of cymbals, gongs, and a drum while a clown teases it with a red flag.

Asian students in Adelaide — about 25 per cent. of them are Colombo Plan students— will take part in the two-day festival, which has been organised by the Australian-Asian Association.

Other organisations taking part include the University International Club, the Four Corners Club of the Y.W.C.A., the Colombo Plan Students' Association, and the United Nations Youth Association.

The festival will include a loan exhibition of Asian culture, a programme of Asian songs and dances, incorporating a fashion parade of national costumes.

The organiser, Mr. F. T. Borland, said: "We are charging only 2/- admission as we want as many people as possible to enjoy it. Any profit will go to the Crippled Children's Association."

★ ★ ★

GIRLS got into a stew recently during a cooking contest in New York. After tasting 14 meat-and-vegetable pies baked by women, judges awarded the championship to James Allen — the only male competitor.

THE sack dress is having an educational effect in America, it seems. A schoolboy in Salt Lake City, asked for his impressions of spring, wrote:

Roses are so red,
Violets are so blue,
Our teacher's sack dress
Looks like a B-52.

U.S. grandma keen on our uniforms

AN American grandmother, at present in Sydney, would like U.S. children to adopt regulation school uniforms like those in Australia.

Celestine Neale, wife of an American Fulbright Scholar, Professor Phillip Neale, thinks that Australian schoolchildren are the neatest and best dressed she has seen in any part of the world.

She said: "I'm sold on the idea of uniform dress for the girls who begin to get round before they shape up.

"As for little boys in uniform, they're just too cute."

Hotel installs two mountains, one river

A VICTORIAN suburban hotel has just installed two mountains and a river in its courtyard.

They are part of the hotel's new Japanese garden, officially opened by the Consul for Japan, Mr. M. Nomoto, who gave advice on its laying out during the past six months.

In just over 200 square feet of ground space, the garden also holds a footbridge over the river, Japanese miniature maple, bamboo, and cypress trees, and rock plants.

In the garden there is also a Japanese stone lantern standing on a pile of rocks beside a fish pond.

According to one of the hotel staff, the lantern looks like a Hallow-e'en pumpkin lamp wearing a hat.

"Cups of brew" can be spiritual

"JUST because they can get their tongues round the word 'evolution,' a lot of young fellows these days think they've got an answer to Christian beliefs," said a khaki-clad gentleman who invaded our Sydney office recently.

He turned out to be senior welfare officer Bruce Townsend, of the Campaigners for Christ organisation, which sponsors the Everyman's Welfare Huts in Army camps throughout Australia.

The huts provide writing facilities, film shows, guest artists, magazines, music, and, according to Mr. Townsend, "countless cups of brew."

"Most adults today," he said, "know the old hymns, but the youngsters don't. Many of them have never been to church.

"We go out on bivouacs with the boys doing National Service training, eat with them, sleep in the same tents, provide them with cups of tea.

"They get the idea that you're not a bad guy, even though you're a bit religious.

"Then if they feel they need help they come along and talk. In that way our welfare work reaches its goal, and many a young man is helped and encouraged to be a true Christian soldier."

★ ★ ★

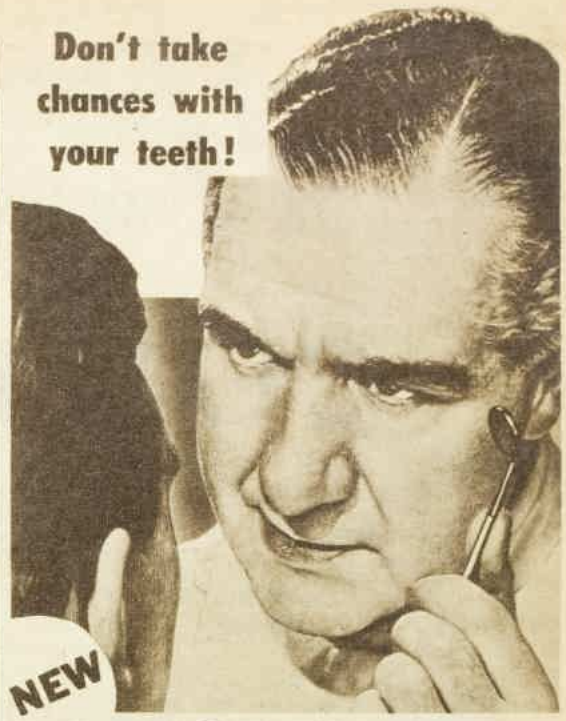
WE learn with sorrow that Australia's best-known young-man-about-Londontown, Charles MacArthur Hardy, has lost his title of "Debs' Delight" after almost a decade.

Charles, now 31, went grey during his reign.

His successor is 23-year-old, six-feet-tall Etonian Tom Hustler, who takes pictures of the debs at Dorothy Wilding's famous photographic studio, which he recently bought for £9000.

Tom, nicknamed "Daddy Longlegs" by his deb partners, has a sister, Joanna, who refused to become a deb. She is a tombstone designer.

Don't take chances with your teeth!



NEW MACLEANS

PEROXIDE TOOTH PASTE

keeps teeth whiter and healthier!

Use Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste . . . feel the tingle as its unique ingredient goes to work, killing decay germs, protecting your teeth and gums! Try Macleans and see how white your teeth are — that means they're cleaner and therefore safer from decay. You'll love the cool, refreshing taste of Macleans — and your breath will be sweet the whole day long. Buy Macleans today.

CUT OUT THIS RECIPE

AN EASY-TO-MAKE

CHOCOLATE CAKE

WITH A REAL CHOCOLATE FLAVOUR

1 egg
½ cup milk
1 level cup self-raising flour
1 level tablespoon butter or margarine
½ cup crystal sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 level tablespoon Bournville Cocoa
1 teaspoon sugar combined with ½ level teaspoon cinnamon for topping

Separate the white from the yolk of egg. Add a pinch of salt to the white and beat until stiff. Add the sugar gradually and continue beating until the mixture will stand in peaks. Add egg yolk and mix well. Stir in the milk and vanilla. Sift the flour with the cocoa. Stir into the mixture before adding the melted butter. Pour into a well greased 7-inch sandwich tin and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. Cool. Brush a little melted butter over the top of the cake and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon.

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

B11/12/8

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820909

NEW!

The soup with the wholesome country flavour!

Cottee's country style soup

"Come and get it!"

It's Cottee's new Country Style **Chicken Noodle Soup.** Try it—you'll say it's the best chicken noodle soup yet!

6 "COUNTRY STYLE" FLAVOURS

- Chicken Noodle
- Thick Vegetable
- Pea Soup with Vegetable
- Creme of Chicken
- Mushroom
- Tomato with Vegetable

Cottee's new Country Style Soup will be a "hit" in your home . . . overnight! It's a hearty, heart-warming, country-kitchen kind of soup . . . filled to the brim with all the goodness, all the wholesome flavour of country-fresh foods . . . pick-of-the-garden vegetables . . . prime beef . . . tender young chickens. With six "super" varieties to pick 'n' choose . . . you'll be making it a happy family habit to serve Cottee's Country Style Soup—every day!

Hurry down to your store for Cottee's new Country Style Soup . . . stock up with two or three packets or more . . . for this is the soup your family will want again and again and again!

P.S. Cottee's Country Style Soup will save you precious pennies, too . . . just compare the price!

Now, you'll be saying "Make mine Cottee's country style" at soup time!

71/FPC.142

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820910

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"I AM a boy of 15. Last year at a dancing class I met and liked a charming, pretty girl of 14. I do not know how much she liked me, but on two occasions, months apart, I asked her out. Each time she declined, saying that she would have liked to come, and gave a true and reasonable reason. Since we have left the class I rarely have seen her, and even then only fleetingly. I do not have a bad reputation and do not know her parents. How can I find out whether she likes me, and re-establish contact with her if she does? At the moment I naturally hesitate about asking her out again by telephoning or writing. She was always friendly and charming to everyone."

"Sambo," Sydney.

I imagine that this girl's parents don't allow her to accept invitations from boys yet. At 14 she is far too young for dating. The only social life allowed her would probably be group activities such as dancing classes, school socials, or parties at her home or the homes of her friends.

I think the only way you can see more of her at present is by getting to know some of her friends, and you may then be included in some of their group outings.

At 15, you, too, are far too young for single dating, I think. Wait till you are 16, and then choose a girl the same age. Any friendship with a girl under this age is most unwise, unless it is platonic.

"I HAVE been keeping company with a boy of 21 since January. I am nearly 19; I like him very much. I have asked him home on a number of occasions, but always he has found some excuse for not coming. My parents are beginning to wonder just what kind of boy I am going out with. They say that if I don't bring him home I will not be allowed to go out with him. What am I to do? His chief excuse is that he is very shy. He has told me that he likes me very much."

"Desperate," S.A.

Truth is the best weapon of all in any relationship between people. Tell him the truth. If he likes you enough, he'll come to your home. If he doesn't, you know exactly where you stand.

"FOURTEEN months ago I was keeping company with a boy to whom my parents objected, so I went behind their backs to be with him. Several months later I discovered I was pregnant to him. We told my parents, and it was decided that because of my age it would be best for me to have the child adopted. They allowed me to see the boy until it was time to leave home, but now they want me to stop going with him when I return home next week. I don't want to go against my parents, as they have been wonderful to me during the past months. Then again, I think a lot of my boy-friend, who has waited for my return. Can you please advise me which is the best to do—continue with the boy or do as my people wish? I have just turned 17."

Miss Y.J., W.A.

You must do exactly as your parents wish. I think you and your boy-friend are two very fortunate young people. Understanding parents who are a comfort and practical aid at such times really deserve the adjective you use, "wonderful."

I think their attitude is quite understandable — they trusted you once and you deceived them. Now they feel they can't trust you.

I think the whole situation depends on you and your boy-friend. Show them that you are prepared to do as they wish, and that you can be trusted to carry out those wishes exactly, and they may change their minds in time.

But I should think that it would be a long time, because obviously they have your welfare at heart, and a girl of 17 is far too young to continue an association with, I take it, a view to matrimony.

★★★★★ DISC DIGEST ★★★★★

A NEWCOMER to the Australian record scene is a gentleman named Dolf Van Der Linden. He conducts his fifty-two-piece orchestra through a dozen very romantic melodies on "Prelude To A Kiss" (330SX.7568), following, more or less, the well-established tradition of Kostelanetz and Mantovani, but avoiding the more obvious gimmicks.

Duke Ellington fans will be glad to notice that in addition to the album's title tune Van Der Linden plays those two wistful charmers "Day Dream" and "In A Sentimental Mood." Those two veterans of the A1 school of pop writing Irving Berlin and Cole Porter are represented by "How Deep Is The Ocean" and "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To," while among other standards you'll hear "That Old Feeling," "Autumn Leaves," and "I Only Have Eyes For You." In these days of garish LP covers, this one deserves full marks for its simple good taste, which, I'm afraid, can't be said about the guff on the back. That hits rock bottom.

Another ork leader, Ray Martin, takes off on an "around the world" kick with his latest long-player, "Global Hop" (330SX.-7584), a very sprightly affair which should also have a big appeal for the hi-fi bug. Touring the world on LP is no longer exactly new, but this one should please many collectors. Several of the regulars are here — "Lisbon Antigua," "Lady of Spain," "Swedish Rhapsody," "Port Au Prince," and that nightingale who sang in Berkeley Square — but Ray has been wise enough to add a few which haven't had quite the same exhaustive workout. Among these are "Veradero," in which Norrie Paramor takes the piano solo, "Rain On The Seine," "Moonlight On The Appian Way," and "Bavarian Wedding March." This, by the way, looks like being Martin's last English record. The States have snapped him, and he's now over there and well on his way towards becoming an American citizen.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

A word from Debbie . . .

CUT down on arguments with yourself and other people and learn when to say "No."

Say "No" to a wedge of chocolate-cream cake if you're overweight; to the divine sweater that doesn't go with any other single thing in your wardrobe; to a boy who wants to take you to a place of which your parents disapprove.

Say "No" to yourself when you want to use the telephone and you have no urgent message or invitation to offer a boy and only want to chatter when the romance is over and you're lonely and regretful or when you just want to hear his voice and hang up.

Say "No" to the impulse to snub or tease someone because the crowd you're with does, and "No" to invitations from people who make it awkward for you to get home on time; refuse anything against your better judgment.

you are looking at the beginning of the end of a cold!

In just **7 seconds** Vicks VapoRub starts clearing out her cold miseries . . .

Keeps on giving relief up to **10 full hours**

Atom isotope tests prove speed and spread of VapoRub relief

The Hydrogen-3 atom shows how it takes but 2 breaths for . . .

. . . VapoRub relief to go deep into cold-affected areas and continue full strength all night long.

● Almost any mother can tell you how Vicks VapoRub helps clear cold miseries overnight. But now, comes new proof of the almost unbelievable speed with which VapoRub begins relief—*throughout the cold affected areas!* Using atomic isotopes, scientists traced VapoRub's vapour action through the respiratory passages. They found VapoRub takes *only seven seconds to become fully effective* . . . and keeps on relieving the cold up to 10 hours!

So, Mother, when your child catches cold, just rub Vicks VapoRub on her chest, throat and back . . . and with the second breath, she'll feel comforting relief clear her stuffy nose, soothe her sore throat, and break up congestion deep in the bronchial passages. And what's more, VapoRub keeps on comforting her while she sleeps restfully through the night. You try Vicks VapoRub—and you'll almost see the beginning of the end of your child's cold happen right before your eyes.

VICKS VAPORUB

World's Most Widely Used Cold Medication . . .

As a Rub . . . In Steam . . . In the Nose

VR-M1-42

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820911

CECIL BEATON DESIGNS A FILM

★ With sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton, the Colette novel "Gigi" comes to the screen with Leslie Caron as the innocent who captivated Paris in the Gay 'Nineties.

PERIOD OPULENCE of Maxim's, famous Parisian restaurant, is recaptured in the supper scene above. Maurice Chevalier holds the lady's hand.

DARK, handsome French actor Louis Jourdan, in the medallion at right, receives the full charm treatment from his dazzling table companion, Eva Gabor.

LESLIE CARON (above) in "Gigi," the M.G.M. musical romance with words and music by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, whose last work was "My Fair Lady." Cecil Beaton's home is featured on pages 40-41.

ENCHANTING STUDY of Leslie (right) was posed by Cecil Beaton, responsible for the film's costume, scenery, and production design. Audrey Hepburn played "Gigi" on Broadway and Leslie starred in London.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820912

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820913

Stay fresh as the morning...

ALL DAY — ALL OVER!

WITH

Gemey

loveliest of all talcs

LIGHTER, lovelier, super-fine Gemey Talc provides an exciting after-bath freshness . . . touched with the beloved enchantment of Gemey perfume! It neutralises the source of perspiration odours and maintains its refreshing fragrance for hours and hours. Be lovelier . . . use Gemey Talc always after your bath or shower!

In three sizes: regular size, 5/3; "jewel" container, 6/3; refillable plastic atomiser, 9/9.

GEMEY BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

PARIS • LONDON • NEW YORK • SYDNEY

FILM PREVIEW

A SEA OF TROUBLES...

• • • in a rotting ship a disgraced captain seeks to relive past commands.

CYD CHARISSE, as Charlotte, girl on the run.

ROCK HUDSON, as the drunken skipper, Bell.

THE STORY

CAPTAIN BELL couldn't afford to be particular about the brigantine Cannibal's passengers, because only the desperate or innocent would trust its ancient plankings; and only Bell, trying to recapture the glory of lost commands, would sail her on another voyage.

The last-minute appearance on board of Charlotte, a girl who wanted no questions asked, was of no special interest to Bell—at least, not until things began to go wrong on that last, desperate trip, and he realised she was more than just another passenger.

"Twilight For the Gods," a Universal film, was photographed in color on location at Hawaii. The brigantine Cannibal belongs to author Ernest K. Gann, who sailed her out to Hawaii to be used in the film version of his best-selling novel.

As Cannibal moves sluggishly along under rotting sails, skipper and ill-assorted passengers sit down together for their first evening meal.

With water in the bilges and the ancient pumps barely holding, alarmed crew members tell Bell he will never reach Mexico unless he first changes course and puts into Honolulu for much-needed general repairs.

Trouble with the crew breaks into the open and a marlin spike is dropped from the rigging on Bell. His refusal to go to Honolulu is taken as a desire to protect Charlotte from the police.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820914

Continuing . . . .

Last Chance for Love

from page 25

proud when I walked into a restaurant beside her. I felt so built up."

"Did you tell her that?"

"She knew, all right."

"Yet you were never happy."

"No. There was always something wrong."

"And she, how did she feel about it?"

"It was the same with her; always that niggling dissatisfaction."

"You never discussed it with her?"

He shook his head. "There was no need. We knew each other so very well, you see."

The aluminium press was moved up to their table. They watched the elaborate precautions in fascinated silence.

"Have you ever had this before?" he asked.

"Once in London, at the Chateaubriand."

"That's a coincidence; that's where I had it."

They were still playing the game. He had not said, "Do you remember the time we had this at the Chateaubriand?" But tonight there was none of the strain, the effort that usually made them abandon the game after half an hour. He was not acting a part.

He was himself, but because Julia was not herself, his wife, he could be outspoken with her in a way that he never had been before. There was nothing he could not say to this stranger whom he knew so well. For the first time in his life he felt himself.

He tried to explain what he felt. "It's unbelievable that one could feel so intimate with someone one hadn't met two hours ago. You feel it, don't you, too?"

"I feel it."

"I suppose it's the knowledge that in a few hours we'll be going our separate roads, that nothing we say now, nothing we do now, can be held against us the next day. In everyday life with our closest friends we have to be on our guard. That is it, isn't it?"

"I expect it is."

It was close on eleven. The restaurant was nearly empty.

"I've got to catch an early plane. Let's have a final dance," he said.

This was their last dance together, their very last. When had been their first? How could he tell? It had been so long ago, way back in nursery days. He had reached a level of emotion where he had lost the power to analyse his feelings.

In one way it had been the happiest evening of his life. Never had he been more relaxed, more himself, more at one with anyone. Yet all the time there had been this acid after-taste. Tomorrow he would be over the Channel. In a month he would be opening an envelope to read, "This is the most difficult letter I have written." This was the end.

He held her close. How smoothly their steps fitted! The tune was an old one. She hummed the words.

In the spirit of the game, he said, "I guessed right about your voice. It does match your looks."

A desperate resolve was on him—to play the game out to its logical conclusion.

They were back in their seats: the orchestra was packing up: he leaned across the table.

"There's another thing about strangers meeting. When there's no tomorrow, two strangers who attract each other can accept what the moment offers. They'd be crazy not to. If you'd met, instead of me, someone whom you knew at home, you'd have been on your guard. There'd be the danger of aftermaths, embarrassments, repercussions. But when it's a man whom you'd never seen before, whom in all human probability you will never see again. . . ." He paused. "What's the number of your room?" he asked.

She met his eyes steadily and half smiled. "Five hundred and twelve," she said.

She was sitting up among her pillows, hands clasped behind her head. Her beauty took his breath away. In his room, looking down from his balcony on the emptying waterfront, he had rehearsed the things that he would say, but speech had now suddenly deserted him.

It was she who spoke first, and her voice was fond.

"You'll probably be marrying again, quite soon," she said. "It'll probably be someone as different as possible from that first unsatisfactory wife of yours. You'll have to treat her very differently, you know. Don't talk to her in shorthand all the time. Don't leave her to guess too many things. Tell her the things about you that she doesn't know so that she can feel she is really yours.

"If you think she's the most lovely person in the world, then tell her so and why and often, very often. Make a real proposal of it; that's something a woman considers to be her due. She feels cheated if she doesn't get it. And if she starts to argue, don't change the subject always. Women like testing a man's patience, and they like to be dominated, sometimes in an argument. A quarrel clears the air. Besides. . . ."

He interrupted her.

"I don't want to think about a second marriage. Let tomorrow take care of itself."

He switched off her bedside lamp, but the curtains were undrawn and the lights from the Promenade des Anglais shone on to the ceiling, veiling the room with poetry.

The game had become reality: tomorrow their ways divided, his to England and hers to Brussels. They had this night only and the need in him was imperative to make it unique, so that it should set for both of them a standard for all the nights that followed.

He had never imagined that life had such peace for giving; this sense of ownership and of being owned. He had found himself, he had discovered Julia.

"Shall I tell you what I'm going to do when I get home?" he said.

"You tell me what you're going to do."

"I'm going straight back to that wife of mine and tell her that I've adored her always, that there's nobody like her under heaven, that I can't exist without her. I'll go down on my knees and propose formally, then take her on a brand-new honeymoon as a different woman."

"I think if you did it might work out," she said.

It was a miracle. How had it come about? He tried to explain it to himself, to her.

"Do you remember what we said at dinner about being outspoken with a stranger?"

But she raised her hand and laid it across his mouth.

"Don't try to put it into words. There are some things that are far better said in shorthand."

It was the last thing she said for quite a while.

(Copyright)

New Way "Breaks" Head Colds Faster

At last, here's the relief from "stuffy" head colds you've longed for! You'll breathe freely in just two minutes after using the NYAL 'Decongestant' **Nasal Spray**—the **newest, most modern** form of nasal medication.

Simply squeeze the self-atomizing plastic pack and the micro-spray tip produces a mist of "relief-bringing" medication. Thousands of microscopic droplets s-p-r-e-a-d over swollen nasal membranes . . . dry up "runny" noses . . . relieve head cold misery. It penetrates so deeply that **relief actually lasts for as long as four hours.** The Nyal **Nasal Spray** contains wonder-working Phenylephrine which shrinks and soothes swollen nasal membranes and relieves congestion **fast!** There is no sting! You feel only soothing relief!

Nyal

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

Buy a NYAL **Nasal Spray** from your chemist and carry the unbreakable, squeeze-spray pack in purse or pocket. Clean, instant application — **get relief anywhere, anytime** from nasal congestion accompanying colds, 'flu, catarrh, rhinitis, sinusitis, hay fever. **6/-**

NEW, SPECIAL DOSAGE FORM FOR CHILDREN

Now, children have their own Nasal Spray with a specially adjusted dosage. It's NYAL Pediatric (Children's) **Nasal Spray**—costs only **5/6**

Nyal 'Decongestant' NASAL SPRAY

N51.WW144

Here's Quicker Relief from SORE THROAT

You can end the nag-nag-nagging pain of sore, inflamed throats—fast! Take a NYAL Medicated Throat Lozenge, the modern throat lozenge compounded to bring three-way relief. The **sedative, antiseptic, anaesthetic** action of NYAL Medicated Throat Lozenges **checks infection . . . suppresses coughing . . . stops soreness.** As soon as you slip one—just one—NYAL Medicated Throat Lozenge into your mouth, you will begin to feel your sore throat going . . . going . . . gone! So whenever you suffer from sore throat due to colds, infection, excessive smoking or speaking, buy NYAL Medicated Throat Lozenges. 24 Lozenges, **4/-**; 50 Lozenges, **6/9**

Nyal MEDICATED THROAT LOZENGES

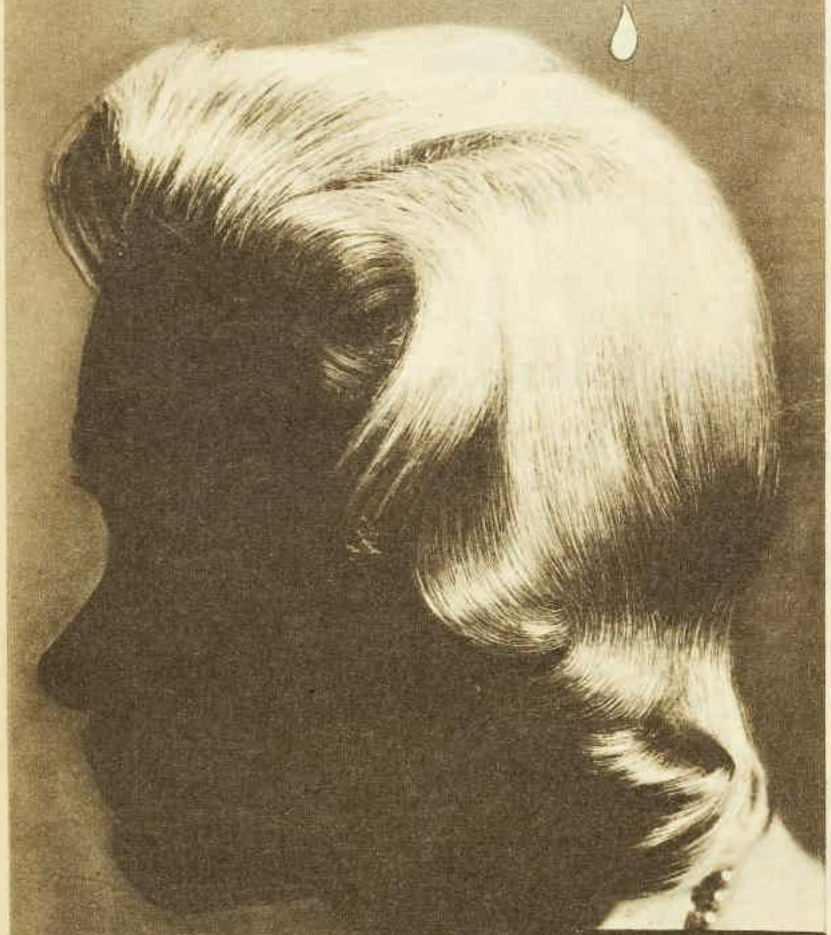
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820915

New!—a shampoo that conditions as it cleans . . .

clean & sweet

by POND'S

—a fragrant one lather lotion shampoo



Feel your hair with its silky new texture — as it falls beautifully into place after a Clean & Sweet shampoo.

P.V.P.—the conditioner in Clean & Sweet makes a dazzling difference.

P.V.P. is precious! It's the American-developed conditioner in Pond's Clean & Sweet that lingers after rinsing and counteracts the harsh effects of Australian weather.

Clean & Sweet is a fabulous new pearly white lotion shampoo . . . with one fast lather it keeps your hair and scalp **healthy** — as well as tingling clean.

Fabulous Clean & Sweet comes in a graceful bottle — 5/6 and 9/6. So much luxury for so little—seven complete shampoos in the regular bottle and fourteen in the large bottle. Also plastic bubble 1/3.

Available at all chemists, hairdressers and stores.

Another beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's International Ltd.

Continuing . . . .

Mr. Kensington's Finest Hour

from page 21

pleasant suburban apartment that Cary Stevens found for him.

But he could not get the problem of Jonas out of his mind.

He went to a Little League practice and realised that Jonas had indeed told the truth. When the boy came to bat he gripped the wood with sweaty, determined hands. Repeatedly he flinched from a fast ball. The rest of the team watched silently, but their eyes said much.

Mr. Kensington spoke to Mr. McGill, the coach. He said worriedly: "Jonas fields well, but a fast ball seems to put him off. Bad thing, y'know."

"I've tried everything," Mr. McGill said. "I put him on this team, thinking it would give him confidence. I had our best batsman miss the ball just to show him that even star players aren't perfect. I've talked, I've reasoned, but nothing works. The kid's scared."

Mr. Kensington made patterns in the dust with the point of his furled umbrella. He ventured to say diffidently: "Perhaps if I just hung about —the boy has no father—it might encourage him." So Mr. Kensington hung around every afternoon.

After a while he began to bring his old first-aid kit and dispense bandages, chewing-gum, and a horrible-smelling liniment. He addressed all the team members as "Mr.," not being very familiar with such nicknames as "Stinky," "Knucklehead," and "Butch." The boys in turn called him "Kensy," which he permitted because it gave him a warm feeling of belonging to the team, though in what capacity he wasn't quite sure.

However, his faithful attendance at practice did not improve Jonas' batting. "I just don't know," McGill said. "If Jonas can't hit, I'll have to send him down to the minor league. Otherwise it's not fair to the team. You can see that, Kensy."

Mr. Kensington watched Jonas trailing behind the other Eager Beavers as they left the field. The boy stopped and rubbed dirt into his white uniform.

"I say, McGill, why is he doing that?"

The coach shook his head. "All the kids that hit and run and score go home dirty as a tar pit. Jonas puts his own dirt on, so that his mother will think he's been playing instead of sitting on the bench."

"I see," Mr. Kensington said. "Well, Jonas is not going back to the minors. We shall muddle through somehow."

He went home and made himself a pot of tea. He realised that it was not going to be easy to deal with such a knotty problem.

He read again the Little League book of rules. The boys had to wear protective head-gear. Jonas realised he could not get hurt. No, it wasn't physical fear.

Then, suddenly, he felt as though, by sheer accident, he had stumbled on a clue.

He was thinking now of his father, Roger Kensington. Vividly he recalled that aristocratic presence. Roger Kensington had been a brilliant athlete. And he had expected the same superlative performance from his son.

Edwin Kensington tasted again the fear that had made his mouth dry and his feet heavy on that long-ago day when his father had come to the school cricket match.

Of course, Edwin Kensington was playing. How could they leave out the son of such a distinguished athlete? And he had played, knowing he was not good enough, knowing his team would not win; knowing his team mates resented his clumsiness.

He could hear again his father's hearty outdoor voice roaring down at a boy small for his age and humiliated with defeat: "You didn't try, Edwin. You let the team down." There, at that moment, he had lost faith in his own ability.

His father had also said: "Never admit you're not the best, Edwin. Top drawer, y'know." That was the hour when his wide-eyed honesty turned to deception as he tried to cover up his faults and fears.

Mr. Kensington found that his tea had grown cold. He also found a complete picture of himself he had never dared to look at before—the picture of a man who had feared his job was too big for him. He had never asked for or received larger posts from the Foreign Office; so that now the job had grown small enough to fit him.

He shook himself into an awareness of the present and poured out a fresh cup of tea. He had come to know himself. He had come to know, too, what he must do for Jonas . . .

There was no practice on the day of the game, but Mr. Kensington met Jonas after school and suggested they have an early supper, since his mother would be working late.

The cafeteria was almost deserted when Jonas put down his tray in a corner booth. On it were steak, baked potato, green salad, milk, and custard. Jonas took his training rules seriously and glanced at the clock to be sure he was eating two hours before the game.

"I guess it doesn't matter, though," he said with obvious relief. "I won't have to play. The pitcher says he can't eat much before a game, just like before a battle. I guess you didn't eat much, either, that time you went to Dunkirk."

Mr. Kensington said: "I ate what my ration-book allowed." How should he start, he wondered.

Jonas cut into his steak. "I sure wish I were grown up and had a finest hour like you did."

Carefully, Mr. Kensington buttered his baked potato. "Jonas," he said, "Dunkirk was not my finest hour. It was to others who went, but not to me."

"But jeepers, you were a hero. All that bombing, and you weren't afraid to go right across the Channel."

Mr. Kensington said quietly: "Jonas, a man's finest hour is the hour in which he rises above himself, even if he is only bench strength and does what seems impossible. He does it without fear. And when it is over he feels the triumph and pride of success."

Jonas, in his surprise, left his fork upright in his salad. He said: "You never had handled a launch before, but you went, anyway."

"So I did," Mr. Kensington said. "But what I have never told you, Jonas, is the terrible fear I felt, the panic, the wanting to turn back."

The boy's eyes silently searched Mr. Kensington's face. At last he said: "I never knew grown-ups got scared. But even if you did," he went on defiantly, "you brought back seven men. That's what counts."

"Yes, I brought back seven," Mr. Kensington said, "but they were the sons of other men. You see, I did not bring back my own son, Peter. I didn't even know he was at Dunkirk. He was killed on the beach."

Jonas was silent again, for a long while this time. Then he said gravely: "I'm sorry, sir, about your son. I guess it was

To page 37

THE LAUGH WAS ON ME

● Contributions are invited for The Laugh Was On Me, in which each week we award £2/2/- each for the two best entries. Here are this week's winners:

I HAD just had my hair permed and was returning home feeling very pleased with the effect. When collecting my bus fare the conductress asked:

"Just had your hair permed?"

"Yes," I said.

"Thought so," she said. "I can smell it."

£2/2/- to Mrs. M. A. Conroy, 49 Morris Street, Merrylands, N.S.W.

I WAS invited to an afternoon tea party and a friend phoned and said she would call for me. I donned a new outfit — dress, hat, and all the trimmings. I was standing at the door when my friend arrived. She looked at me, and asked:

"What are you going to wear?"

£2/2/- to Mrs. Marie Cook, Neale Street, Bendigo, Vic.

● ***SEND your entries to The Laugh Was On Me, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.***

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820916

FOR THE SMOOTH FLAWLESS LOOK OF DRESDEN CHINA

MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD

PAN-CAKE*

make-up

You'll find Pan-Cake perfect for the newest fashion . . . the smooth, flawless look of Dresden China. Pan-Cake's fine, flattering film gives your complexion a delicate, fragile look . . . yet conceals every flaw. No matter how uneven your skin tone, no matter what blemishes you have, you, too, can create this new, smooth, deliberately pretty look with Max Factor's Pan-Cake. Goes on in seconds . . . stays lovely for hours. 12 shades . . . one perfect for you. Standard 13/11; medium, 8/6.

* PAN-CAKE (TRADE MARK) MEANS MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD CAKE MAKE-UP.

TEENAGE SPOTS & PIMPLES NEED NOT HAPPEN

Teenagers (and adults too)—if you are subject to the embarrassment of unsightly spots and blemishes, try this simple skin care. ***At the first sign of trouble, treat the infected areas with fast-acting, double-antiseptic Valderma Balm.***

Soothing, cleansing Valderma is specially prepared to assist in keeping the skin fresh, clear and healthy — free from the clogging infections and impurities that are so often the cause of unsightly spots and skin eruptions.

Fast-acting Valderma brings these triple benefits.

1. Soaks into infected areas. Valderma penetrates deep to the heart of the infection—encourages the natural healing agents to go to work—clears the pores to assist the escape of septic fluids.

2. Twin antiseptic action. Valderma contains two antiseptics to kill skin germs and stop germ growth. No single antiseptic can kill the whole range of skin germs.

3. Irritation relieved. Apply Valderma — and you feel a soothing, healthful coolness. That's the twin antiseptic action going instantly to work. Itches and irritations are relieved at once. Soothing, cleansing ***double antiseptic*** Valderma is obtainable from all chemists in handy tubes at 2/6, or jars at 3/6. Ask for it today.

VALDERMA BALM aids quick healing

Insist on VENCATACHELLUM THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

Continuing . . . .

Mr. Kensington's Finest Hour

from page 36

like my father. Maybe he died doing what he most wanted to do."

"Yes," Mr. Kensington nodded. "I think you may have something there."

The boy's stubby fingers gripped his knife as though it were a baseball bat. "You were afraid. But you got over it."

"Yes, Jonas, I got over it . . ."

The early game between the Eager Beavers and the Tidwell Tigers was called for seven o'clock. The Tigers were there with full bench strength, with coach, with manager.

He could also see that only nine Eager Beavers were warming up. He knew the manager was out of town on business, but where was Mr. McGill?

Finally, the director intoned over the loudspeaker. "Mr. Ralph McGill, coach of the Eager Beavers, has been detained and cannot be here tonight. Is there any father in the stands who will volunteer as coach?"

Nine anxious boys turned their heads towards the handful of spectators. So did Mr. Kensington. He knew most of the fathers by sight. Many of them worked the night shift. No one responded to the plea now being repeated over the public-address system.

It occurred to Mr. Kensington that he was being a bit forward, but he could see no alternative. Deliberately he picked up his umbrella, settled his bowler hat, and made his way to the official's box. He said resolutely: "I will coach the Eager Beavers if no one else is available."

The League director pushed the announcer aside. He said: "Thanks, Mr. Kensington. And good luck!"

The British Consul marched over to his team and held a hurried conference. "Where are the other players?"

"Chicken-pox, sir. But we can field a team . . ."

The first innings was 1-0 for the Tigers. Jonas was still at the bottom of the batting order. The second innings was 2-0, the Tigers still gaining.

Then it was the start of the third innings, and Mr. Kensington unbuttoned his coat. He felt his legs cramping on the low bench. His collar was wet, his hands clammy. But the nine boys around him were not dismayed. "We'll whip 'em, Kensy," they told him. "You just see."

One by one he sent out his batters. Mr. Butch Fales scored two. Mr. Stinky Spencer added a single.

It was Jonas Stevens up to bat now, and suddenly the team was quiet. Mr. Kensington knew what they were thinking as they watched Jonas taking a few practice swings. He jabbed Mr. Knucklehead Caldwell sharply and said: "Give him a cheer, lads."

Knucklehead led off with a roar of encouragement. The Tiger pitcher sent a fast one right down the middle. Jonas did not step back. Mr. Kensington unclenched his aching jaws.

"He really hit it!" Knucklehead marvelled. "Holy cow!"

Then the last half of the sixth and final innings was coming up. The stands were filled now. The cloudy sky threatened rain, and the score stood at 5-5. Stinky Spencer had been hitting out valiantly and was on third base. If the next batsman could only hit the ball hard enough Stinky could sneak home to score the winning run for his side.

The next batsman was Jonas.

"I expect a single from you," Mr. Kensington said evenly.

As Jonas walked out to take up his stance, catcalls came from the stands: "He can't hit. He's afraid of the ball. Give him a fast one."

Mr. Kensington didn't watch Jonas. His eyes were fixed on the tired pitcher. Then it came, a fast ball which suddenly broke and dropped slowly. Wood cracked on leather. Jonas stood rooted in his place, paralysed by his own success.

From his own team-mates came a roar of anguish: "Run, run!"

Jonas dug in and took off like a jack-rabbit. Mr. Kensington drove his fingers into the palms of his hands as Jonas raced to first base in a cloud of dust while Stinky Spencer loped home with the winning run for the Beavers.

A moment later the heavens opened and the rain came. Boys in dirty uniforms swarmed over Mr. Kensington, yelling with joy. Managers and coaches slapped him on the back. Parents shouted happily at him.

But Mr. Kensington scarcely heard the uproar. Calmly he raised his big black umbrella. "Stout playing, men," he said. "I believe we could use a bit of refreshment."

Methodically he gathered the hilarious Eager Beavers under his capacious umbrella and marched across the street to the Sweet Shoppe. He removed his bowler hat and looked round the table at nine mud-smeared, jubilant boys. His eyes found Jonas, his uniform at last, respectably dirty, his face a blaze of glory.

"Your order, sir," the waitress asked, her pencil poised over her pad.

Mr. Kensington smiled at the Eager Beavers in triumph and pride. "That will be nine Tummy Busters," he said. And then added firmly: "No—make it ten."

(Copyright)

"Awfully nice of you folks to help us tidy up after the party."

Relieve Torture of BACKACHE

Are YOU tormented by backache, rheumatic pains? Doan's Backache Kidney Pills can bring you prompt relief. Rheumatic pains, headaches, puffiness under the eyes, disturbed nights, leg pains, are often a sign of sluggish kidneys failing to carry out their vital job of removing waste matter from the blood. So follow the lead of sufferers all over the world. At the first sign of kidney upset get DOAN'S. Doan's should bring you swift, blessed relief, and set those lazy kidneys back to work again.

For boys & Girls 4 to 16

CHUCKLER'S WEEKLY

EVERY THURSDAY

Great Value - 9d

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820917

Sugar belongs to the sweetest moments of your life

1st Prize for preserves . . .

. . . she day-dreamed of winning, but didn't really think she could. For her, this is a wonderful moment, a sweet moment that will always be remembered.

Sugar is an important ingredient of preserves and many other delicious foods.

Many foods are necessary for a balanced diet — body-building foods like meat and eggs; protective foods like fruit and vegetables; and energy foods like sugar, bread and potatoes.

Many thousands of people live and work in the cane-growing districts of tropical Queensland. Where once was jungle there are farms, homes, roads, railways, airfields, cities and harbours.

Each sugar district is closely settled and has as its centre a raw sugar mill — a large-scale secondary industry manufacturing raw sugar from the sweet juice of the cane. 14 of Australia's 34 raw sugar mills are co-operatively owned by the cane farmers who supply them; 7 of the mills are owned by the C.S.R Company, and 13 by various other companies.

Part of the city of Mackay, centre of a large cane-growing district on Queensland's tropical coast. Seven raw sugar mills in the Mackay district (6 of them co-operatively owned by cane farmers) produce over 260,000 tons of raw sugar a year.

THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING COMPANY LIMITED

Continuing . . . . Sylvester

from page 19

"How kind of her!" said Sylvester, bestowing upon the landlady the smile which won for him so much willing service. "Their parents would be glad to know that my imprudent young friends fell into such good hands. I have told my groom to stable the horses, but I dare say you will tell him just where he may do so. Can you accommodate the pair of us?"

"Well! I'm sure, sir, I should be very happy—only this is quite a simple house, such as your honor — And I've took and put the poor young gentleman in my best room!" said Mrs. Scaling, considerably flustered.

"Oh, that makes no odds!" said Sylvester, stripping off his gloves. "I think, ma'am, it would be as well if you took me up to see your brother."

Phoebe hesitated, and when Mrs. Scaling bustled off to the back premises, said suspiciously. "Why do you wish to see Tom? Why do you wish to remain here?"

"Oh, it's not a question of wishing!" he returned, a laugh in his eyes. "Pure fellow-feeling, ma'am! What a dog I should be to leave the poor devil in the hands of two females! Take me up! I promise you, he will be very glad to see me!"

"Well, I don't think he will," said Phoebe, regarding him in a darkling way. "And I should like to know why you talked of us to Mrs. Scaling as though you had been our grandfather!"

"I feel like your grandfather," he replied. "Take me up to the sufferer and let us see what can be done for him!"

She still seemed to be doubtful, but after a moment's indecision she said ungraciously: "Oh, very well! But I won't have him ranted at, or reproached, mind!"

"Who am I to give him a trimming?" Sylvester said, following her up the narrow stair.

Mrs. Scaling's best bedchamber was a low-pitched room in the front of the house. A fire had been lit in the grate and the blinds drawn across the dormer window to shut out the bleak dusk. An oil lamp had been set on the dressing-table and a couple of candles on the mantelshelf, and as the window-blinds and the curtains round the bed were of crimson the room presented a pleasantly cosy appearance.

Tom, fully dressed except for his boots and stockings, was lying on the bed with a patchwork quilt spread lightly over his legs, and his shoulders propped up by several bulky pillows.

There was a haggard look on his face, and the eyes which he turned towards the door were heavy with strain.

"Tom, this—this is the Duke of Salford!" said Phoebe. "He would have me bring him up, so—so here he is!"

This startling intelligence made Tom wrench himself up on to his elbow, wincing, but full of determination to protect Phoebe from any attempt to drag her back to Austerby. "Salford?" he ejaculated. "You mean to tell me—— Come over here, Phoebe, and don't be afraid! He has no authority over you, and so he knows!"

"Now, don't you enact me a high tragedy!" said Sylvester, walking up to the bed. "I haven't any authority over either of you, and I'm not the villain of this or any other piece. How do you do?"

Finding that a hand was being held out to him, Tom, much disconcerted, took it, and stammered: "Oh, how—how do you do, sir? I mean——"

"Better than you, I fear," said Sylvester. "In the devil of a hobble, aren't you? May I look?" Without waiting for an answer he twitched the quilt back. As Tom instinctively braced himself, he glanced up with a smile, and said: "I won't touch it. Have you been much mauled?"

Tom grinned back at him rather wanly. "Oh, by Jove, haven't I just!"

"Well, I am very sorry, but we had to get your boot off, and we did try not to hurt you," said Phoebe.

"Yes, I know. It wasn't so much that as that booberkin thinking he knew how to set a bone, and Mrs. Scaling believing him!"

"It sounds appalling," remarked Sylvester, his eyes on the injured leg, which was considerably inflamed, and bore the marks of inexpert handling.

"It was," asseverated Tom. "He is Mrs. Scaling's son, touched in his upper works, I think!"

"Well, he is a natural," amended Phoebe. "Indeed, I wish I hadn't allowed him to try what he could do, but he was not at all unhandy with poor True, which made me think he would very likely know how to set your leg, for such persons, you know, frequently have that kind of knowledge." She saw that Sylvester was regarding her with mockery, and added defensively: "It is so! There is a natural in our village who is better than any horse-doctor!"

"You should have been a horse, Orde," said Sylvester. "How many hours is it since this happened?"

POOR Tom replied, "I don't know, sir. A great many, I dare say: it seems like an age."

"I am not a doctor—even a horse-doctor—but I fancy the bone should be set as soon as possible. We shall have to see what we can do. Oh, don't look so aghast! I'm not going to make the attempt! We need Keighley — my groom. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he knows how to do the trick."

"Your groom?" said Phoebe sceptically. "How should he know anything of the sort, pray?"

"Perhaps he doesn't, in which case he will tell us so. He put my shoulder back once, when I was a boy and dislocated it, and I recall that when the surgeon came he said he could not have done it better himself. I'll call him," said Sylvester, walking to the door.

He went out, and Tom turned wondering eyes towards Phoebe. "What the deuce brought him here?" he asked. "I thought he had been chasing us, but if that was the way of it what makes him care a button for my leg?"

"I can't think!" said Phoebe. "But he didn't come in search of me, that I do know! In fact, he says he didn't come to Austerby to offer for me at all. I was never more relieved in my life!"

Tom looked at her in a puzzled way, but since he was a good deal exhausted by all he had undergone, and his leg was paining him very much, he felt unequal to further discussion, and relapsed into silence.

In a short space of time Sylvester came back, bringing Keighley with him, and carrying a glass half full of a rich brown liquid, which he set down on a small table beside the bed. "Well, Keighley says that if it is a simple fracture he can set it for you," he remarked cheerfully. "Let us hope it is, therefore! But I can't help feeling that the first thing to do is get you out of your clothes, and into your nightshirt. You must be excessively uncomfortable!

"Meanwhile, Miss Marlow, you may go downstairs—if you will be so obliging!—and assist Mrs. Scaling to tear up a sheet for bandages. No, I know you don't wish to leave him to our mercy, but believe me you are shockingly in the way here. Go and brew him a posset, or some broth, or whatever you think suitable to this occasion!"

She looked a trifle mulish, but a chuckle from Tom clinched the matter. "Oh, do go away, Phoebe!" he begged.

She went, but the incident did nothing to put her in charity with Sylvester, politely holding the door for her, and saying with odious kindness, as she passed him: "You shall come back presently!"

Tom, however, was so grateful that he began to think Sylvester a very tolerable sort of a man; and when Sylvester, turning away from the door, winked at him, he grinned and said shyly: "I'm much obliged to you, sir. She's a good girl—as good as ever twanged, in fact—but——"

"I know," said Sylvester sympathetically. "They will be ministering angels!"

"Yes," agreed Tom, somewhat uneasily eyeing Keighley, who, having shed his coat, was now rolling up his shirtsleeves in an ominous manner.

"You want to bite on the bullet, sir," recommended Keighley. "Because I'll have to find out just what you have broke in your leg, if you've broke anything, which I've only got your word for, when all's said."

Tom assented to this, clenched his teeth and his fists, and endured in sweating silence while Keighley discovered the exact nature of his injury. The rough cart-journey, and the inexpert attempts of Will Scaling to set the broken bone, had caused considerable inflammation. Keighley said, as he straightened himself: "Properly mauled you they did, sir! True enough, you've broke your fibula—which is what you might call Dutch comfort, because it might have been worse. Now, if that jobbernoll below stairs has sawn me off a nice splint, like I told him to do, we'll have you going along like winking in a pig's whisper, sir!"

"Are you sure of that, John?" Sylvester asked. "It won't do to be making a mull of it!"

"I shan't do that, your grace. But I'm thinking it would be as well if the young gentleman was put to bed. I'll have to slit his breeches up the left side, but I can get 'em off easier without his leg being splinted."

Sylvester nodded. Tom said faintly: "My razor is on the dressing-table. You may as well use it. It's ruined already, cutting my boot."

"Don't let that vex you!" said Sylvester. "You can borrow one of mine."

Tom thanked him. He submitted to being stripped, and put into his nightshirt, and owned, upon being lowered again on to the pillows, that he felt a degree more comfortable. Keighley then went away to collect splints and bandages; and Tom, a little white about the gills, said with what jauntiness he could muster that he would be devilish glad when it was over.

"I should think you would be," agreed Sylvester. He picked up the glass he had brought into the room, and held it out. "Meanwhile here's a drink to fortify you. No daylights, mind!"

Tom looked rather dubiously at the dark potion, but took the glass, and raised it to his lips. Then he lowered it again. "Yes, but it's rum, isn't it, sir?"

"Yes. Don't you like it?"

"Well, not above half. But the thing is I should be as

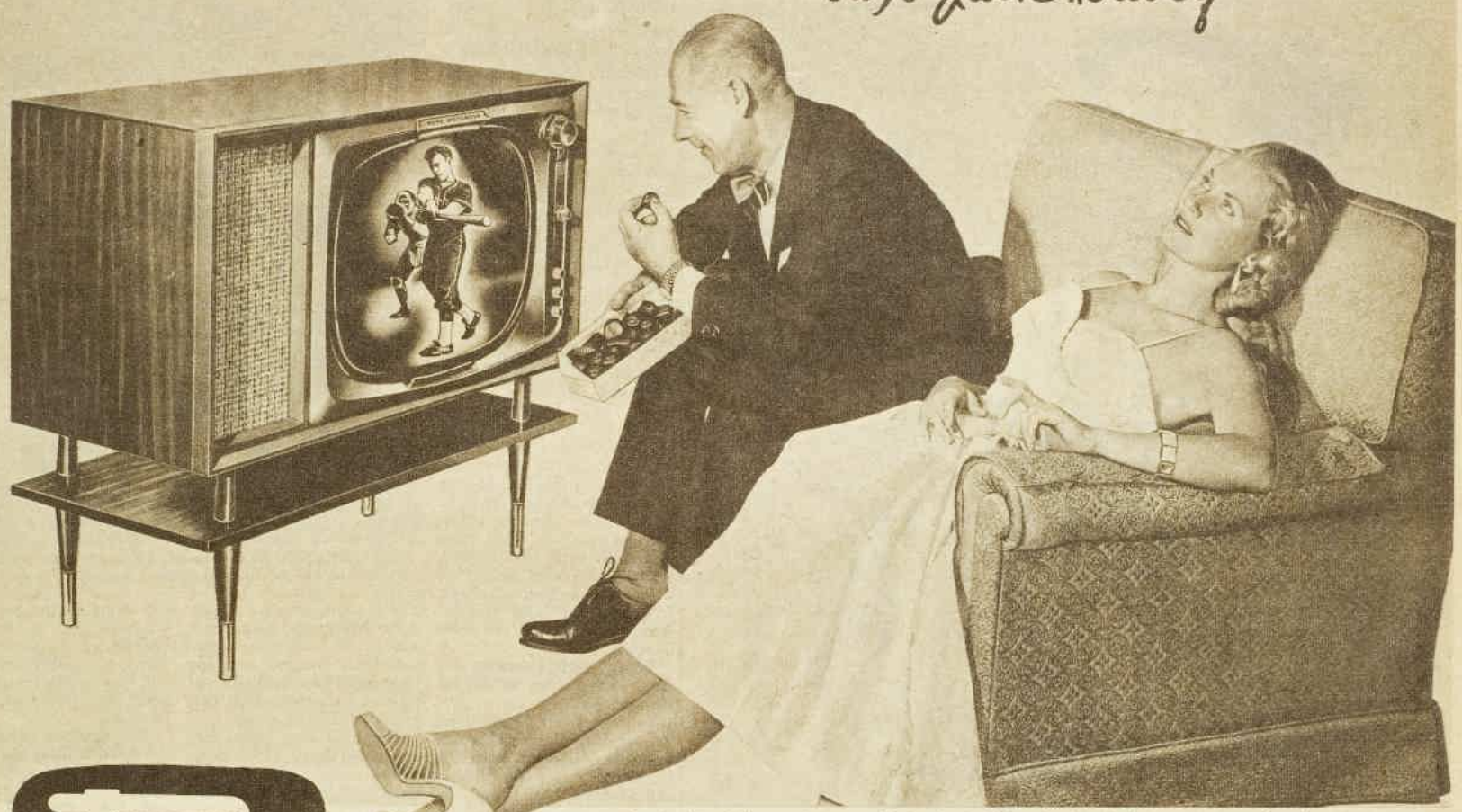
To page 42

Printed by Conpress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820918

"More to enjoy"

says Jack Davey



Set absorbing Jack's attention is a new De Luxe Lowboy 21" — long, low, lovely, latest in the new Pope Motorola range . . .

Pope MOTOROLA

Registered Trade Mark

now styles new Trim-line TV

new 21" picture perfection patterned to the latest American design

"Wow, what a honey! **Look at that style, those glamorous lines. It's the TV for me — modern as only the latest from America can be," says Jack Davey, star Radio and TV entertainer.**

Set distracting Jack from more chivalrous pursuits is Pope Motorola, of course — this time **De Luxe Lowboy 21" Model.**

Blueprint built on advanced lines, Pope Motorola brings you the newest developments in American TV . . . far more to enjoy.

"Push-pull, On-off" controls let you tune straight in with set ready adjusted from viewing to viewing.

Biggest 21" screen with wide angle viewing. You watch in comfort — even from the sidelines.

Brilliant electronic knowhow produces pin-sharp picture perfection, perfect definition all the time.

And how about the home flattering side?

New Trim-line styling makes each set a show-piece in every room in your home — focus for the wonderland of all your TV entertainment.

Superb new models . . . for better TV viewing . . . to make yours a more handsome home.

TABLE TV 21", with Table extra	199 Guineas
CONSOLETTE 21"	219 Guineas
DE LUXE LOWBOY 21"	237 Guineas
DE LUXE CONSOLETTE 21" with swivel base	239 Guineas
DE LUXE CONSOLE 21"	249 Guineas

plus

"WALKABOUT TV", the pick-up size TV set that goes where you go . . . . . only 159 Guineas

So how about YOU getting more enjoyment out of television!

Test View Pope MOTOROLA *tonight*

Ring or call to see your Pope Motorola Dealer soon. Choose the set to suit your home from 5 big 21" screen models, or "Walkabout TV."

Listen to Jack Davey in "THE POPE SHOW" every Saturday 8-30 p.m. (8 o'clock in S.A.)

POPE MOTOROLA TV manufactured under licence from Motorola Incorporated U.S.A., by Pope Electronics Pty. Ltd., Electronics Division of Pope Products Limited. Branches in all State Capital Cities.

L.147.18

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820919

you are looking at the beginning of the end of a cough!

The first spoonful starts soothing **"deep-down"** relief your child needs!

Here's the safe, sure way to ease coughing with no "overdosing" worries. Your child's cough starts to go as soon as he swallows Vicks Cetamium Cough Syrup. Penetrating quickly deep into his sore throat... it soothes irritations ordinary mixtures can't reach. Then... he feels soothing warmth as Vicks Cough Syrup drives out painful chest congestion.

Cetamium is the reason! This new penetrating antiseptic makes relief start sooner—last longer. Vicks Cough Syrup is completely safe, too ... contains no harmful narcotics... so you don't have to worry about overdosing. Try Vicks Cetamium Cough Syrup.

VICKS *Cetamium*
COUGH SYRUP
The Cough Syrup That Loves Children!

CS-M2-42

HOW THEY LIVE

● The man who designed the costumes and decor for "My Fair Lady" (and "Gigi," see pages 32, 33) has moulded a house to his personality as Professor Higgins moulded Eliza.

THE man is Cecil Beaton—court photographer, interior decorator, and designer — and the house is "Reddish House," a perfect period piece three centuries old in which he and his mother now live.

It is a lovely house, with a traditional English atmosphere, which the Beatons have managed to retain despite the installation of air-conditioning and other modern amenities.

What particularly delights Mrs. Beaton is that milk and newspapers are delivered daily, and buses to Salisbury—eight miles away—pass the front door.

"It makes things so much nicer for all of us," she says. "The staff can always get into town. And when we have unexpected guests we have only to telephone to the shops and they put an extra chicken, or extra fish, or whatever we need on the bus for us."

The house stands in fifteen acres of gardens. They slope up sharply at the back towards a skyline bordered with trees; cows graze in the nearby field. In front, the land falls to water-meadows and the river winding beyond.

It's the perfect country setting, with nothing to distract the attention.

Not that Cecil Beaton tries to shut out the world when he works. He is apt to spread himself all over the house, and wherever he is there will be music, for he works best to its accompaniment. His tastes vary from the classics—Bach and Mozart are among his favorites — to contemporary music.

Cecil Beaton has a taste for the good things of life, and a remarkable flair for surrounding himself with them.

The drawing-room, which was originally rather ugly in shape, has been extended to give it more gracious proportions, bathrooms have been added, the kitchen has been completely changed, and ugly little grates have been replaced by most attractive marble fireplaces of French design.

CECIL BEATON feeds Sambo, his lively pug, and Mickey, the cat, on the terrace his mother designed for their home.

The front door opens into a pillared hall, with white-painted woodwork, pale grey walls, and a colorful Aubusson carpet on the floor.

"We used to have our meals in the hall when we first came to 'Reddish House'," says Cecil Beaton. "But we found it awkward for serving; now we have a dining-room near the kitchen."

A door at the far end of the hall leads out on to a paved terrace, which makes an ideal spot for after-dinner coffee on a warm evening and for lazing in the sun. The drawing-room is as richly colorful as a stage setting. Pale grey woodwork and deep red flock wallpaper show off some fine pieces of French furniture.

The windows, which have concealed lighting above them and gilt-screened radiators beneath them, are curtained with flower-sprinkled English chintz.

One of Cecil Beaton's "finds" of which he is particularly proud can be found in this room — a terracotta of a sphinx with the face of Marie Antoinette and a Cupid perched upon its back. He found it "covered with a horrid treacly brown paint" on the Left Bank in Paris, but, when cleaned, it was

THE LIBRARY, with its comfortable clutter and imposing fireplace, seems to come straight from a Balzac novel. This is where Cecil Beaton does most of his research on costume and designs, constantly using the hundreds of reference books in his collection.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820920

Cecil Beaton at home

identified as the work of the French sculptor Pajou.

The white vaulted dining-room, a few steps down from the hallway, has a dark blue carpet, pieces of blue-and-white Delft pottery, and an imposing seventeenth-century table with a handsome marble mosaic top.

There is an impressive visitors' book. It lies on the hall table and is filled with the names of well-known people.

It has the names of Anthony Eden, playwright Sandy Wilson, John Gielgud, Princess Bibesco, Greta Garbo, and the Queen Mother, whose flowing signature, with the date November 19, 1955, has a whole page to itself.

Mrs. Beaton, who is a very fine needlewoman, has made a number of beautiful rugs for the house. The latest to be finished is a rug for the hall, in which she has copied the lovely colors — pale mustard, glowing coral, and turquoise upon a black ground—of the big carpet.

The library, which is on the right-hand side of the hall and runs from the front of the house to the back, is where Cecil Beaton does much of his desk work.

The shelves around it hold books on costume and design throughout the ages, copies of Cecil Beaton's own books, and the original typescript of "Photobiography," which tells the story, from boyhood days, of how he became one of the world's most famous photographers.

Most people think of photographs when Beaton's name is mentioned; his famous sitters have included such celebrities as Marlene Dietrich, Picasso, the Sitwells, Winston Churchill, Greta Garbo, and H. G. Wells.

He took his first Royal photographs in 1939, and the Queen liked his work so much that he was asked to take the first official photographs of Prince Charles as a baby; he then took pictures of the little Princess Anne when she was only a few weeks old.

Even as a schoolboy with a box camera he had a keen eye for effects and persuaded his sisters, Nancy and Baba, to pose unendingly, wrapped in sheets or wreathed in tulle and loops of pearls.

Cecil Beaton's father, a timber merchant, sent his son to Harrow, and wasn't at all in sympathy with the idea that he should make a living as a photographer. He took him into his business as a clerk when he was twenty-one.

It wasn't a success; the young Beaton lived for the weekends, when he could cram his Saturdays with hours of photography. Transferred to another city office, he did equally badly.

With no inkling of the fame and fortune which lay ahead of him, he was thoroughly disheartened at his failure to make good in business, and "quite panicstricken lest I should fail completely in adult life."

Of course, he didn't fail. Instead, he mounted steadily the ladder of success, enjoying more and more recognition and finding his work increasingly satisfying.

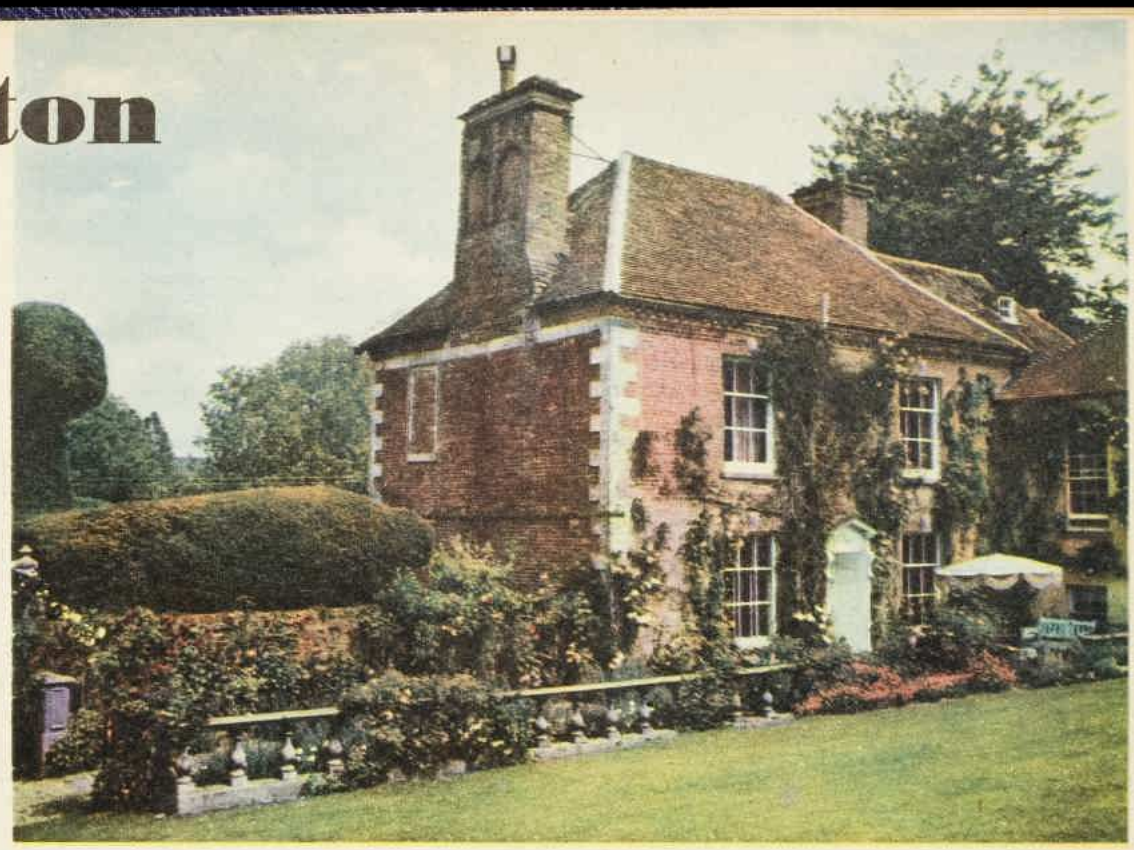
The fields of his activities have widened, too. The past year or two have been very busy for Mr. Beaton. He has done his first costumes and decor for an opera — "Vanessa," which was put on at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York — designed the costumes for the sparkling Broadway and London success "My Fair Lady," and also those for the Julie Harris film "The Truth About Women" and the stunning "Gigi."

Has he time for hobbies? He still keeps his scrapbooks, into which he pastes anything from magazines or newspapers which interests him or which he finds amusing. He keeps a day-to-day diary; he likes to entertain and to be entertained.

He believes Italy is the best place in the world in which to relax, and would like to "lie and soak in the sun there for a couple of months."

He thinks nostalgically of a holiday, because he has had so little time to take things easy in the past couple of years. But when he goes away he always comes back with satisfaction to his own little corner of Wiltshire, and the house which he has made into a perfect background for living.

"I like to sit back and enjoy the house," he says. "I wouldn't say it is perfect. I won't go so far as to say I shan't make any more changes —I probably shall; but I am not planning any at present."



"REDDISH HOUSE," where Cecil Beaton lives with his mother, is three centuries old, but contains all modern amenities for good living.

THE WINTERGARDEN the Beatons designed has central heating. This novel idea has started a flourishing fashion in the district for sun-parlors. "Reddish House" has fifteen acres of gardens in a perfect country setting eight miles from Salisbury.

THE BEDROOM (above) in which Cecil Beaton sleeps has a William and Mary wallpaper to match the bed hangings.

THE DRAWING-ROOM (right) is a mass of colorful harmony. This room is on a half-landing above the big entrance hall.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820921

Hands that wash dishes need soothing **NIVEA** *care*

Modern detergents dry out natural skin oils, leaving hands rough and chapped. Eucerite, the nearest thing in this world to natural skin oils, contained in world-famous Nivea Creme, replaces these oils, returning hands to their natural beauty. Start using Nivea today.

SKIN needs NIVEA

Available in tins or tubes and Nivea Skin Oil in bottles. Obtainable everywhere.

drunk as a wheelbarrow if I drank all this!"

"That isn't of the slightest consequence. Oh, are you thinking of what Miss Marlow might say? You need not: I shan't let her come back until you've slept it off. Don't argue with me. Just drink it, and be thankful."

Keighley, returning to find his patient happily, if somewhat muzzily, smiling, said with approval: "That's the dandy! Properly shot in the neck, ain't you, sir? It won't make any odds to you what's done to you. Now, if your grace will lend a hand——?"

If Tom was not quite as insensible as Keighley optimistically prophesied, the rum undoubtedly made it much easier for him to bear the exquisite anguish of the next minute or two. He behaved with great fortitude, encouraged by Keighley, who told him he was pluck to the backbone. The ordeal was soon at an end. It left him feeling limp and rather sick. His leg ached; and he found that everything he tried to look at swam so giddily before him that he was obliged to close his eyes, yielding to the powerful effect of rum. Keighley, observing with satisfaction that he was sinking into stertorous sleep, nodded at Sylvester, and said briefly: "He'll do now, your grace."

"I hope he may, but it will be as well if we get a surgeon to him," replied Sylvester, frowning down at Tom. "If anything were to go amiss, I've no mind to be responsible. He's under age, you know. I wonder why the devil I embroiled myself in this affair?"

"Ah!" said Keighley, snuffing the candles. "Just what I've been asking myself, your grace!"

They left the room together, and descended the stairs to the coffee-room. Here they found Phoebe, sitting before a brisk fire, and looking anxious. Sylvester said: "Well, Keighley has set the bone, and Orde is now asleep. For anything I know, there's nothing more to be done, but at the same time —What's the weather like?" He stepped up to the window, and drew the blind aside. "Still

Continuing . . . . Sylvester

from page 38

snowing, but not dark yet. What do you wish, Miss Marlow?"

She had smiled at Keighley, and thanked him; but at these words she cast him an apologetic glance, and said: "I should wish to bring a doctor to see him, because if it hadn't been for me it would never have happened, and I know Mrs. Orde would do so. It is the most vexatious thing! Mrs. Scaling only spoke to me of a doctor at Newbury, and now I've discovered that there is a Dr. Upsall, living at Hungerford! If I had known of him earlier I might have walked there, for I don't think it's much above four miles. Mrs. Scaling didn't think to tell me of him, because from what she says I collect he is above her touch."

"Let us hope he doesn't consider himself above mine. Do you suppose the half-wit capable of guiding one to his house?"

"I should think he would be. He says so, at all events. But it is growing dark, and perhaps the doctor might not choose to venture out, for a stranger?"

"Nonsense!" Sylvester said. "It is his business to venture out. He will be well paid for his trouble. You had better put the horses to immediately, John —and tell young Scaling he is to go with you! You may present my card to this Dr. Upsall, and say that I shall be obliged to him if he will come here at once."

"Very good, your grace," Keighley said.

Phoebe, who had listened to Sylvester's orders in gathering indignation, waited only until Keighley had left the room before exclaiming in accents of strong censure: "You cannot mean to send that unfortunate man out in this weather!"

He looked surprised. "You said you wished a doctor to see Orde, didn't you? I own, I wish it, too, and, although he might take no particular harm through waiting until the morning, it is quite possible, you know, that the road may be impassable by then."

"Indeed, I wish him to see a doctor," she said. "And if you will trust your horses to me I'll fetch him myself—since you do not care to go!"

"I?" he demanded. "Why should I do any such thing?"

"Can't you see that your groom has the most shocking cold?" she said fiercely. "He is looking worn to a bone already, and here you are, sending him out again without a thought to what may come of it! I suppose it is of no consequence if he contracts an inflammation of the lungs, or falls into a confirmed consumption!"

He flushed angrily. "On the contrary! I should find it excessively inconvenient!"

"Oh, surely you have other grooms? I am persuaded there could never be a want of servants to spare you the least exertion!"

"Many other grooms! But only one Keighley! It may interest you to know, Miss Marlow, that I have a considerable regard for him!"

"Well, it doesn't interest me, because I don't believe it!" she said warmly. "You couldn't have brought him thirty miles in an open carriage on such a day if you had a regard for him! Would you have set out from Austerby if you had had a bad cold? No such thing!"

"You are mistaken! I should! I never pay the least heed to such trifling ailments!"

"You are not fifty years old, or more!"

"Nor is Keighley! Fifty years old indeed He is not much above forty!" said Sylvester furiously. "What's more, if he had thought himself too unwell to travel he would have told me so!"

Her lips curled derisively. "Would he?"

"Yes, he——" Sylvester stopped suddenly, staring at her with very hard, frowning eyes. A dull color crept into his cheeks; he said stiffly: "He should have done so, at all events. He knows very well I wouldn't. You seem to think me an inhuman taskmaster!"

"No, only selfish!" she said. "I dare say you never so much as noticed that the poor man had caught cold."

A retort sprang to his lips, but he checked it, his color deepening as he recollected feeling vexed with Keighley for contracting an epidemic cold, and hoping that he would not take it from him.

But no sooner had Phoebe uttered her last stricture than she, too, suffered an uncomfortable recollection. Flushing far more vividly than Sylvester, she said in a conscience-stricken voice: "I beg your pardon! It was very bad of me to have said that, when—when I am so much obliged to you! Pray forgive me, sir!"

"It is of no consequence at all, Miss Marlow," he replied coldly. "I should be grateful to you for calling my attention to Keighley's state. Let me assure you that you need feel no further anxiety! I am far too selfish to wish to have him laid up, and shall certainly not send him to Hungerford."

Before she could reply to this Keighley came back into the room, muffled in his heavy driving-coat. "Beg pardon, your grace, but I went off without the card."

"I've changed my mind, John," Sylvester said. "I'll go myself."

"Go yourself, your grace?" repeated Keighley. "And may I make so bold as to ask why? If your grace don't care to have me driving the greys, I hope your grace will pardon me if I was to say that it won't be quite the first time I've done so! P'raps your grace would as lief drive them without me in the curricle at all?"

This withering sarcasm had the effect of clearing the frown from Sylvester's brow. "Exactly so!" he said, his eyes quizzing his offended henchman. "I am going alone! Oh, no I'm not! I shall have the half-wit with me, shall I not? I hope he may not murder me, or anything of that nature! No, don't argue

To page 43

Velvet Soap now in a Handy Carton!

"IT'S THE SAME GOOD PURE VELVET SOAP AT THE SAME THRIFTY PRICE"
SAYS *Aunt Jenny*

EASIER TO CARRY
. . . Velvet's new, handy carton fits snugly into your shopping basket or string bag.

EASIER TO STORE
. . . packs away neatly in your cupboard and is always fresh and firm when required for use.

VELVET'S EXTRA SOAPY SUDS MAKE CLOTHES LAST LONGER, KEEP HANDS SOFT AND PRETTY

P.S. You can still get Velvet in the Big Economy Size Bar.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820922

Continuing . . . . Sylvester

from page 42

with me! Miss Marlow believes you to be sinking into a confirmed consumption, and I will not have your death upon my conscience. Besides, what should I do without you? Where is my greatcoat?"

Keighley turned an amazed and slightly reproachful gaze upon Phoebe. "Me? Lor', ma'am, there's nothing amiss with me barring a bit of a cold in my head! Now, if your grace will give me your card, I'll be off! And no more funning, if you please, because if I don't get started quick there's no saying but what I'll end in the ditch, and a nice set-out that would be!"

"No, I am quite determined you shan't go," Sylvester said. "Did you put my coat in my bedchamber? Where is my bedchamber? Direct me to it instantly, and be off to put the horses to! Goodness! Ought I, perhaps, to do that, too? Miss Marlow, do you think —?"

Keighley intervened before Phoebe was obliged to answer a question she suspected to be deliberately provocative. Reiterating his request to Sylvester to stop funning, he added a strongly worded protest against the impropriety of his chasing all over the country after a mere sawbones. Such unbecoming conduct, he said savagely, would not do.

"I'm the best judge of that," returned Sylvester. "Put the horses to, at once, if you please!"

He strode to the door, but was arrested by Phoebe, who said suddenly: "Oh, pray——! I don't wish to charge you with an office you might think troublesome, but—but if you are going to Hungerford, would you be so very obliging as to try if you can procure for me a few ounces of muriate of ammonia, a pint of spirit of wine, and some spermaceti ointment?"

Sylvester's lip twitched, and he burst out laughing. "Oh, certainly, Miss Marlow! Are you sure there is nothing else you would wish me to purchase for you?"

"No," she replied seriously. "Mrs. Scaling has plenty of vinegar. And if you can't come by the ointment, she will let me have some lard instead—only I can't be sure it is perfectly free from salt. It is to put on Trusty's foreleg," she explained, seeing that he was still much inclined to laugh. "It is badly grazed: I fancy poor True may have kicked him, when he was struggling to get out of the ditch."

"I'll come and take a look at that, miss," said Keighley, his professional interest aroused. "Showing red, is it? It'll have to be fomented before the ointment's put on it."

"Oh, yes, I have been doing so, every hour, and True's hock as well! I should be very much obliged to you, if you will look at it, Keighley, and tell me if you think I should apply a bran poultice tonight."

"Render Miss Marlow all the assistance you can, John, but first put the greys to!" interrupted Sylvester. "See to it that fires are lit in our rooms, bespeak dinner, and a private parlor—no, I expect there isn't one in so small a house: you had better tell the landlady I'll hire this room—don't disturb Mr. Orde, and have everything ready for a bowl of punch as soon as I return. And don't let Miss Marlow keep you out in the draughty stable too long!"

On this Parthian shot he departed, closely followed by Keighley, who did not cease to expostulate with him until he was actually preparing to mount into the curricle.

"No, no!" he said. "You will stay here and nurse your cold. Why didn't you tell me you were out of sorts, you stupid fellow? I could have taken Swale with me, and left you to follow in the chaise."

He sounded a little contrite, which would have surprised Keighley had he not been so much revolted by the thought of relinquishing his post to Swale that he never noticed Sylvester's unusual solicitude. By the time he could trust himself to repudiate the disgraceful suggestion in anything but terms quite unsuited to his position, Sylvester had swung himself up into the curricle and set his pair in motion. Beside him, Will Scaling, a shambling and overgrown youth of somewhat vacuous amiability, grinned hugely, and sat back with all the air of one prepared to enjoy a high treat.

. . . .

It was nearly eight o'clock before Sylvester returned to the Blue Boar, and for a full hour Phoebe had been picturing just such an accident as had befallen Tom, and wishing that she had not sent him forth on his errand. When he did at last arrive he took her by surprise, for the snow muffled the sound of the horses' hoofs and he drove his curricle straight into the yard, and came into the house through the back door.

She heard a quick stride in the passage, and looked up to see him standing in the doorway of the coffee-room. He had not stayed to put off his long driving-coat, which was very wet and had snow still clinging to its many shoulder-capes. She started up, exclaiming: "Oh, you are safely back! I have been in such a fidget, fearing you had met with an accident! Have you brought the doctor, sir?"

"Oh, yes, he is here—or he will be in a few minutes. I came ahead. Is there a fire in your bedchamber, Miss Marlow?"

"Yes, but——"

"Then may I suggest that you retire there until the surgeon has departed? I haven't mentioned your presence here to him, for although your brother and sister story may do well enough for the landlady, it is quite possible, you know, that a doctor living at Hungerford might recognise one or other of you. You will agree that the fewer people to get wind of this escapade of yours the better."

"I shouldn't think he would know either of us," she replied, with what he considered to be quite unbecoming sangfroid. "However, I dare say you are right, sir. Only, if I am not to see the doctor, will you take him up to Tom, if you please, and hear what he thinks we should do for him?"

"I've told Keighley to do so. He knows much more about such matters than I do. Moreover, I want to put off these wet clothes. Have you dined?"

"Well, no," she owned.

"Why didn't you order dinner when you wished for it?" he said rather impatiently.

"Because you bespoke it for when you should return. Mrs. Scaling has only one daughter to help her, you know, and she couldn't dress two dinners. In fact, she has been in a grand fuss ever since she discovered who you are, because, of course, she is not at all in the habit of entertaining dukes."

"I hope that doesn't mean that we shall get a bad dinner."

"Oh, no, on the contrary! She means to feed you in the most lavish way!" Phoebe assured him.

He smiled: "I'm happy to know it: I could eat an ox whole! Stay in this room until you hear Keighley take the surgeon upstairs, and then slip away to your own. I suppose I must, in common charity, give the man a glass of punch before he sets out for Hungerford again, but I'll get rid of him as soon as I can."

He nodded to her, and went away, leaving her with her mind divided between resentment at his cool assumption of authority and relief that some at least of her burden of responsibility had been lifted from her shoulders.

When the surgeon presently left Tom, she ventured to go and tap on the door of the best bedroom. Tom bade her come in, and she entered to find him sitting up in bed, much restored by his long sleep, but fretting a good deal over her predicament, his own helplessness, and the condition of his father's horses. She was able to give him a comfortable account of the horses; as for herself, she said that since they could scarcely have hoped to reach Reading she was quite as well off at the Blue Boar as she would have been at an inn in Newbury.

"Yes, but the Duke!" Tom objected. "I must say, there was never anything more awkward! Not but what I'm devilish obliged to him. Still——!"

"Oh, well!" said Phoebe. "We must just make the best of him! And his groom, you know, is a most excellent person. He put the poultice on Trusty's fore, and he says if we keep the wound pliant with spermaceti ointment until it is perfectly healed, and then dress it with James' blister, he thinks there will be no blemish at all."

"I hope he may be right!" Tom said devoutly.

"Oh, yes, I am persuaded he is!" She then bethought her that the horses had not been the only sufferers in the spill, and conscientiously inquired after Tom's broken fibula.

He grinned his appreciation of this palpable afterthought, but replied that the surgeon had not meddled with Keighley's handiwork, beyond applying a lotion to the inflamed surface and bandaging the leg to a fresh and less makeshift splint.

"But the devil of it is that he says I must lie abed for at least a week. And even then I shall be in no case to drive you to London. I hadn't thought I was such a chunch as to overturn like that! I am as sorry as could be, but that's no use! What are we to do?"

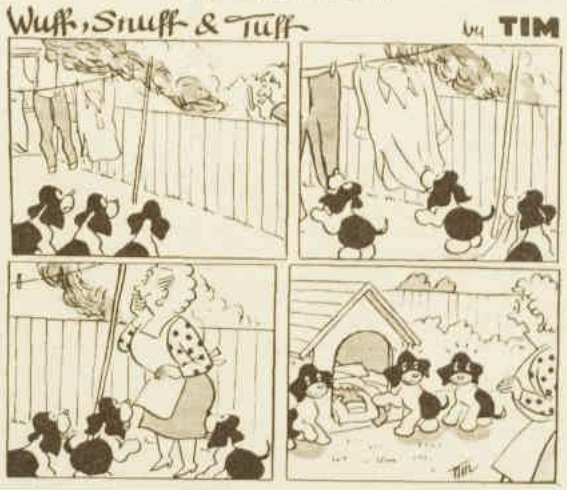
"Well, we can't do anything at present," she answered. "It is still snowing, you know, and I shouldn't wonder at it if we were to find ourselves beleaguered by the morning."

"But what about the Duke?"

She considered the Duke. "Oh, well, at least I'm not afraid of him! And I must own that although I cannot approve of his conduct—he seems to think he can have anything he wants, you know—he has made us excessively comfortable! Only fancy, Tom! I have a fire in my bedchamber! A thing Mama never allowed at home, except when I have been ill! Then he said he must have a private parlor, and would hire the coffee-room, I dare say not so much as considering whether it might not be inconvenient for Mrs. Scaling to give it to him—and of course she didn't dare say a word, because she is so

To page 44

FOR THE CHILDREN



NEW! A home-waving miracle

CREST FOAM NEUTRALIZER

NO DRIPS! NO MESS! QUICKEST, GENTLEST OF ALL

It's a rich foam that clings to the curl and penetrates thoroughly . . . leaves hair supple, shinier-than-ever

Crest FOAM Neutralizer thoroughly penetrates each curl

So simple . . . just dab it on and it's absorbed immediately, ensuring a fully-processed, lovelier wave . . . cuts finishing time to 5 minutes.

Crest FOAM Neutralizer has special Vitalizing Action

Enriched, creamy bubbles frothing through your hair give it life and strength. Every strand is left luxuriously lustrous and healthy.

See what this revolutionary process does for your hair! Crest's new Foam Neutralizer penetrates each curl more thoroughly and quickly. Your wave lasts longer, looks its loveliest day after day. And Crest's exclusive vitalizing action makes waves and curls so glossy and obedient, you'll be able to comb your hair into all the pretty new styles you've been longing to try.

Look for the new Crest with Foam Neutralizer in all Chemists and Department stores
Refill 13/6 Junior 9/-

CREST HOME PERMANENT – the choice of lovely Air Hostesses

C.47.WW66a

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820923

Use ARRID ... to be Sure!

ARRID CREAM DEODORANT SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION

Do you risk offending because you don't stop perspiration before unpleasant odours form? You owe it to yourself to be both fresh and sweet-smelling at all times. Smoother, creamier Arrid *stops perspiration instantly*. In fact, when you rub Arrid in — you rub odour out. With its magic PERSTOP* action Arrid is safe for skin — safe for clothes. Remember, only with Arrid can you be sure.

AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS
Regular 3/9
Large 5/10
*Trade Mark Reg.

and ... for those who prefer a spray

Tingling fresh Arrid Super-Spray is swift and certain. One squeeze and the refreshing perfumed mist gives you day-long protection against offending. Arrid Super-Spray dries instantly — Only 6/11 at all cosmetic counters.

Don't be half safe — be completely safe use ARRID ... to be sure

CM123

much dazzled by his being a duke that she would give up the whole house to him if he should take it into his head to wish for it."

"I expect he will pay her handsomely—and who would be coming here on such a night?" said Tom. "Are you going to sit down to dinner with him? Shall you find it awkward?"

"Well, I dare say it may be a trifle awkward," she acknowledged. "Particularly if he should ask me why I am on my way to London. However, he may not do so, because he will very likely still be in a miff with me."

"In a miff with you? Why?" demanded Tom. "He didn't seem to me as though he cared a groat for your having run away!"

"Oh, no! Only we quarrelled, you see. Would you believe it? He had the intention of sending poor Keighley to fetch the surgeon! It put me in such a passion that there was no bearing it, and—well, we came to cuffs! But he did go himself, in the end, so I don't regret it. In fact," she added reflectively, "I am glad of it, because I was feeling miserably shy before I quarrelled with him, and there is nothing like quarrelling with a person to set one at one's ease!"

Unable to take this philosophic view of the matter, Tom said, in a shocked voice: "Do you mean to tell me you sent him out just to fetch the surgeon for me?"

"Yes, why not?" said Phoebe.

"Well, if that's not the outside of enough! as though he had been anybody! You are the most outrageous girl, Phoebe! I shouldn't think he would ever wish to offer for you after such treatment as that!"

"Well, what a good thing that would be! Not that I think he ever did wish to offer for me. It is the strangest business! I wonder why he came to Austerby?"

Speculation on this point was interrupted by the entrance of Keighley, bearing a heavily laden tray. Neither his injury nor his subsequent potations having impaired Tom's ap-

Continuing .... Sylvester

from page 43

petite, he temporarily lost interest in any other problem than what might be concealed beneath the several covers on the tray.

Keighley smiled benevolently at Tom, and said: "Now, you keep still, sir, and leave me to fix you up so as you can manage! As for you, miss, the covers are set downstairs, and his grace is waiting for you."

Dismissed in this kind but firm manner, Phoebe withdrew, promising in response to a somewhat peremptory command from Tom to return to him as soon as she should have dined. Tom had suddenly been attacked by qualms. Phoebe was at once too innocent and too intimate with him to see anything equivocal in her position; he was fully alive to its impropriety, and he felt that he ought to keep her under his eye. Sylvester had certainly seemed to him to be a very good sort of a man, but he did not know him, after all: he might be a rake, and if that were so a very uncomfortable time Phoebe would have of it, alone with him in the coffee-room.

HAD he but known it, Sylvester was not feeling at all amorous. He was tired, hungry, and in a fair way to regretting the impulse which had made him stop at the Blue Boar. To assist in an elopement was conduct quite unbecoming his position; moreover, it would lay him open to censure, which would not be easier to bear because it was justified. He was frowning down into the fire when Phoebe came into the room, and although he looked up at her entrance the frown did not leave his brow.

She read in it condemnation of her attire, for she was still wearing her travelling dress. He, on the other hand, had changed his buckskins and frockcoat for pantaloons and a long-tailed coat of fine blue cloth, and had arranged a fresh necktie in intricate folds about his throat. To her vexation she found herself explaining that she had not changed her own dress because she would be obliged to go out again to the stable.

He had not noticed what she was wearing, and he replied in the light, indifferent tone which always set up her back: "My dear Miss Marlow, there is no occasion to change your dress that I know of—and none for you to visit the stable again tonight, let me add!"

"I must be satisfied that Trusty has not contrived to rid himself of his poultice," she said firmly. "I have very little faith in Will Scaling."

"You may have complete faith in Keighley."

She made no reply to this, for while she felt that Keighley, who was developing a cough, ought not to leave the house, she was reluctant to reopen a quarrel just as she was about to sit down to dinner with Sylvester. She glanced uncertainly at him, and saw that the frown had yielded to a look of slight amusement. Having no idea that her countenance was a tolerably exact mirror for her thoughts, or that he had correctly interpreted the changes of expression that flitted across it, she was surprised, and looked inquiringly at him, her head a little tilted to one side.

She put him in mind of some small, brown bird. He laughed, and said, "You look like—a sparrow! Yes, I know just what you are wondering whether or not to say. As you wish, Miss Marlow: I will cast an eye over the horses before I go to bed, and if I find that that singularly inappropriately named horse has eaten his poultice I will engage to supply him with a fresh one!"

"Do you know how to mix a bran poultice?" she asked sceptically.

"Better than you, I dare say. No, I don't, in general, apply them myself, but I hold it to be an excellent maxim that every man should know more than his grooms, and be as well able to deal with whatever need may arise in his stables. When I was a boy the farrier was one of my closest friends!"

"Do you have your own farrier?" she asked, diverted. "My father does not, and it is something I have always wished for! But you will not mix a poultice in these clothes!"

"Rather than incur your displeasure I will even do that!" he assured her. "It will expose me to Keighley's displeasure, of course, but I shan't regard that. Which puts me in mind of something I have to tell you. I find that the grooms' quarters here are not at all what Keighley is accustomed to: there is, in fact, only the room in which the ostler sleeps and that, being above that very ill-built stable, is extremely cold. I know you will agree that that will not do, and I hope you won't dislike the arrangement I have made, which is that the daughter of the house is to give up her chamber to Keighley, and herself sleep on a trestle-bed in your room."

"Why shouldn't she sleep in her mother's room?" objected Phoebe, by no means pleased with this further example of Sylvester's high-handed ways.

"There is not space enough," said Sylvester.

"Or Keighley might share Will Scaling's room?"

"He would be afraid to."

"Nonsense! the poor boy is perfectly harmless!"

"Keighley has the greatest dislike of half-wits."

"Then why don't you let him set up a trestle-bed in your room?" she demanded.

"Because I should be very likely to catch his cold," explained Sylvester.

She sniffed, but appeared to find this answer reasonable, for she said no more. A welcome interruption was provided by the arrival upon the scene of Miss Alice Scaling, panting under the load of a tray piled

To page 45

Sunshine
Regd. Trade Mark
full cream powdered milk

A NESTLE'S QUALITY PRODUCT

Prize-winning Recipes you can try to-day using Sunshine *full cream* powdered milk

(Cut them out and paste in your Recipe Book)

Here are recipes to give new interest to your cooking. *Try them now!* They're delicious and they're different, *thanks to Sunshine*. Pure, *always-fresh* Sunshine full cream powdered milk is so convenient for cooking. You can use it as a dry ingredient or, if you want to, as the finest, richly creamy, natural milk in any quantity.

SAVOURY ONION TART

INGREDIENTS:
Pastry—½ cup S.R. flour; ½ cup plain flour; 1 level tablespoon Sunshine powdered milk; 2 tablespoons butter; ½ cup cold water; juice ½ lemon; dash cayenne; ¼ teaspoon salt. **Filling**—1 cup warm water; 1 cup cold water; 1 tablespoon salt, 8 Spanish onions (small); 1 tablespoon butter; 1 cup warm water; 3 level teaspoons Sunshine milk; 1 tin Nestlé's cream; 2 eggs; 1 tablespoon grated cheese; 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley; 1 slice bacon cut into small pieces; dash of pepper.

METHOD: Sift flour, powdered milk, salt and cayenne. Rub in the butter, mix lemon juice with water, add to flour and knead well. Roll out, line a deep pyrex pie plate. Soak onions (peeled) in the 1 cup warm water and 1 cup of cold to which the tablespoon of salt has been added, for 20 minutes. Drain off water. Fry on both sides in the tablespoon butter. Place in pie shell. Beat the 3 tablespoons powdered milk into the cup of warm water. Stir the contents of the tin of cream well and add to the milk. Drop in the two eggs. Beat again. Add pepper and chopped parsley. Pour over the onions in the pie case. Sprinkle with cheese and decorate with pieces of bacon. Cook in moderate oven for 50 min. till custard sets.

Mrs. B. Haddock of "Golden Arrow," Hannaford, Qld., wins £5 worth of wonderful Nestlé's products for this prize-winning recipe.

SHARP RABBIT CASSEROLE

INGREDIENTS:
1 rabbit; 3 tablespoons vinegar; salt; pepper to taste; 4 tablespoons flour; 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce; 1 lb. pickling onions, or small ordinary onions; 1 red chilli; 3 tablespoons Nestlé's Sunshine full cream powdered milk; 1 pint stock or water; fat to fry.

METHOD: Wash, joint the rabbit, soak in warm salted water with the vinegar for 2 hours. Drain, roll in flour, pepper and salt, and fry lightly in a little melted fat. Place rabbit in bottom of a casserole, add remaining flour to the fat, cook to a golden colour. Add the Sunshine powdered milk to the stock, mixing thoroughly; add this to flour and fat when golden brown. Bring to boiling point, stir thoroughly. Peel onions, cut red chilli finely. Add all the remaining flavourings to the meat, pour over the sauce. Add the onions in centre of casserole, lid tightly. Cook in a moderately hot oven 1½ to 2 hours. Serve piping hot with cream of spinach and baked potatoes.

Mrs. D. L. Paul, of 30 Winifred Street, Adelaide, S.A., wins £5 worth of wonderful Nestlé's products for this prize-winning recipe.

£ £ £ £ Win £5 £ £ £ £ £ £ £

IN PRIZES WITH YOUR FAVOURITE RECIPE! Your favourite recipe, using Sunshine full cream powdered milk, could win you £5 worth of wonderful Nestlé's products. Write and send your entry now to **Nestlé's "Sunshine Competition," Box 1619, G.P.O., Sydney.** Winners will be notified by letter and no recipe will be returned. All recipes entered for this competition will be the property and copyright of Nestlé's, who reserve the right to publish prize-winning recipes in advertisements. No correspondence can be entered into and the decision of the judges is final.

N92/58

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820924

Continuing . . . . Sylvester

from page 44

high with covered dishes. She was a strapping girl, with apple-red cheeks and a wide grin, and when she had dumped the tray down on the sideboard she paused a moment to fetch her breath before bobbing a curtsy to Sylvester, and reciting: "Mother's compliments, and there's chickens, and rabbit-stew, and a casserole of rice with the giblets, and curd pudding, and apple fritters, and please to say if your honor would fancy the end of the mutton-pie Mother and me and Will had to our dinner." A hissing admonition from the passage caused her to amend this speech. "Please to say if your grace would fancy it! There's a tidy bit of it left, and it's good," she added confidentially.

"Thank you, I am sure it is," he replied. "I hardly think we shall need it, however."

"You're welcome if you do," said Miss Scaling, setting out the dishes on the table with hearty good-will. "And no need to fear going short tomorrow, because you're going to have a boiled turkey. I shall wring his neck first thing in the morning, and into the pot he'll go the instant he's plucked and drawed. That way he won't eat tough," she explained.

"We hadn't meant to have killed him, but Mother says dukes is more important than a gobble-cock, even if he is a prime young 'un. And after that we'll have Mr. Shap's pig off of him, and there'll be the legs and the cheeks, and the loin, and the chitterlings and all, your honor! No, your grace! I do be forgetting!" she said, beaming apologetically.

"It makes no matter what you call me, but pray don't wring your turkey's neck on my account!" he said, with a quelling glance at Phoebe, who showed every sign of succumbing to an unseemly fit of giggling.

"What's a turkey?" said Miss Scaling, in a large-minded spirit. "Happen we can come by another of them, but dukes ain't found under every bush, that's what Mother says."

On this piece of worldly wisdom she withdrew, pulling the door shut behind her with enough vigor to drown Phoebe's sudden peal of laughter.

"What an atrocious girl you are!" remarked Sylvester. "Don't you know better than to laugh at yokels?"

"It was your face, when she said you were more important than a gobble-cock!" explained Phoebe, wiping her eyes. "Has anyone ever told you that before?"

"No, never. I take it to be a handsome compliment. But she mustn't slay that turkey."

"Oh, you have only to give her the price of another bird and she will be perfectly satisfied!"

"But nothing would prevail upon me to eat a bird that had been thrust warm into the pot!"

> **Love is a short word, but it contains everything.**
> *—Guy de Maupassant*

he objected. "And what are chitterlings?"

"Well, they are the inside parts of the pig," said Phoebe, bubbling over again.

"Good heavens. May it stop snowing before we come to that. In the meantime, shall I carve these chickens, or will you?"

"Oh, no! You do it, if you please!" she replied, seating herself at the table. "You cannot imagine how hungry I am!"

"I can, for I am very hungry myself. I wonder why quite half this bird has been removed? Oh, I suppose it was for Orde. How is he, by the bye?"

"Well, he seems to be going on quite prosperously, but the doctor said he must not get up for a week. I don't know how I shall contrive to keep him in bed, for he will find it a dead bore."

He agreed to this, reflecting, however, that Tom would not be the only one to find a prolonged sojourn at the inn a dead bore.

Conversation during the meal was desultory, Sylvester being tired and Phoebe careful to inaugurate no topic for discussion that might lead him to ask embarrassing questions. He asked her none, but his mind was not so much divorced from interest in her adventure as she supposed. Between the snow and Tom's broken leg it seemed probable that they would all of them be chained to the Blue Boar for some appreciable time. Sylvester had taken his own measures to invest Phoebe's situation with a certain measure of propriety, but very little doubt existed in his brain that it was the part of a man of the world at least to do what lay within his power to frustrate an elopement.

The evils of so clandestine an adventure might not be apparent to a country-bred boy of 19, but Sylvester, older than Tom by far more than the eight years that lay between them, was fully alive to them. He supposed he could do no less than bring them to Tom's notice. He had not the smallest intention of discussing the affair with Phoebe.

As soon as dinner was over she withdrew to Tom's room, to find that he had been devoting considerable thought to her predicament. One aspect of it had struck him forcibly, and he lost no time in presenting it to her.

"You know what we were saying, when Keighley brought in my dinner? About the Duke's not wishing to offer for you? Well, if that's the case, Phoebe, you need not go to London after all!"

"I did think of it," replied Phoebe. "But even though the Duke won't be a danger I am quite determined to go to my grandmother. It isn't only being afraid of Mama, Tom—though when I consider how angry she will be with me for running away, I own I feel sick with terror—it is—oh, having once escaped I cannot—will not—go back. You see, even Papa doesn't love me very much. Not enough to support me, when I implored him to do so. When he held it over my head that if I wouldn't accept an offer from Salford he would tell Mama I felt myself freed from every bond."

"But you aren't, Phoebe," Tom pointed out. "You are under age, and he is your father, you know. Your grandmother has no power to keep you against his will."

"Oh, no! And perhaps, if he truly wished for my return, I should go back willingly. But he won't. If I can prevail upon Grandmama to keep me with her I think Papa will be as glad as Mama to be rid of me."

Tom did not know what to say to this. He had thought it reasonable enough that she should have fled from her home when faced (as she had believed) with a distasteful marriage; but that she should do so for no other reason than that she was not happy there shocked him a little. He could not approve, but he was much too fond of her to withhold whatever help he could render. So he said: "What can I do, Phoebe? I've made a mull of it, but if there is anything I can do I promise you I will."

She smiled warmly at him. "You didn't make a mull of it: it was all that wretched donkey. Perhaps, if we are not discovered before you are able to help yourself, I might still go to London on the stage coach, and you will buy my ticket for me. But there is no question of that yet."

"No, not while the snow lasts. And in the event—"

"In any event I hope you don't think I would leave you in this case. I'm not so shabby. No, don't tease yourself, Tom. I shall come about, see if I don't. Perhaps, when the Duke goes away—I should think he would do so as soon as it may be possible, wouldn't you?—he will carry a letter to Grandmama for me."

"Phoebe, has he said anything? About your having run away, I mean?" Tom asked abruptly.

"No, not a word! Isn't it fortunate?" she replied.

To page 46

Fashion FROCKS

SMART dress features unusual bodice detail in the side buttoning, which extends to hip-level on the slim skirt.

The material is white-flecked Norfolk tweed, and the color choice includes grey, junior-navy, and bottle-green.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/11/3; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/13/9. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 89/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 91/3. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

• *NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 61. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

"There is only one Baby Powder that's . . .

JOHNSON'S"

The only powder with the special "Chafe-Guard" feature!

Famous for three generations, Johnson's Baby Powder lets Baby's skin breathe . . . "Chafe-guards" against chafes, rashes and other irritants. Petal soft, Johnson's "keeps baby happy in a nappy."

And that "Chafe-guard" feature safeguards your freshness, too! Even on hot, humid days, Johnson's keeps you fragrantly fresh, breeze-cool and comfortable.

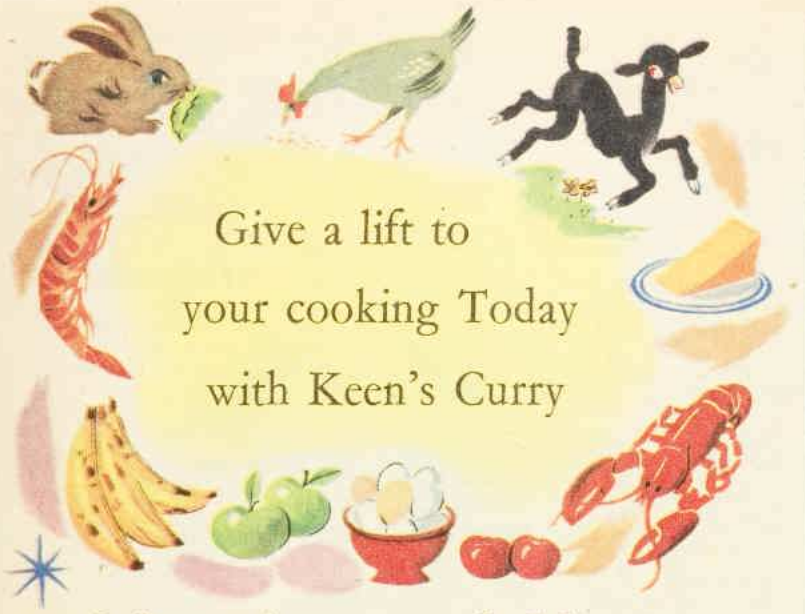
Johnson's® BABY POWDER

"Best for Baby... Best for You!"

A PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON PTY. LTD.

18PA

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820925



true Indian style curry, wonderful so many ways

Here's a curry with a fresh appeal! A true Indian type curry, subtly and precisely blended to delight the most critical palate, but versatile enough to suit the individual tastes of the whole family. Smooth yet piquant, Keen's Curry adds a spicy flavour to most foods. Try it with all meats, seafoods, eggs or in a sweet fruit curry . . . the delicious result will prove to you that Keen's Curry makes a delightful difference to any dish.

Recipe

CURRY WITH COLD MEAT

2 oz. butter, or dripping.
½ pt. stock or water,
1 chopped peeled onion,
1 tblspn. Holbrook's chutney,
1 dspn. Keen's Curry,
1 tblspn. flour,
1 apple or peeled tomato,
½ lb. cold cooked meat,
2 tblspn. cream off top of milk,
1 tspn. lemon,
salt to taste.

Melt butter, stir in onion and flour mixed with Keen's Curry. Add peeled, chopped apple or tomato, then stock, with salt to taste. Stir till boiling, simmer 30 mins. Add meat, stand for 30 mins. Reheat and stir in cream and chutney. Add lemon juice just before serving with boiled rice.

Keen's

FINEST QUALITY

Curry

MADE BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF KEEN'S MUSTARD

"I don't know that. Seems to me—well, he must think it excessively odd. What happened at Austerby, when it was discovered that you had gone away? Hasn't he even told you that?"

"No, but I didn't ask him."

"I hope he does not think—Phoebe, did he say if he meant to come up to visit me presently?"

"No, do you wish him to?" she asked. "Shall I send him to you? That is, if he has not already gone to look at Trusty for me. He promised he would do so, and put on a fresh poultice if it should be needed."

"Phoebe!" uttered Tom explosively. "If you made him do so it was perfectly outrageous. You are treating him as though he were a lackey!"

She gave an involuntary chuckle. "No, am I? I dare say it would do him a great deal of good, but I didn't make him go out to attend to the horses. He offered to do so, and I own I was surprised. Why do you wish him to visit you?"

"That's my concern. Keighley will be coming in before he goes to bed, and I'll ask him to convey a civil message to the Duke. You are not to go downstairs again, Phoebe. Understand?"

"No, I am going to bed," she replied. "I am so sleepy I can hardly keep my eyes open. But what do you think? That odious man has had Alice Scaling give up her bedchamber to Keighley and set up a trestle for herself in mine. Without so much as asking my leave, and all because he is too proud to let Keighley have a trestle-bed in his room. He said it was because he feared to catch his cold, but I know better!"

"So do I—much better!" said Tom. "What a goose you are! You go to bed. And mind, Phoebe, be civil to the Duke when you meet him again!"

She was granted the opportunity to obey this order sooner than he had expected, for at that moment Sylvester walked in saying: "May I come in? How do you go on, Orde?"

"Yes, pray do come in!" said Phoebe, before Tom could speak. "He was wishing you would come to visit him. Have you been out to the stable yet?"

"I have, ma'am, and you may go to bed with a quiet mind. Trusty shows no disposition to rid himself of his poultice. There is some heat still in his companion's hock, but nothing to cause uneasiness."

"Thank you! I am truly obliged to you!" she said.

"So am I, sir—most truly obliged to you!" said Tom. "It is devilish kind of you to put yourself to all this trouble. I don't know how to thank you."

"Well, I have thanked him," said Phoebe, apparently feeling that any further display of attitude would be excessive.

"Yes. Well, it's time you went to bed," said Tom, directing a speaking look at her. "His Grace will excuse you, so you may say goodnight and be off!"

"Yes, Grandpapa!" said Phoebe incorrigibly. "Goodnight, my lord Duke!"

"Sleep well, Sparrow!" retorted Sylvester, holding the door for her.

To Tom's relief, she went away without committing any more solecisms. He drew a long breath as Sylvester shut the door, and said: "I am conscious, my lord Duke, that an explanation——"

"Call me Salford," interrupted Sylvester. "Did the sawbones subject you to further tortures? I trust not."

"No, no! He only bound it up again when he had put some lotion on it!" Tom assured him. "And that puts me in mind of something else! I wish you had not gone out in such weather to fetch him, sir! I was excessively shocked when I heard of it! Oh, and you

Continuing . . . . Sylvester

from page 45

must have paid him his fee, for I did not! If you will tell me what it was——"

"I will render a strict account to you," promised Sylvester, pulling up a chair to the bedside and sitting down. "That hock, by the bye, will have to be fomented for a day or two, but there should be no lasting injury. A tidy pair, so far as I could judge by lantern-light."

"My father bought them last year — proper high-bred 'uns!" Tom said. "I wouldn't have had this happen to them for a thousand pounds!"

"I'll go bail you wouldn't! A harsh parent?"

"No, no! He's a prime gun, but——!"

"I know," said Sylvester sympathetically. "So was mine, but——!"

Tom grinned at him. "You must think me a cowhanded whipster! But if only that curst donkey hadn't brayed—However, it's no use saying that; my father will say I made wretched work of it, and the worst of it is I think I did! And what sort of a case I should have been in if you hadn't come to the rescue, sir, I don't know!"

"If you must thank anybody thank Keighley," recommended Sylvester. "I couldn't have set the broken bone, you know."

"No, but it was you who fetched Upsall, which was a great deal too kind of you. There's another thing, too." He hesitated, looking rather shyly at Sylvester and coloring a little. "Phoebe didn't understand — she isn't by any means fly to the time of day, you know! — but I did, and — and I'm very much obliged to you for what you've done for her. Sending that girl to sleep with her, I mean. I don't know if it will answer, or if—Well, the thing is, sir—now that we are in such a rare mess, do you think I ought to marry her?"

> **One generation plants the trees — another gets the shade.**
> ***—Chinese saying***

Sylvester had been regarding him with friendly amusement, but this naive question brought a startled frown to his face. "But isn't that your intention?" he asked.

"No—oh, lord, no! I mean, it wasn't my intention (though I did offer to!) until we were grassed by that overturn. But now that we're cooped up here perhaps I ought, as a man of honor— Only ten to one she'll refuse to marry me, and then where shall we be?"

"If you are not eloping, what are you doing?" demanded Sylvester.

"I guessed that was what you must be thinking, sir," said Tom.

"I imagine you might. Nor am I the only one who thinks it!" said Sylvester. "When I left Austerby I did so because Marlow had already set out for the Border in pursuit of you!"

"No!" exclaimed Tom. "Well, what a gudgeon! If he thought Phoebe had run off with me, why the deuce hadn't he the wit to inquire for me at the Manor? My mother could have told him all was well!"

"I can only say that she did not appear to me to have perfectly understood that," responded Sylvester dryly. "As it chanced, it was she who came to Austerby, bringing with her the letter you had written to her. You young idiot, I don't know precisely what you told her, but it certainly didn't persuade her that all was well! It threw her into a state of great affliction — and what she said to Lady Marlow I shall always be happy to think I was privileged to hear!"

"Did she give her snuff?" asked Tom appreciatively. "But she can't have thought I had eloped with Phoebe! Why, I particularly told her there was no need for her to be in a fidget! Lord Marlow might, I dare say, but not Mama!"

"On the contrary! Lord Marlow pooh-poohed the suggestion. He was only brought to believe it on the testimony of one of his younger daughters. I forget what her name is; a sanctimonious schoolgirl whose piety I found nauseating."

"Eliza," said Tom instantly. "But she knew nothing about it! Unless she was listening at the keyhole, and if that was the case she must have known we hadn't gone to the Border."

"She was, but she insisted that she had heard you say you were going to Gretna Green."

Tom frowned in an effort of memory. "I suppose I might have said so; I know I couldn't see any other way out of the fix. But Phoebe had a much better scheme, as it happened, which I own I was devilish glad to hear! I'm as fond of her as I could be—well, I've run tame at Austerby ever since I was breeched, you know, and she's like my sister!—but I don't want to marry her! The thing was I promised to help her, and the only way I could think of to do it was by doing so."

"Help her to do what?" interrupted Sylvester, considerably mystified.

"To escape from Austerby. So——"

"Well, I blame no one for wishing to do that, but what the devil made you choose such a moment? Didn't you know there was snow in the air?"

"Yes, of course I did, sir, but I had no choice! The need was urgent—or, at least, Phoebe thought it was. If I hadn't taken her she meant to go to London by herself, on the common stage!"

"Why?"

Tom hesitated, glancing speculatively at Sylvester. Sylvester said encouragingly: "I won't cry rope on you!"

The smile won Tom. He said in a burst of confidence: "Well, the truth is the whole thing was a fudge, but Lady Marlow told Phoebe you were going to Austerby to make her an offer! I must say it sounded like a hum to me, but it seems Lord Marlow thought so, too, so one can't blame Phoebe for being taken in and cast into flat despair because of it."

"In fact," said Sylvester, "an offer from me would not have been welcome to her?"

"Oh, lord, no!" said Tom. "She said nothing would induce her to marry you! But I dare say you may have seen how it is in that house: if you had meant to offer for her, Lady Marlow would have bullied her into submitting. The only thing was for her to run away."

He stopped, uneasily aware of having said more than was discreet. There was an odd expression in Sylvester's eyes, hard to interpret but rather disquieting. "You know what females are, sir," he added, trying to mend matters. "It was all nonsense, of course, for she scarcely knew you. I hope—I mean — perhaps I shouldn't have told you!"

"Oh, why not?" Sylvester said lightly, smiling again.

Tom was relieved to see the smile, but he was not wholly reassured. "I beg pardon," he said. "I thought it wouldn't signify, telling you how it was,

To page 48

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820926

TV means more fun but more washing-up for Mrs. Bickford-Smith (right) of Balmoral, N.S.W.

Your hands are out of hot water in half the time when

RINSO's RICHER, SOFTER SUDS SPEED UP DISHWASHING

You and Mrs. Bickford-Smith have something in common. Every day your hands are in and out of hot water—washing, cleaning, and at least three times a day, washing-up. That's when Rinso can be a real friend to you and to your hands.

Its richer, softer suds dissolve grease faster, stay sudsy longer and the dishes are clean in *half the time* you need with old-fashioned bar soaps. Forks, spoons, plates come out of the suds not just soap-and-water-clean but *hygienically* clean. And when the washing up is done so quickly and in such gentle suds, your hands feel the benefit, too.

Beauty Experts agree . . .

Beauty is the business of June Dally-Watkins, head of the most famous model agency in Australia.

"Whether I'm dealing with married women or teen-agers," she says, "I tell them to care for their hands as much as they can by getting them out of hot water—one of the very worst things for hands and nails."

ECONOMY SIZE
Rinso
GIVES RICHER, SOFTER SUDS

Z.464.WWFPgr.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820927

LUX "Name the Baby" Contest

Isn't this baby perfectly sweet
With Lux-washed clothes so fresh and neat
Her name's so pretty, with letters eight
Just think of a princess in a tiny state !

FIRST PRIZE: A beautiful £200 wardrobe of clothes by Leroy Fashions.

10 SECOND PRIZES: Ten £20 dream lingerie sets by Lustre.

20 THIRD PRIZES: 20 twin sets hand-knitted in "Twinprufe" wools.

200 ADDITIONAL PRIZES: Each of two pairs of "Betty Bond" nylons.

It's so very easy. Just read the rhyme above and "Think of a princess". Of course, our little mite in the picture isn't a real princess but she is already demanding royal privileges . . the right to tug Mummy's pearls, and get her own way every time with Daddy. One right she receives without asking — the snuggly joy of nestling in Lux-washed woollies. Gentle Lux care keeps all her clothes soft and sweet no matter how often they're washed.

EASY RULES

1. Contestants must name the baby and complete the sentence shown on the entry form below in not more than 15 additional words.
2. Prizes will be awarded to the contestants correctly naming the baby and who also, in the opinion of the judges, complete the best sentence judged on originality, aptness of thought and neatness.
3. Send as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by a Lux packet top.**
The decision of the judges will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
4. Contest closes 19th July, 1958, and all entries must be postmarked prior to midnight of that date.
Major prize winners will be announced on "Leave It To The Girls" on 29th July, 1958, and consolation prize winners will be notified by mail.
**Packet tops are not required from residents of Queensland, South Australia or Western Australia.

Entry Form

The Baby's name is _____

Also complete this sentence in not more than 15 additional words.

"All fine things stay soft and new looking longer with Lux care, because _____

(use block letters only)

Name _____

Address _____

State _____

Cut out entry form and post to
LUX "NAME THE BABY" CONTEST,
Box 7059, G.P.O., Sydney Box 100, P.O., Nth. Fremantle
Box 4404, G.P.O., Melbourne Box 1480L, G.P.O., Adelaide
Box 1448T, G.P.O., Brisbane

Extra entry forms are obtainable from your grocer or use a plain sheet of white paper.

Lux is so safe you'll want to use it always

LUX

U.455.WW143g

Continuing . . . . Sylvester

from page 46

if you didn't wish to offer for her—and you don't, do you?"

"No, certainly not! What did I do to inspire Miss Marlow with this violent dislike of me?"

"Oh, I don't know! Nothing, I dare say," said Tom uncomfortably. "I expect you are not just her style, that's all."

"Not timbered up to her weight, in fact. Where, by the way, are you meaning to take her?"

"To her grandmother. She lives in London, and Phoebe is persuaded she will take her part —or that she would have done so, if it had been necessary."

Sylvester's eyes lifted suddenly to Tom's. "Do you mean Lady Ingham?" he asked.

"Yes," Tom nodded. "The other one died years ago. Are you acquainted with Lady Ingham, sir?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Sylvester, a laugh in his voice. "She is my godmother."

"Is she, though? Then you must know her pretty well. Do you think she will let Phoebe stay with her? Phoebe seems to think there can be no doubt, but I can't help wondering whether she won't think it pretty shocking of her to have run off from home, and perhaps send her back again. What do you think, sir?"

"How can I say?" countered Sylvester. "Miss Marlow, I collect, still holds by her scheme, even though the menace of an offer from me doesn't exist?"

"Oh, yes! I did suggest to her that she need not go to London after all, but she says she will do so, and I must say I think she should—if only the old lady will receive her kindly! Only what's to be done? Even if the snow melted tomorrow I can't escort her, and I know I ought not to let her go alone. But if that detestable Lady Marlow catches her here the trap will be down!"

"Not so much fretting and fussing, Galahad!" said Sylvester. "There's no immediate danger, and before it becomes imminent I don't doubt you will have hit upon an answer to the problem. Or I might do so for you."

"How?" asked Tom quickly.

"Well," replied Sylvester, getting up, "somewhere between this place and Austerby I have a chaise. I have left orders at the Bear, in Hungerford, that when it arrives there my servants are to be directed to this inn. In the circumstances, I shall be delighted to convey Miss Marlow to her grandmother!"

Tom's face lightened; he exclaimed: "Oh, by Jove, would you do that, sir? It would be the very thing—if she will go with you!"

"Let me beg you not to fidget yourself into a fever on the chance that she won't! You had much better try if you can go to sleep."

"Dr. Upsall left some stuff he said I should drink: syrup of poppies, or some such thing. I dare say I shall sleep like a log."

"Well, if you should wake, and wish for anything, knock on the wall behind you," said Sylvester. "I shall hear you: I am a tolerably light sleeper. I'll send Keighley to you now. Good-night!"

He went away with a nod and a smile, leaving Tom to his various reflections. Thanks, however, to Keighley, interpreting the surgeon's instructions liberally, he very soon succumbed to a large dose of the narcotic prescribed for him, and slept the night through. His dreams were untroubled, for although, when Sylvester left him, he thought over all that he had disclosed, and wished the greater part of it unsaid, he was soon able to persuade himself that he had been grossly indulging his imagination when he had read danger in that queer look of Sylvester's. When he came to consider the matter he could not remember that he had said anything to arouse anger in Sylvester.

But the discovery that Phoebe had decided he was not at all the sort of man she wished to marry had made Sylvester furious. While he believed her to be eloping with her true love he bore her no ill-will; but the case was now altered, and the more he thought of it the more did the wound to his self-esteem smart. He had chosen to single out from among the debutantes a little dab of a country girl, without style or countenance, and she had had the impertinence to snub him.

She had done it in such a way, too, as to make a fool of him, and that was not an injury he could easily forgive. It was possible to forgive it when he supposed her to be in love with another man; but when he learned that her flight from her home was due to a dread of being compelled to receive his addresses he was not only unable to forgive it but became possessed of a strong desire to teach Miss Marlow a lesson.

To be sure, her crest would very soon be lowered if she thought any match half as brilliant would be offered her, but that was not quite what Sylvester wanted. Something of greater importance than his consequence had been hurt. That he could shrug away; he could not shrug off the knowledge that she apparently found him repulsive. She had had the insolence to criticise him, too; and she did not scruple to show him that she held him cheap. What was it Tom had said? Nothing would induce her to marry you! A little too cocksure, Miss Marlow. The opportunity will not be granted you—but let us see if you can be made to feel sorry.

Sylvester dropped asleep on this vengeful thought; and since no summons was rapped on the wall dividing his room from Tom's, he did not wake until Keighley brought his breakfast to him at 10 o'clock next morning. He then discovered that his faithful henchman was not only looking heavy-eyed but had lost his voice as well. He said: "Go back to bed at once, John. You ought to have a mustard-plaster on your chest. Tell Mrs. Scaling to fetch one up to you—and go away!"

Keighley started to whisper reassurance, but was stopped by a paroxysm of coughing.

"John, don't be a nodcock! Do you think I want your death at my door? Go to bed And tell them to kindle a fire in your room — my orders!"

"How can I lay up, your grace?" whispered Keighley "Who's to look after Mr. Orde if I do?"

"Can't the half-wit attend to him? Well, if he can't, I must. What has to be done for him?"

"I've done all that's needful

To page 54

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

HERE'S HOW TO END A COLD

At the first sign of a sneeze or a sniffle, get busy with Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine (L.B.Q.) Tablets. Feel colds break up quickly, easily, thanks to L.B.Q.'s effective 4-way action:

1. Reduce nasal stuffiness.
2. Bring fever down.
3. Relieve headache.
4. Fight muscular aches and pains due to colds.

Be ready when cold strikes. Keep a supply of (L.B.Q.) Tablets always handy. 3/9 at all chemists.

GROVE'S G.7.5A

LBQ

Laxative Bromo Quinine
Potter & Birks Pty. Ltd., Sydney

15 hairsets for 4/10

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated *Curlypet* — squeeze *Curlypet* into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used.

Get concentrated *Curlypet* for 4/10 from your chemist or store.

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

CN9

UNWANTED HAIR

Simply smooth on fast-working Veet. Let it remain three minutes — then wipe hair off!

No scraping with razors. Hair is melted away just below the surface, skin is left smooth and white. Veet is so easy, safe and quick. Success is guaranteed with Veet or money refunded.

VEET At your Chemists, Double Size 5/3; Regular Size 3/3.

VE 23 - 412

CHUCKLERS WEEKLY
EVERY THURSDAY 9d.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820928

DEBBIE MAKES

FUDGE-NUT PIE

DEBBIE, our teenage chef, makes her contribution to a gala menu by baking this superb dessert. She usually cooks it well beforehand and so avoids confusion in the kitchen before the special meal.

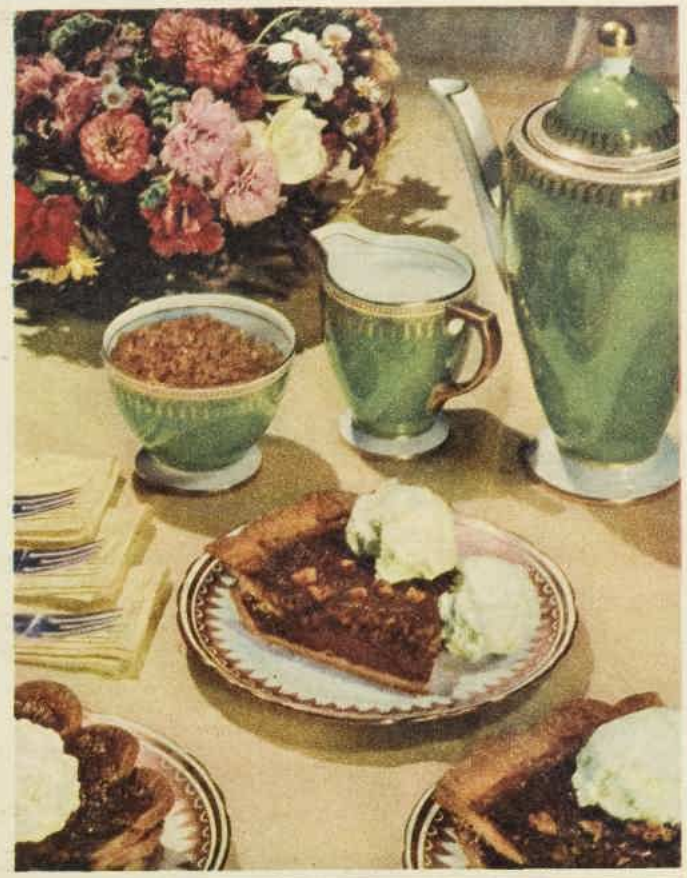
The ingredients used by Debbie for this fudge-nut pie are: 8oz. sweet shortcrust pastry, 2oz. unsweetened chocolate, ¼ cup butter, ¼ cup brown sugar, ½ cup white sugar, 3 eggs, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup milk, ¼ cup maple syrup or thin honey, ½ cup finely chopped walnut pieces, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, extra chopped walnuts.

Using her own favorite shortcrust recipe, Debbie lines a pie-plate as described below and places it in refrigerator to chill while she is making the filling.

She beats butter, sugars, and eggs into melted chocolate in a double saucepan, then adds salt, milk, and maple syrup and beats until foamy. She then re-cooks mixture 5 minutes, stirring constantly.

Walnuts and vanilla are stirred in, then Debbie pours the mixture into the pie-shell and bakes it in a moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Then she scatters more walnuts on top and cooks a further 5 minutes. After removing it from the oven Debbie sets it aside to cool before storing it in the refrigerator until it is needed.

Sometimes Debbie reheats her pie slightly before serving it with whipped cream. On other occasions she adds scoops of ice-cream to the chilled pie.



TO OBTAIN a perfect circle of pastry invert 8-inch pie-plate on to rolled dough. Then with point of knife trace around edge, cut through pastry, and gently pull away excess dough before removing plate. Avoid breaking edges.

AFTER PRESSING circle of dough into pie-plate, use cutter to cut out sufficient petals from remaining pastry pieces to overlap around edge of plate. Each petal is moistened slightly before pressing against previous one.

EGGS, one at a time, are added to top half of double saucepan in which chocolate has been melted. Volume and lightness of mixture increases by rapid beating while adding ingredients. Blend mixture well before re-cooking.

AFTER PIE has been cooking 45 to 50 minutes, scatter extra walnuts over top, and cook further five minutes. As pie cools the puffy chocolate filling shrinks slightly and takes on a cracked, macaroon-like appearance.

Watch every week for news about your baby's care, feeding, growth and fun.

Watch Baby's hands grow smarter

Soon after birth, he can grasp your finger. At four months, he's playing with his hands like toys, and watching what they'll do. By ten months, he picks up tiny things and learns to wave good-bye, because his hands, head and eyes are then working as a team.

WHEN DOES BABY FEED HIMSELF? Early in his second year he's ready to TRY. So don't mind the smears and splashes of food too much! It's worthwhile eventually, because you'll have an independent child with a healthy appetite — not a "difficult" eater who cries at the sight of a spoon.

PINK-CHEEKED BABIES ARE THE MOST APPEALING. Blood-enriching iron puts roses in baby's cheeks and makes him feel and look his best. The egg yolk in Heinz Egg Custard contains plenty of iron, so include Heinz Egg Custard in baby's menu several times a week. There's a Heinz Junior Food variety of Egg Custard, too, for your toddler.

HEINZ
Baby Foods

57

Over 40 varieties of Broths, Soups, Meats, Vegetables, Sweets, Puddings for young and older babies.

NOW BOURNE READY

One-can Ready-to-use PLASTIC

for RICH, LASTING FLOOR & FURNITURE LUSTRE.

No Mixing! No Additives! Apply simply—straight from one can.

SOLE AUSTRALIAN AGENT

KEDNOR PTY. LIMITED
525 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY. MX 5435

Run Down?

Few people manage to escape nervous tension these days. Many are often "run-down" and are, therefore, depressed and lacking energy. Many cannot remain calm in moments of stress—they are short-tempered and irritable. This nervous tension is nature's warning that the nervous system is undernourished.

A course of Sanatogen starts helping you from the first day. Unlike a drug or a sedative, Sanatogen is *not* an artificial means of bringing you temporary relief from nervous tension. Sanatogen *repairs* and *restores* nerves by nourishing starved nerve cells and tissues.

Sanatogen will enable you to maintain *really good* health—so that, as nature intended, you'll be calmer and have more energy; you'll worry less, sleep better and get a great deal more enjoyment out of life.

Sanatogen is recommended by doctors the world over and is sold only by chemists.

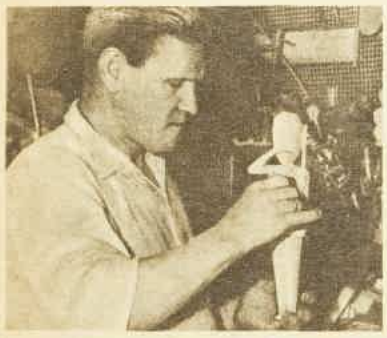
Sanatogen The PROTEIN Nerve Tonic.

FS.40.58

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820929

Rub-a-dub-dub... twins in a tub!

Paul and Bruce, 4-year-old twin boys of Mrs. Birchnoff, are full of life and always on the go. Mrs. Birchnoff says: "At the end of the day they're worn out—and I am, too! I pour a little Dettol into their bath water and mine. It's most refreshing and invigorating". You, too, will find a Dettol bath is a real reviver.



Anywhere—anytime . . . at home and at work those small cuts and abrasions frequently occur. Saying "I'll fix it later!" is no use. "Later" is too late —septic infection may have occurred. Reach for Dettol right away. Dettol helps guard against the risk of infection and aids healthy healing.

Harry Dearth, renowned actor-producer of Australia's favourite Radio and TV shows says: "Naturally I depend on my voice. A Dettol gargle soothes and helps protect my throat". Dettol in water brings cool, cool comfort to your throat — and helps to guard against the risk of possible infection.

An ounce of prevention when illness strikes . . . you can help prevent the infection from spreading by giving strict attention to hygiene. Soap and water and Dettol are your best weapons. Wash your hands frequently . . . disinfect the patient's linen and crockery . . . with soap and water and Dettol.

Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your doctor does . . . (ask him) . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential . . . in the all-important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath) . . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . . to disinfect linen and crockery.
Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic . . . a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

'DETTOL'

the safe, efficient ANTISEPTIC

AVAILABLE ONLY AT ALL CHEMISTS

OUR HOME PLAN No. A636 is a design with a pleasing appearance and has simple ranch-style lines. Wide eaves protect the rooms from direct sunlight, but the large areas of glass ensure plenty of light and air throughout the house. The patio in front can be reached through glass doors leading from the living-room.

Plan in ranch style

● This week's home plan is the simple ranch type, always in favor in the country and becoming increasingly popular with urban home builders.

THE design, by Melbourne architect F. T. Humphryis, is one of our series of "signature" home plans by experienced architects.

This plan and all our standard plans are available at our Home Planning Centres for £7/7/- per full set. Any of our plans can be used as the basis of a new layout adapted to suit the individual needs of a client.

These adaptations and also the preparation of any other special plans will be done for readers at our Home Planning Centres. See details in panel.

Readers can order this plan, or any other of our standard home plans, in any building material they choose. Our illustration shows a tiled roof, but any other roofing material ordered by readers will be provided for in the specification.

A single gable roof, as shown in the sketch above, is typical of this type of home. Large areas of glass and a low-set patio introduce a modern note.

The patio extends across the front of the house, making an outdoor living area easily accessible from the living-room.

The general planning of the rooms is excellent. The sketch below shows clearly its division into three main sections. Bedrooms lie in one wing, the service-rooms are together with closely grouped plumbing, and living and dining areas run across the front of the house.

The kitchen is large and incorporates a dining corner that is in addition to the formal dining-room. It has a favorable position overlooking the garden.

In the living-room is a stone fireplace in a central position against the rear wall. This is a feature that will please those who feel there is no form of heating to beat the open hearth.

Our plan shows three bedrooms, but the roof is constructed so the third bedroom can be omitted in the original building stage and added later. It is a little larger than the usual third bedroom size, so it can become a sun-room or rumpus-room, catering for family activities.

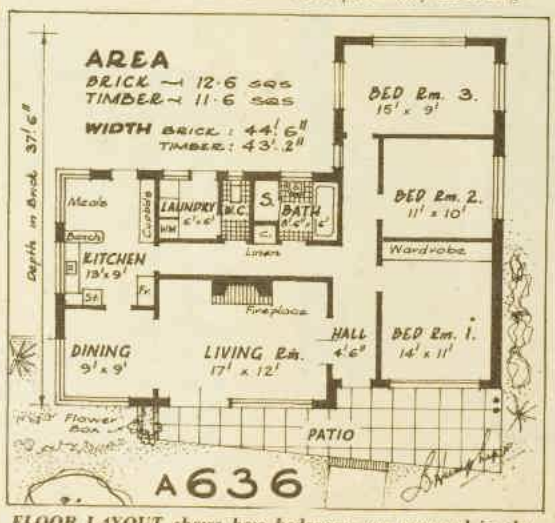
The side wall of No. 1 bedroom has been left free of windows, so a garage or carport can be added to this section of the house.

The area of this home in brick would be 12.6 squares; in timber or asbestos, 11.6 squares. Its width in brick would be 44ft. 6in.; in timber or asbestos, 43ft. 2in.

It requires only an average-sized block of land, and would suit a variety of aspects.

Approximate costs of building this house would be:

In New South Wales: Brick, £5255; timber, £3850; asbestos, £3565. In Victoria: Brick veneer, £4285; timber, £3485; asbestos, £3400. In South Australia: Brick, £3785; timber, £3370; asbestos, £3325. In Queensland: Brick, £5290; timber, £3475; asbestos, £3320. In Canberra: Brick, £5355; timber, £3950.



FLOOR LAYOUT shows how bedrooms are grouped in the right wing. The third bedroom can be omitted in the first building stage and added later.

Our Centres

OUR Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores, offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

● All standard plans we publish are available at the Centres simultaneously with publication.

● Hundreds of other standard plans are available from stock.

All standard plans cost £7/7/- per full set, complete with specifications, and are available in six variations. This week's plan, No. A636, is available in mirror reverse position at no extra cost, if this would suit a reader's block of land.

● Individual designs will be prepared to suit a reader's requirements at a fee of £1/1/- per square, based on total area.

Readers are invited to call at our Home Planning Centres to discuss any aspect of home-building.

Our plans can also be ordered by mail from the Centres. Please enclose fee.

Addresses are:

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Civic Centre.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (second floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd. (second floor), Rundle St. Mail to Box 629E, G.P.O.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (third floor), Brickfield Hill. Our standard plans are also available at the master builders' advisory bureau at 23 Central Avenue, Miranda.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (sixth floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representative will attend the Myer Emporium in Geelong every Friday and Saturday to advise readers.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820930

Cold-climate trees

● *Here are some examples of deciduous "migrant" trees. They grow well in Tasmania and southern Victoria, and in high, temperate districts of other States. Next week we will feature evergreens.*

ABOVE: Copper beech (Fagus sylvatica) is a member of a family which includes both evergreen and deciduous varieties. The copper beech, however, is deciduous, and grows only in the coldest districts of Australia. It is long-lived, grows to 90ft., and should be given ample space. Plant June-July.

ABOVE: Lime trees or lindens (Tilia linnaeus) are deciduous, and are grown as ornamental or shelter trees. They are hardy, wind-firm, long-lived, and fragrant in flower. The leaves are mostly large and soft. Lindens make fine shade trees, but because of this are hard on good lawns. Grow to about 100ft. Plant June-July.

ABOVE: Tartarian maple (Acer tataricum) is a deciduous tall shrub or small tree of bushy habit, spreading fairly widely, and often reaching 30ft. Has characteristic maple flowers in spring, and leaves of three to five lobes in shape. Small trees can be planted out in early winter and, like most maples, are slow to start until their roots get into good soil.

ABOVE: Norway maple (Acer platanoides), of which there are about 20 varieties, usually grows from 60ft. to 70ft., has five-lobed, bright green, smooth heart-shaped leaves. The fruits, which later turn reddish-brown, grow into attractive masses. Grows fast, even in sandy soil, and is much used for screens and windbreaks. The maple is easily raised from seed. Plant June-July.

RIGHT: Maidenhair tree (Ginkgo biloba) is deciduous, of picturesque growth. The leaves resemble giant maidenhair fern. Will grow to 60ft. or 80ft. in suitable soils. The foliage turns bright canary-yellow in autumn. Do not cultivate round established trees, as the fleshy roots are easily damaged. The ginkgo makes a fine specimen tree for lawns. Plant June-July.

Cook four and twenty sunbeams in a new

PINEAPPLE PIE BY GOLDEN CIRCLE

GOLDEN CIRCLE SMALL CUT PINEAPPLE PIE

One 15 oz. Can GOLDEN CIRCLE Small Cut Pineapple (or 15 oz. Can Crisp Cut Crush). Sufficient of your favourite rich short pastry for a two-crust 8 inch pie.

Pineapple Filling: Empty contents of 15 oz. can of Golden Circle Small Cut into saucepan and bring to boil. At boiling point thicken pineapple with arrowroot to desired consistency. Stir 2 to 3 minutes. Line pie plate with pastry and add thickened pineapple. Cover with top crust or pineapple pastry cut-outs. Bake in hot oven (425 degs. F.) about 30 minutes until pastry is crisp and golden. Serve hot or cold.

WIN BIG MONEY PRIZES! DON'T DELAY!

Send your Pineapple Recipe for the Women's Weekly Pineapple Recipe Competition—NOW!

Golden Circle
Sun Drenched
SMALL CUT PINEAPPLE
AT YOUR STORE

THE C.O.D. CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820931

8 out of 10 homes sew with SINGER* the world's best sewing machine

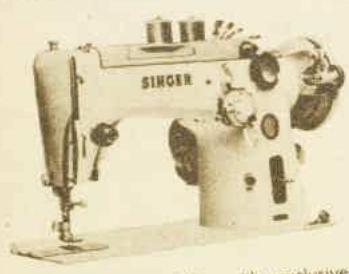
Carrying case for Singer 201

Singer celebrates its second century of world leadership with the greatest range of sewing machines ever — designed to suit every family's requirements and priced down to every family's budget! Pictured is the famous SINGER 201 . . . the world's most popular sewing machine. The SINGER 201 has everything to make all your sewing—from clothes to furnishings—easier, faster, more professionally finished. It features automatic tension, stitch-length control, sews backwards or forwards—and there's a range of attachments to gladden any woman's heart. Take your choice of Portable or Console models in smart two-tone beige or black at your nearest Singer Sewing Centre.

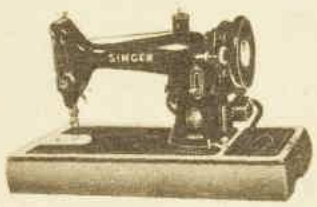
**Every Singer Sewing Centre carries a complete range of parts for ALL Singer Sewing Machines of ANY age.*

Only £7 Deposit — Generous, Easy Terms up to 24 Months

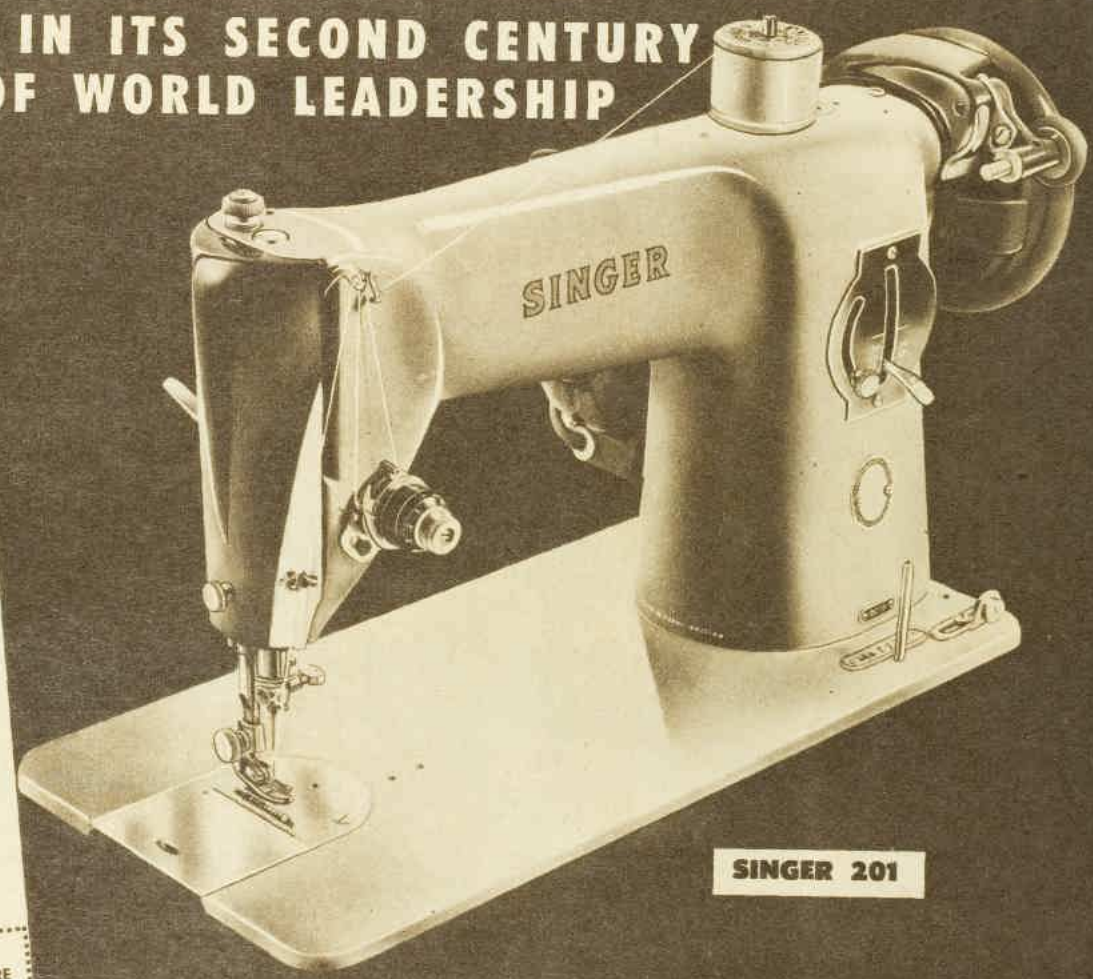
SINGER*-NOW IN ITS SECOND CENTURY OF WORLD LEADERSHIP



SINGER AUTOMATIC, with exclusive "Finger-Tip" Control, scallops, zig-zags, monograms, embroiders, buttonholes, even darns automatically—at the flick of a lever!



SINGER MODEL 99 "out-performs" any other machine in its class. Features full range of attachments, stitch control, hinged presser foot, budget priced! Take your choice of portable or console models.



Mail this coupon without obligation

THE MANAGER, SINGER SEWING CENTRE
(See listed addresses or your 'phone book for nearest Singer Sewing Centre.)
Please supply Catalogue of all Singer models.
Please arrange Home Demonstration for me.
NAME
ADDRESS
25/6

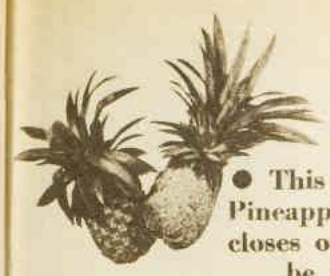
There are more than 500 Singer Centres throughout Australia. Principal Offices:
338 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY BL 3851 ● 330 SWANSTON STREET, MELBOURNE FJ 3134
221 ADELAIDE STREET, BRISBANE B 1945 ● 148 RUNDLE STREET, ADELAIDE W 3360
809 HAY STREET, PERTH BA 6839 ● 68 LIVERPOOL STREET, HOBART B 5900

*A Trade-Mark of The Singer Manufacturing Company.

Also at Wellington and Auckland, New Zealand, and Suva, Fiji.

NT117A

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820932



PINEAPPLE CONTEST

● This week's £5 progress prizewinners in our Pineapple Contest are given below. The contest closes on July 8 and final progress prizes will be published in our issue of July 16.

Meat section

PROGRESS PRIZE of £5 to Mrs. F. Snell, 12 Norfolk Avenue, Oakleigh, Vic., for:

PINEAPPLE PORKETTES

One and a half pounds pork sausage mince, ¼ cup sweet chutney, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 egg, seasoned flour, 8 slices pineapple, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, salt, pepper, 1½ cups mashed sweet potato, 4 bacon rashers.

Place sausage mince, chutney, mustard, and beaten egg in basin, mix well. Using lightly floured hands, shape mixture into 8 patties, making them the same size as the pineapple slices. Add orange rind, salt, and pepper to sweet potato, beat until well mixed. Divide mixture into 8, similar to sausage patties. Remove rind from bacon, cut each rasher into two lengthwise; cut each pineapple slice in halves crosswise. Place one piece of pineapple on a bacon strip, cover with a sausage and sweet potato patty. Top with another pineapple slice. Bring ends of bacon up over top and secure with a cocktail stick. Place on greased oven-tray and bake in moderate oven ¾ to 1 hour. When cooked, remove cocktail sticks. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

Dessert section

PROGRESS PRIZE of £5 to Mrs. J. Dash, 40 Woodbine Crescent, Ryde, N.S.W., for:

BAKED PINEAPPLE PUDDING

One cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon desiccated coconut, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, ¼ cup milk, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ¾ cup well-drained shredded pineapple.

Topping: Half cup brown sugar, ½ cup coconut, ¾ cup pineapple syrup, ¾ cup water.

Sift flour and salt into basin; add sugar and coconut. Make a well in the centre, add milk, vanilla, beaten egg, and melted shortening, mix until smooth. Lastly fold in pineapple. Pour mixture into a deep greased ovenware dish. Prepare topping.

Combine brown sugar and coconut, sprinkle over mixture in dish. Pour over pineapple syrup and hot water mixed together. Bake in a moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Serve with cream.

Cake section

PROGRESS PRIZE of £5 to Mrs. E. Young, Riverside Drive, Narooma, N.S.W., for:

PINEAPPLE CRUNCH BISCUITS

Two cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup butter, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup white sugar, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, ½ cup drained crushed pineapple, 3½ cups cornflakes, ½ cup chopped nuts.

Cream butter, vanilla, and sugars together until well mixed. Add eggs one at a time; beat well. Work in sifted flour and salt alternately with crushed pineapple. Shape small pieces of mixture into balls, using lightly floured hands. Toss balls in slightly crushed cornflakes and nuts (mixed together). Place on greased oven-tray and bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Loosen biscuits with knife, allow to cool on trays. Store in airtight tin.

How to enter this Contest

TO enter our Pineapple Contest, send in a recipe containing pineapple.

You can enter as many recipes as you like in any or all of the three sections. They are:

- MEAT
- DESSERTS
- CAKES

The recipe selected by our panel of judges as the best will win the Grand Champion Prize of £500.

Here is the prize list:

Grand Champion Prize (best recipe entered in competition) £500
First Prize in each of three sections £100
Second Prize in each section £50
Third Prize in each section £20
Fourth Prize in each section £5

Thirty £1 consolation prizes will be awarded in each section. In addition, three £5 progress prizes will be given weekly.

Write your recipe or recipes clearly on a piece of paper, attach your name and address to each sheet, mark the recipe according to its section (Meat, Desserts, or Cakes), and send it to Pineapple Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please use Australian standard weights and cup measures. Use level spoon measures.

PRIZE RECIPES

SPICY banana - filled rolls win this week's main prize in our popular recipe contest.

They can be eaten hot or cold as a sweet, or dusted with icing sugar for packed lunches or morning teas.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded to a tasty meat loaf with a savory topping.

All spoon measurements are level.

SPICED BANANA ROLLS

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 4 ripe bananas, 1 dessertspoon marmalade jam, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon each nutmeg and cinnamon, juice of 1 lemon, ¼ cup chopped walnuts.

Peel bananas, cut in two crosswise; drench with lemon juice. Roll pastry out to ¼in. thickness on floured board. Cut pastry into eight 4in. squares, smear lightly with marmalade, sprinkle with a little sugar. Place a banana half on each pastry square, sprinkle with cinnamon, nutmeg, and nuts. Roll up, press edges together. Prick lightly with a fork, brush with a little milk. Place on a greased oven-tray and bake in a moderately hot oven 15 to 20 minutes or until pastry is cooked. Serve with a caramel or lemon-flavored sauce.

First Prize of £5 to Miss M. Walker, 2/213 Blake Street, Rose Bay, N.S.W.

GOLDEN MEAT LOAF

One and a half pounds minced steak, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 3 eggs, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 tablespoon mustard, 1 tablespoon prepared horseradish, 3 tablespoons finely diced green pepper, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, ¼ cup tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar, extra 1 tablespoon prepared mustard for topping.

Place minced steak in basin with egg-yolks and breadcrumbs, add remaining flavoring ingredients. Fill mixture into greased loaf-tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Beat egg-whites stiffly with cream of tartar, fold in extra mustard. Pile on top of meat mixture, return to moderate oven, and bake further 30 to 40 minutes or until cooked. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Lade, 11 Ramsay Street, Launceston, Tas.

FOUR HOLD FORTH

Sara Quads tell own story

MARK: I like running — and I can run much faster than any of the others. That's because I eat lots of Vegemite. Mum says it makes me strong.

PHILLIP: Do you like my garden? It's all mine and I water it every day and pull out the weeds so they don't choke the "nastersyums" and the "onyums".

JUDITH: I like skipping better than all the other games. My best number of skips is 417 — but I think I'll beat that this time.

ALISON: I've just bought a great big jar of Vegemite — because Mummy says we eat it so often it's best to get the biggest jar there is — and Mummy says the big jar saves money.

Delicious Vegemite gives the Saras the vitamins they need every day.

Mrs. Sara has a word to say, too: "One of the few things *all* four agree upon is that they love Vegemite. Ever since their baby days I've made certain they have plenty of this vitamin-rich food."

Vegemite, a pure concentrated yeast extract, supplies Vitamin B_1, B_2 and Niacin — essential for firm body tissue, good digestion, healthy nerves and clear skin. Spread Vegemite on toast, in sandwiches, on savouries . . . and pop a spoonful in soups, stews and gravies.

You can buy your Vegemite in 2 and 4-oz. jars and 6-oz. re-usable glasses. **For big savings,** buy the 8 and 16-oz. family-size jars. And for **greatest** saving, get Vegemite in the new "Mighty" size 2-lb. jar.

Vegemite — made by Kraft

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820933

I was embarrassed

... me with dingy dentures!

... yet I clean them every day

but do you clean them **properly?**

False teeth need

STERADENT

REGD.

specially made to clean dentures **properly**

AT CHEMISTS ONLY

H.P.247

MATSON *Lines*

4 special voyages by **MARIPOSA and MONTEREY to CALIFORNIA U.S.A.**

and return, from £418/10/- (Aust. Currency)

Round trip fare based on 1½ the single fare—Save £A88 or more

BOOK NOW!

Excellent choice of accommodation available . . Completely air-conditioned . . All first class . . Spacious Decks . . Gay Lounges . . Swimming Pool . . Fares include Superb Cuisine, Service, Entertainment . . All in the Traditional Matson Manner.

Special Sailing Dates from Sydney

August 20 • October 3

October 29 • November 19

More than 40 days of pleasure-packed holidays!

Visiting New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa, Hawaii (32 hours' stopover), San Francisco (a week's stopover), Los Angeles, Tahiti (44 hours' stopover) and Auckland.

★ See your Travel Agent — Start Planning to-day

go *Matson*

MATSON LINES.

82 Elizabeth Street, Sydney — BU 4272

101 William Street, Melbourne — MB 3038

THE OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY (Limited Liability, Inc. in U.S.A.)

2139

for the moment, your grace, and seen to the greys, but—"

"Then you have nothing further to worry about, and may go to bed without more ado. Now, don't be a gudgeon, John. You will only give him your cold if you hang about him!"

"He's got it," croaked Keighley.

"No, has he? Well, I have no wish to catch it, so don't let me see you again until you're rid of it!" He saw that Keighley was torn by a longing for his bed and a determination not to leave his post, and said threateningly: "If I have to get up to you, John, you'll be sorry!"

That made Keighley laugh, which brought on another paroxysm. This left him feeling so exhausted that he was very glad to obey his master.

An hour later, Sylvester, beautiful to behold in a frogged dressing-gown of crimson-and-gold brocade, strolled into Tom's room, saying cheerfully: "Good morning, Galahad! So you've taken Keighley's cold, have you? What a mutton-headed thing to do! Did you sleep well?"

"Oh, like a top, thank you, sir! As for the cold, if I must stay in bed I might as well have a cold as not. But I'm devilish sorry for Keighley!"

"You will soon be devilish sorry for yourself, but I've sent him to bed, and you will be obliged to endure my ministrations in place of his. What, as a start, can I do for you?"

"Nothing!" replied Tom, looking horrified. "As though I would let you wait on me!"

"You won't have any choice in the matter."

"Yes, yes, I will! The boy can do all I want, sir!"

"What, the half-wit? If you think that a choice I'll thank you not to be so insulting, Thomas!"

Tom laughed at that, but insisted that for the moment at least he needed nothing, except (with a sigh) something to do.

"That's what we shall all of us be pining for, if the snow lasts," said Sylvester. "If Mrs. Scaling cannot supply us with a pack of cards we shall be obliged to make up charades, or something of the nature. Do you care to read 'The Knight of St. John?' It came out last year, and is by the author of 'The Hungarian Brothers.' I'll fetch it for you."

Tom was no great reader, but when Sylvester, handing him the first volume of Miss Porter's latest romance, said: "I don't like it as well as 'The Hungarian Brothers,' but it's quite a lovely tale," he realised that the work was not, as he had feared, a history, but a novel, and was much relieved. He accepted it with thanks, and then, after a thoughtful

Continuing . . . . Sylvester

from page 48

moment, asked Sylvester if he read many novels.

"Any that come in my way. Why?"

"Oh, I don't know!" Tom said. "I thought perhaps you might not."

Sylvester looked a little surprised, but said after a moment: "Oh, did you think that because my mother is a poetess I might have a turn for verse? No: nothing of the sort!"

"Is she?" said Tom, awed.

"Yes, indeed she is. And I assure you she does not despise novels. I fancy she buys almost all that are published. She is an invalid, you see, and reading is her greatest solace."

"Oh!" said Tom.

"I must go and look to my horses," said Sylvester. "I collect that Miss Marlow is in the stables already, probably fomenting that hock. I only hope I may not fall under her displeasure for making so belated an appearance!"

He went away to finish dressing; and then, after consigning Keighley to Mrs. Scaling's care, went out to join Phoebe. It was still snowing hard, but a brazier was burning in the stable. Phoebe, having turned

> **Time deals gently with those who take it gently.**
>
> ***—Anatole France***

True in his stall, and removed his quarterpiece, was vigorously brushing him.

"Good morning!" said Sylvester, removing his coat, and rolling up his sleeves. "I'll do that for you, Miss Marlow. How is the hock?"

"Better, I think. I have just been fomenting it again. I don't think Tom would like it if I let you dress the horses, Duke."

"Then don't tell him," said Sylvester, taking the brush away from her. "Doesn't he think me capable of the task?"

"Oh, it isn't that! He has a great respect for your consequence, you see, and perhaps wouldn't think it proper for you to do it! But in general he is not at all stupid, I assure you!"

The smile that went with this remark was so ingenuous that Sylvester was obliged to laugh. Phoebe would have set to work on Trusty with the currycomb, but was deterred by Sylvester's pointing out to her that her skirt was already covered with True's hairs. He recommended her to change her dress, giving the one she had on to Alice to brush, but she replied that as the only other dress she had with her was of muslin, she rather thought she might freeze to death in it. "Besides, Alice has gone to tell old Mr. Shap that we must have his pig. It isn't full-grown, so perhaps he won't sell it."

"Why not?"

"Because he would get more for it later, of course. And also he may be in a bad skin."

"In a what?"

She looked up, twinkling, from the task of picking the short hairs out of her skirt. "I think it means that he has a sullen disposition! But I expect Alice will get the pig: she is a most redoubtable girl!"

"You and she should deal extremely," he commented, turning True about, and stripping off the rest of his clothing.

At that she raised her head again, tilting it inquiringly. "Do you mean that I am redoubtable? Oh, you are quite mistaken!"

"Am I? Then let us say intrepid!"

She sighed. "I wish I were! The case is that I am a wretched coward."

"Your father gives you quite another character."

"I don't fear fences."

"What, then?"

"People—some people! To—to be slain by unkindness."

He looked at her with a slight frown; but before he could ask her to explain what she meant they were interrupted by Alice, who came in, stamping her feet to rid her pattens of the clogged snow, and followed by an ancient with very few teeth but a crafty eye. This individual she introduced as a nasty, twitty old mawworm, disclosing that he wouldn't sell his pig until convinced that it would be eaten by a duke, and not by a Captain Sharp, masquerading as such.

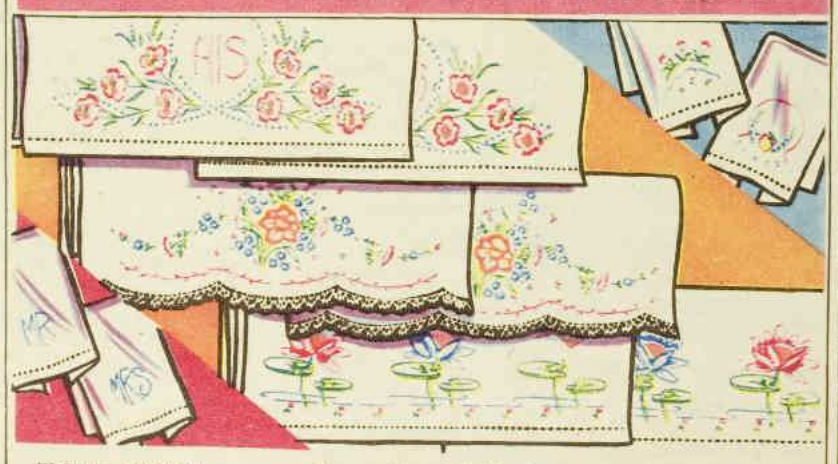
Considerably taken aback, for he had never before had his credentials doubted, much less been taken for a Captain Sharp, Sylvester said: "Well, I don't know how I should be able to convince him! Unless he'd like one of my visiting-cards?"

Assured by Phoebe that Sylvester was a duke, he told her, but kindly, that she had been took in by a lot of slum. "You don't want to listen to this great fussock here, missie!" he said, jerking his thumb at Alice.

He then nodded his head cunningly several times, and demanded to be told who had ever heard of a duke dressing his horses. But by this time Sylvester had taken the purse from

To page 56

OUR EMBROIDERY TRANSFER



FLORAL DESIGNS are among the prettiest and daintiest you can use. The varied floral motifs and edgings on our Embroidery Transfer No. 210 are ideal for household linens, and they suit traditional or modern decoration schemes. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/6.

THE FIRST THING A MAN NOTICES —THE LAST THING HE FORGETS

Gently the fragrance of this famous perfume steals upon the air, surrounding you in mystery . . . enchantment . . .

L'AIMANT

PERFUME BY COTY

LONDON PARIS NEW YORK SYDNEY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820934

New Film Releases

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

★★ THE BOLSHOI BALLET

Rank Organisation ballet film, with the Bolshoi Ballet and Galina Ulanova. In Eastman Color. Embassy, Sydney.

A WHOLLY satisfactory camera technique for bringing ballet to the screen has yet to be developed.

But this record of two performances of Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre Ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden—using cameras placed in various parts of the theatre—is the most successful yet.

The highlight of a film of outstanding interest to ballet-lovers is "Giselle," with Ulanova dancing her greatest role. The Bolshoi's version, with its own choreography, is shown in its entirety.

Though now past the peak of her career, the Ulanova magic is still there to illuminate a performance that is the embodiment of the celebrated Bolshoi technique.

Nikolai Fadeyechev, partnering Ulanova, has a noble presence and an astonishing elevation, and Rimma Karelskaya, one of the company's most distinguished dancers, is a less than usually stern Queen of the Wilis.

Ulanova's single other appearance is in "The Dying Swan" divertissement made famous by Pavlova.

The expected richness of spectacle is most fully realised in the colorful and frenzied "Walpurgisnacht."

The makers of this invaluable film record, Dr. Paul Czinner and I. R. Maxwell, could have heightened the sense of audience participation by use of the dramatic moment of curtain-rise, instead of introducing each item without preliminary.

In a word . . . MEMORABLE.

★★ THE LONG, HOT SUMMER

Fox drama, with Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman, Anthony Franciosa, Orson Welles, Lee Remick. In De Luxe color, CinemaScope. Regent, Sydney.

CASTS of such strength are a rarity, and the most interesting thing about this film, based on some William Faulkner stories of sex in the sultry American South, is not so much the plot itself as the acting.

Dominating all (and frequently yelling them down) is the grotesque-buffoon figure of Welles as the powerful, vulgar father, who drives his daughter (Woodward) into premature spinsterhood, and his only son (Franciosa) into trembling submission.

The daughter role is played with originality and insight by Joanne Woodward; and Franciosa, as the unsympathetic weakling, deserves the highest praise.

The second interesting young actress of the cast, Lee Remick, is excellent as the wife in whose arms Franciosa seeks to forget his humiliation.

As the stranger who ousts Franciosa from his inheritance and becomes Woodward's suitor, Paul Newman is interesting and virile.

There will be altogether too much Southern accent for some tastes, and while it's fascinating to watch these skilled actors at work, the roles they play are too theatrical to arouse real sympathy.

In a word . . . SOUTHERN.

ANY future meeting between Sophia Loren and Brigitte Bardot is likely to produce something in the nature of an electrical storm. Both girls have had to master the technicalities of flamenco dancing for film parts, Sophia for "The Pride and the Passion" and Brigitte for her latest picture now being completed in Spain. Brigitte apparently was out to show Sophia how a flamenco should be danced, while Sophia can't for the life of her imagine Brigitte doing anything more artistic than rock-'n-roll.

Venetian Blinds impart a quality of glowing life to the many colours in which they are available. IN WINTER Venetians shut out cold window areas . . . reflect indoor warmth, and do more than any other window covering to add cosy comfort and character to the home. IN SUMMER Venetians shut out glare and ensure the free circulation of air. The high glossy easy-to-clean slats can be adjusted in a jiffy, upward, downward, or straight through. Venetians also prevent the fading of fabrics and furnishings. Truly can those who possess Venetian Blinds with year round advantages feel superior in a well-bred, modest sort of way!

FREE BOOKLET ON HOME DECORATION

We would like to mail you a free copy of our booklet, "Interior Decoration Pictorial". Send 3½d. in stamps to cover postage to "Venetian Blinds," c/- Box 367, G.P.O., Sydney.

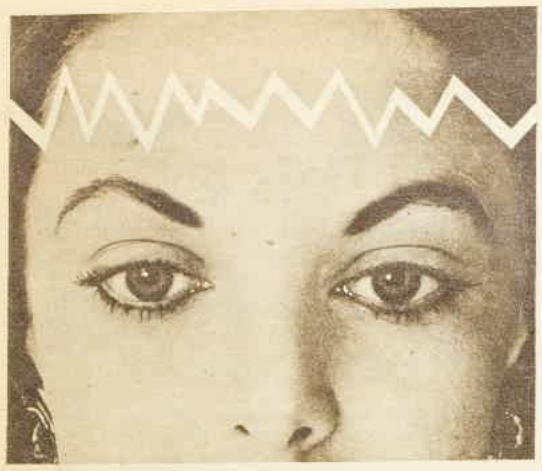
★ Specify CONCAVE Slats—"Concave" is not a brand name — it is the slat shape designed to give you **better** Venetians.

COLORFUL VENETIANS **MAKE** THE HOME

● **PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLDER** ***You'll save pounds and pounds if you spend 2/- a month on "Practical Householder," Australia's big Do-It-Yourself magazine. Packed with information on how to do those odd jobs round the house, it's on sale at all newsagents.***

B. PAD. 59

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820935



Headaches go

You will find "Disprin" a much improved form of aspirin:

DISPRIN DISSOLVES. Disprin tablets dissolve quickly in water. This soluble form of aspirin naturally passes more rapidly into the bloodstream to relieve pain.

FAR LESS ACID. Disprin, being soluble and far less acid than ordinary aspirin and a.p.c., is far less likely to cause stomach upset.

EASY TO TAKE. Disprin is palatable. Disprin tablets can be dissolved on the tongue, or swallowed, when no glass of water is at hand.

These are the reasons why Disprin is now recommended for the safe and rapid relief of headaches, feverishness, toothache, 'flu and rheumatic pains.

Period pains. *Disprin at such times is a real blessing to women. Pain is relieved and the nerves are rapidly soothed. Keep the flat pack of Disprin in your handbag.*

Ask your Chemist for Disprin

TO RELIEVE PAIN DISPRIN NEUTRAL SOLUBLE ASPIRIN

DISPRIN Regd.

***dissolves* pain quickly and safely**

D4/56

Each week, The Australian Women's Weekly publishes an attractive home plan. These plans can be obtained at the Weekly's Home Planning Centres in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide. The plans are also on sale in Geelong.

Continuing . . . . Sylvester

from page 54

his coat pocket, and said briefly: "What's the figure?"

Mr. Shap, with great promptness, named a price which drew a shriek of scandalised wrath from Alice. She begged Sylvester not to be choused out of his money; but Sylvester, who was tired of Mr. Shap, dropped three sovereigns into his gnarled hand and told him to be off. Such openhanded conduct caused Mr. Shap to dang himself if it weren't a duke after all.

"Well," said Alice, preparing to follow him. "I'm proper set about he should have behaved like a smidge, but one thing's sure, your honor. With your paying him so handsome he knows you are a duke, and so he'll tell everyone." She nodded, her eyes sparkling with joyful anticipation. "Happen we'll have 'em all up to the tap today, wishful for to see you with their own eyes!" she told Sylvester. "Why, there's been nothing like it, not since we had the girl with two heads putting up here!"

The fascinated horror with which Sylvester listened to these artless confidences had long since proved to be too much for Phoebe's gravity. Alice, grinning sympathetically upon her mirth, went off to supervise the transport of Mr. Shap's pig; and Sylvester demanded, with some asperity, whether his attractions were rated above or below those of a freak.

"Oh, below!" Phoebe answered, wiping her streaming eyes. "For you are not in yourself remarkable, you know! Your oddity is in being out of place. I dare say had you been putting up at the Pelican, your presence in the district wouldn't have aroused the least interest."

"How much I wish we were all of us at the Pelican!" he exclaimed. "Only think how different our lot would be! No, don't let us think of it!"

"I don't mean to," responded Phoebe cheerfully. "The Pelican would not do for me at all, in such a situation. But if Keighley is better tomorrow, I shouldn't wonder at it if you were able to reach Speenhamland.

"And abandon you and Thomas to your fates? If that's the opinion you hold of me I am able to understand your reluctance to receive my addresses, Miss Marlow!"

She blushed fiercely, for although Tom had warned her of his indiscretion she had been encouraged by Sylvester's previous manner to believe that he would not refer to it. "I beg pardon! Of course I did not—it wasn't—I mean, it was all a stupid mistake, wasn't it?" she stammered.

Venturing to look up into his face she saw that his eyes were gleaming with mockery; and she could not doubt that he was enjoying her discomfiture. But as resentment rose in her breast the malice vanished from his expression; and she perceived that he really had got an enchanting smile. This was surprising. She had not before encountered that engaging look; and a moment earlier there had been no trace of it. She was suspicious of it, and yet could not help responding to it.

> **I have never seen a badly dressed woman who was agreeable and good-humored.**
> *—Honore de Balzac*

"Yes, just a stupid mistake!" he said reassuringly. 'Shall I promise not to pay my address to you? I am perfectly ready to do so, if it will make you more comfortable."

But she only laughed at this, and got up, saying that she had no longer any fears on that head. She went away then, and when he saw her next it was an hour later, in Tom's room, polishing with a scrap of sandpaper the spillikins Tom was cleverly whittling from some wood begged from Mrs. Scaling. Tom looked up, smiling, and said: "Can you play spillikins, sir? I was used to be a dab at the game, and am issuing a challenge to all comers!"

"I don't fear you," responded Sylvester, handing him a large pewter tankard. "Home-brewed, Thomas—the best thing we've yet had here!—Your skill may be superior, but I'll swear I'm the more in practice. Unless you have young brothers and sisters, in which case I may hedge off a trifle."

"No, I haven't," grinned Tom. "Have you?"

"No, but I have frequently played with my nephew," Sylvester replied.

His attention was just then diverted by a kick on the door, followed by a demand from Will Scaling to be admitted. He turned to open the door, and so did not see the looks of consternation which his words brought to his young friends' faces. By the time he had foiled an attempt by Will to dump a heavy luncheon-tray down on Tom's legs they had revived sufficiently from the shock of discovering that he had a nephew to be able to meet his casual glance with the appearance at least of composure.

They were granted no opportunity for an exchange of more than looks until later in the day, for Sylvester returned with Phoebe to Tom's room after their luncheon, and only left it when it became time to attend again to the horses. Mrs. Scaling having unearthed a pack of greasy playing-cards the beleaguered travellers were not restricted to spillikins or paper games, but embarked on several desperate gambling ventures, using dried peas for counters, and managing the cards and the bets of all the imaginary persons created by them to make up the correct number of gamesters.

This was the sort of fooling that might have amused them for a few minutes, but Phoebe's talent for endowing her creations with names and characteristics invested the nonsense with wit; and when Sylvester, not slow to follow her lead, invented two eccentries on his own account the game rapidly became a sort of charade, exercising the histrionic ability of the two players, and keeping Tom, who did not aspire to such heights, in a continuous chuckle.

But although Tom laughed he thought it a dangerous diversion, for every now and then Phoebe could not resist indulging her genius for mimicry. Tom recognised several characters from "The Lost Heir"; he was unacquainted with the originals, but to judge by Sylvester's swift response Phoebe hit them off very recognisably.

"For heaven's sake take care what you're about!" Tom warned her, as soon as Sylvester had left the room. "If he should read your book I wouldn't wager a groat against the chance of his recalling all this mummery of yours, and then putting two and two together, for he's no fool! You know, Phoebe, I do think you should make a push to alter that book! I mean, after the way he has behaved to us it seems the shabbiest thing to make him out a villain! I can't think why you should have done so, either, or have supposed him to be insufferably proud. Why, he hasn't the *least height in his manner!*"

"I must own I never expected him to be so amiable," she acknowledged. "Not but what to be assuming the airs of a great man in such a place as this would be quite absurd, and I give him credit for knowing it."

"Phoebe, you must change the book!" he urged. "First, we know that he reads novels, and now he says he has a nephew! I didn't know where to look!"

"No, I was ready to sink myself," she agreed. "However, I don't think it signifies so very much. Everyone has nephews, after all! I dare say he may have several of them, but the thing is, remember, that Maximilian was wholly in Count Ugolino's power, being an orphan. There can be no resemblance!"

To page 57

Sealed in Gold Foil

— because nothing is too good to protect the

new fragrance, new whiteness, new purity of NEW

LUX TOILET SOAP

Unwrap the gleaming gold foil—then see the difference . . . **smell** the difference! That whiter-than-ever whiteness of New Lux is proof of a purity no other soap can match! And that wonderful Lux fragrance is new, different — as carefully protected as the finest of French perfumes! Buy New Lux in gold foil today!

Lovely Deborah Kerr with daughters Melanie Jane, 11, and Francesca Anne, 8, on location in the South of France for Columbia Pictures "Bonjour Tristesse." Home or abroad ". . . we always keep plenty of Lux Toilet soap handy", says the beautiful film star.
A new perfect balance of ingredients gives new Lux a mildness and gentleness never known before — so wonderful for your beauty, so right for all the family.

GET THE BIG FAMILY SIZE

NEW LUX IN GOLD FOIL

Beauty care of 9 out of every 10 filmstars

L47

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820936

Continuing . . . . Sylvester

from page 56

"What is Salford's family?" Tom asked.

"Well, I don't know precisely. There are quite a number of Raynes, but how nearly they may be related to him I haven't a notion."

"I must say, Phoebe, I think you should have discovered just how it was before you put him into your book!" said Tom in accents of strong censure. "Surely your father must have a Peerage?"

"I don't know if he has," she said guiltily. "I never thought—I mean, when I wrote the book I didn't imagine it would be published! I own, I wish now that I hadn't made Salford the villain, but, after all, Tom, if I can but change his appearance no one will ever guess who Ugolino is! It is all the fault of his wretched eyebrows: if Salford had not had that tigerish look I should never have thought of making him a villain!"

"What a bag of moonshine!" Tom exclaimed. "Tigerish look, indeed! He has a most agreeable countenance!"

"Now that is coming it too strong!" interrupted Phoebe, roused to indignation. "His smile is agreeable, but in general his expression is one of haughty indifference! I had nearly said disdain, but he is not disdainful of his fellows because he scarcely notices them."

"I suppose you think he has scarcely noticed me?" said Tom with heavy sarcasm.

"No, because he took a fancy to you and so it pleases him to treat you with flattering distinction. And also," Phoebe pursued, her eyes narrowing as though to bring Sylvester's image into perspective, "I believe it piqued him to be told that I disliked him."

"I wish I had not said anything about that!"

"Oh, don't tease yourself over it! I am persuaded it has done him a great deal of good!" she said blithely. "I assure you, Tom, when I met him previously, in London, his manners were very different. Then he had no thought of engaging the good opinion of such a poor little dab as I am; now he bestows every degree of attention on me, until I dare say I shall soon find myself obliged to be in raptures about him."

"You may well!" returned Tom. "Let me tell you, Phoebe, that if you do contrive to reach London it will be thanks to his good offices, not to mine! He says he will escort you there in his chaise, so for the lord's sake be civil to him!"

"No!" she exclaimed. "Did he say so, indeed? Well, I must own that that's excessively handsome of him, but it won't answer, of course: I can't leave you here alone and in such a case! Why, what a monster I should be to think of doing anything so inhuman!" She added naughtily: "So I need not be civil after all, need I?"

. . . .

Sylvester, when presently applied to, gave his support to both contestants. He said Tom must certainly not be abandoned to his fate; but he also said that Phoebe had no need to delay her journey on that account, since he himself would remain at the Blue Boar, delegating to Keighley the task of conveying her to her grandmother. She could not but be grateful to him for so practical a solution to her difficulty, her only remaining anxiety being the fear that she would be overtaken by her father before the arrival of Sylvester's chaise at the Blue Boar.

"I can only say, Miss Marlow," responded Sylvester to this confidence, "that if the first vehicle to reach us from the west is not my chaise two Hounslow-bred postilions will shortly be seeking situations in some other household than mine!"

In fact, his chaise arrived two days later, within a very short time of the snow's ceasing to fall. Since it had taken the postilions more than two hours to accomplish the stage between Marlborough and Hungerford, Swale's graphic description of the perils overcome in the cause of duty were not needed to convince Phoebe that the condition of the roads was still too bad to make her father's appearance on the scene anything but a remote contingency.

Sylvester sent his chaise on to the Halfway House, a couple of miles up the road, but kept Swale at the Blue Boar. Swale, discovering that he must share a bedchamber with Keighley and eat all his meals in the kitchen, was so much affronted that he hovered for as much as thirty seconds on the brink of tendering his resignation to his noble employer. He bowed stiffly when commanded to wait upon Mr. Orde and sought solace for his lacerated sensibilities in treating that hapless young gentleman with such meticulous politeness that Tom was very soon begging Sylvester to leave him to the less expert but less intimidating ministrations of Will Scaling.

Tom's shyness of Sylvester had not survived forty-eight hours of depending upon him for his every need; and within an hour of having lodged this laughing complaint with him he was taking him roundly to task for having acted upon it in an ill-judged manner. "I don't know what you said to the poor fellow, but if I'd guessed you would say anything at all I never would have told you about it!" he said. "He has been in here, begging my pardon, and telling me a bamboozling tale of having been feeling out of sorts, and hoping I shan't have cause to complain to you again! I was never more mortified in my life! A pretty sneaksby you made me, Salford! Did you threaten to turn him off, just because he don't care to wait on me?"

"I'm not so high-handed, Thomas. I only asked him to tell me if he was quite happy in my service."

"Oh, was that all?" exclaimed Tom. "No wonder he was looking so tyburn-faced! And you say you're not high-handed! Well, I think you're medieval!"

That made Sylvester laugh. "But in what way am I medieval? I pay him a handsome wage, you know."

"But you didn't hire him to take care of me!"

"My dear Thomas, what in the world has he to do besides?" Sylvester interrupted, a little impatiently. "All the work he has to do for me in this hedge-tavern could not occupy him as much as a couple of hours out of the twenty-four!"

"No, but he is your valet, not mine! You might as well have ordered him to groom your horses, or sweep the floor. And beyond all else you told him he must share Keighley's room! Now, Salford, you must know that your valet is much above your groom's touch!"

"Not in my esteem."

"Very likely not, but——"

"But nothing, Thomas! In my own household my esteem is all that signifies. Does that seem medieval to you? If it seems so to Swale he may leave me: he's not my slave!" He smiled suddenly. "Keighley is

To page 59

New PEARS BABY POWDER

A miracle of softness and purity

Happiest way to start the day . . . Pears Baby Powder! This lovely new skin care from Pears has the light touch that's right for all the family. Soothes, cools, comforts you all over.

Only the purest for baby . . . that's Pears! With new Pears Baby Powder you can be sure . . . as sure as you are of world-famous Pears Soap. It's utterly pure.

Smell its Spring-like freshness! You'll be charmed with the light 'n' lovely fragrance of Pears Baby Powder. It's *lastingly* fresh . . . pure pleasure for all the family.

Why don't you make Pears a family affair

PP.5.WW.144g

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820937

'Terylene'

Wool and the fabulous 'Terylene'

When wool is blended with 'Terylene' a wonderful new fabric is created with the feel and look of wool — but with advantages you never . . . never enjoyed before. Caught in a sudden shower of rain a pleated skirt will dry out quickly with perfect, knife-edge pleats.

Trousers can be drenched and still retain their perfect tailored crease. There is no sagging or bagging, no crushing or shrinking.

It's 'Terylene' that makes the fabulous difference.

It's the 'Terylene' that makes clothes last longer, shed wrinkles, resist dirt and stains . . . and almost never need pressing.

'Terylene' makes clothes go on looking like new.

'TERYLENE' Polyester ICI Fibre

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LIMITED

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820938

more my slave, I assure you—and I never engaged him, and could never dismiss him. Now, what is there in that to make you frown at me?"

"I wasn't—I mean, I can't explain it, only my father always says one should take care not to offend the sensibilities of inferior persons, and though I dare say you didn't intend to do so, it does seem to me as if—— But I should not say so!" Tom ended, rather hurriedly.

"Well, you have said so, haven't you?" said Sylvester, quite gently, but with the smile hardening on his lips. "To have become acquainted with you and with Miss Marlow ought to do me a great deal of good, I hope. What a number of faults I have of which I was never previously made aware!"

"I don't know what more I can do than beg your pardon," Tom said stiffly.

"Why, nothing! Unless you like to instruct me how I should treat my servants?" He paused, as Tom looked at him with belligerence in his eyes, and his lips very resolutely closed, and said quickly: "Oh, no! What an unhandsome thing to say to you! Forgive me: I didn't mean it!"

There could be no resisting that coaxing note, or the softened expression, half contrite, half quizzical, that put to rout the satyr-look. "Oh, stuff! Besides, I had no business to be criticising you! Particularly," he added rather naively, "when you have been so devilish kind to me!"

"Humdudgeon!"

"No, it ain't. What's more ——"

"If you mean to be a dead bore, Thomas, I'm off!" Sylvester interrupted. "And let me tell you that if you are trying to turn me up sweet you will be speedily bowled out! Kind was not the epithet you chose to describe my charitable attempt to make your bed more comfortable this morning!"

"Oh, well, I see I can't please you," Tom said, grinning. "First, I'm grateful, and now I'm a dead bore! But I'm not ungrateful, you know. I thought the trap was down when you arrived here, and so it was, for I'm in no case to help Phoebe. But you mean to do so, don't you?"

"Do I? Oh, convey her to London! Yes, I'll do that," Sylvester replied. "If she still wishes it—though what she now hopes to achieve by it I don't immediately perceive."

Tom was unable to enlighten him, but Phoebe told him frankly that she hoped never to return to Austerby. This was sufficiently startling to make him put up his brows. She said, her eyes searching his face: "My grandmother told me once that she wished she might have me to live with her—had always wished it! Only when my mother died it was not possible, from some cause or another, for her to make that offer to Papa. And then, you know, he married Mama, which made it, she thought, unnecessary, as well as grossly uncivil, to remove me from Austerby."

A slightly sardonic gleam of amusement flickered in his eyes.

"But she did not last year invite you to remain with her?" he suggested.

A look of anxiety came into her face; her eyes, still fixed on his, seemed to question him. She said: "No, but at that time it didn't occur to me to ask her if I might live with her, when —" She paused, feeling the ice thin under her feet, and colored.

"When you feared to be forced into a distasteful marriage?" he supplied helpfully.

Her color deepened, but his words brought her engaging twinkle into her eyes. "Well, yes!" she acknowledged. "When that happened I thought suddenly that if Grandmama would let me reside with her I need not be a trouble, but, on the contrary, useful, perhaps. And, in any event, it won't be so very long now before I come of age, and then I hope — I believe — the case will be quite altered and I need be a charge on no one."

He instantly suspected her of having formed an attachment for some hopeless ineligible and asked her bluntly if she had matrimony in view.

"Matrimony! Oh, no!" she responded. "I dare say I shall never be married. I have another scheme — quite different!" She added, in some confusion: "Excuse me on that head, if you please! I had not meant to speak of it and must not! Pray do not regard it! Only tell me if you think — for perhaps you are better acquainted with her than I — that my grandmother will like to have me to live with her?"

He believed that there was nothing Lady Ingham would like less; but he believed also, and maliciously, that she would find it impossible to repulse her granddaughter; and he replied smiling: "Why not?"

"How's the attic coming?"

She looked relieved, but said very earnestly: "Every day I spend away from Austerby strengthens my resolve never to go back there! I was never so happy in my life before!"

"Very well," he said. "Keighley shall escort you to London as soon as the roads are passable."

She thanked him, but said doubtfully: "And Tom?"

"I shall send a message to his parents when you are gone. Don't you trust me? I shan't leave him until I have handed him over to his father."

"Yes, indeed I trust you. I was wondering only whether I ought to accept so much help from you — using your chaise — depriving you of your groom!" She added naively: "When I was not at first very civil to you!"

"But you are never civil to me!" he complained. "You began by giving me a heavy setdown and you followed that with a handsome trimming! And now you threaten to deny me a chance to retrieve my character!" He laughed, seeing her at a loss for words, and took her hand and lightly kissed it. "Cry friends, Sparrow! Am I so very bad?"

"No! I never said that or thought it!" she stammered. "How could I, when I scarcely know you?"

"Oh, this is worse than anything!" he declared. "No sooner seen than disliked! I understand you perfectly: I have frequently met such persons — only I had not thought myself to have been one of them!"

Goaded, she retorted: "One does not, I believe!" Then she immediately looked stricken and faltered: "Oh, dear, my wretched tongue! I beg your pardon!"

The retort had made his eyes flash, but the look of dismay which so swiftly succeeded it disarmed him. "If ever I met such a chastening pair as you and Orde! What next will you find to say to me, I wonder? Unnecessary, I'm persuaded, to tell you not to spare me!"

"Now that is the most shocking injustice!" she exclaimed. "When Tom positively toad-eats you!"

"Toad-eats me? You can know nothing of toad-eaters if that is what you think!" He directed a suddenly penetrating look at her, and asked abruptly: "Do you suppose that that is what I like, to be toad-eaten?"

She thought for a moment, and then said: "No, not precisely. It is, rather, what you expect, perhaps, without liking or disliking."

"You are mistaken! I neither expect it nor like it!"

She bowed her head, it might have been in acquiescence, but the ghost of a smile on her lips nettled him.

"Upon my word, ma'am ——!" he said angrily, and there stopped, as she looked an inquiry. A reluctant laugh was dragged out of him. "I recall now that I was told you were not just in the common way, Miss Marlow!"

"Oh, no! Did someone indeed say that of me?" she demanded, turning quite pink with pleasure. "Who was it? Oh, do pray, tell me!"

He shook his head, amused by her eagerness. It was such a mild compliment, yet here she was, all agog to learn its source, looking like a child tantalised by a toy held out of her reach. "Not I!"

She sighed. "How infamous of you! Were you hoaxing me?"

"Not at all! Why should I?"

"I don't know, but it seems as though you might do so. People don't say pretty things of me—or, if they do, I never heard of it." She pondered it. "Of course, it might mean that I was merely odd—in a gothic way," she said doubtfully.

"Yes—or outrageous!"

"No," she decided. "It couldn't have meant that, because I wasn't outrageous when I went to London. I behaved with perfect propriety—and insipidity."

"You may have behaved with propriety, but insipidity I cannot allow!"

"Well, you thought so at the time!" she said tartly. "And, to own the truth, I was insipid. Mama was watching me, you see."

He remembered how silent and stupid she had appeared at Austerby, and said: "Yes, you must certainly escape from her. But not on the common stage, and not unescorted! Is that agreed?"

"Thank you," she replied meekly. "I own it will be more comfortable to travel post. When shall I be able to set forward, do you think?"

"I can't tell that. No London vehicles have gone by yet, which leads me to suppose that the drifts must be lying pretty thick beyond Speenhamland. Wait until we have seen the Bristol Mail go past!"

"I have a lowering presentiment that we shall see Mama's travelling-carriage instead — and it will not go past," stated Phoebe, in a hollow tone.

"I pledge you my word you shan't be dragged back to Austerby—and that you may depend on!"

To be continued

from page 57

Continuing . . . . Sylvester

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

New Miracle Shampoo

BEAUTY-WASHES YOUR HAIR WITHOUT DRYING OUT THE NATURAL OILS!

Softasilk GOLDEN SHAMPOO

leaves your hair shining clean silken smooth and easy to manage

Whatever your hair type or colour, you will find it softer, brighter after using new Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Just pick up this elegant new bottle and see how the clear golden liquid moves with a slow, oil-rich movement. Its instant foam does not dry out the natural oils . . . in fact, it encourages the correct proportion. Start today and beautify with gentle, one-lather Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Perfect for all types of hair!

ONE lather gives thorough cleansing

LARGE SIZE 5/3
REGULAR 3/3

Keep your hair gloriously soft and clean wherever you go. Take this handy travel bubble 1/3

U146A

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820939

'Savlon' — Antiseptic Lozenges

'Savlon'

Antiseptic
LOZENGES
The New, Sure way to relieve
SORE THROATS

4/-
AT YOUR CHEMIST

'Savlon' Antiseptic Lozenges, containing Chlorhexidine, the powerful germ killer recently discovered by ICI chemists, will not harm sensitive mouth and throat tissues. Let pleasantly flavoured 'Savlon' Lozenges melt in your mouth and right away irritation is relieved — your throat feels easier — soon it will be free from infection entirely!

Made by the manufacturers of

'Savlon' Antiseptic CREAM AT 3/9 & 6/6 A TUBE

'Savlon' Antiseptic LIQUID AT 5/6 A BOTTLE

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND LTD.

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning June 23

ARIES
The Ram
MARCH 21 — APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, rose. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in your home.

★ The homemaker will be inspired to make fortunate changes in her surroundings. If dissatisfied, move to new quarters. A member of the family may receive an honor or be promoted to a higher, better-paid position. If employed, you may resign and seek a new job. Simple home entertainment is your most successful social activity.

TAURUS
The Bull
APRIL 21—MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck on a short journey.

★ Get out among people; you will learn something advantageous. If applying for a job, the personal interview will be important. Be careful what you sign. Read the small print in any contract. If a student, you reach a turning point in your career. Outings influence future plans. The man in your life may invite you on a day's excursion.

GEMINI
The Twins
MAY 21 — JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in the marketplace.

★ Whether you buy or sell goods or services your prospects are excellent. You may improve your assets, increase economic security by careful management. You work wonders with the household budget. The one you love best may give you a welcome present or take you out in lavish style. Social diversion inclines towards concerts.

CANCER
The Crab
JUNE 22 — JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue. Gambling colors, blue, gold. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday. Luck in swift action.

★ If you're in love, give him a chance to tell you that he cares. If you are holding down a job, quick wits can bring you prestige. Ask and grant favors. Organise work to distribute a fair share of responsibility among team mates. The homemaker will bring discipline into her work. Social affairs are prominent with you shining.

LEO
The Lion
JULY 23 — AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in quiet effort.

★ Alone more than usual, you finish tasks quickly. Extra leisure leads to fresh ambitions. The amateur craftsman glows with satisfaction at achieving a professional standard. Visits to the sick or elderly are probable. Your beloved may be sentimental, and prefer going off alone together to joining the crowd of friends.

VIRGO
The Virgin
AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, green. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in sport.

★ Any physical activity out of doors will increase vitality and add to your joy of living. If you play in a team, your side should win. Your job may be brightened by the coming of a new colleague. Social life is liable to be hectic, with more invitations than you can accept. A mild friendship may develop into an exciting romance.

LIBRA
The Balance
SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck through elders.

★ Cultivate those whose influence is powerful. The boss may have his eye on you for greater responsibilities. If a voluntary worker, you head a committee or are appointed to office. Your home may be on parade before V.I.P.'s or in-laws. Social life leads to official occasions. The young in heart find love through a meeting at a ball.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion
OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, rose. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck through knowledge.

★ It's what you know, not who you know, that will settle any issue. Experience and skill will make your future prospects rosy. The student, the domestic arts and crafts enthusiast, everyone eager to try new and more ambitious projects, will be successful beyond expectation. Travel, near or far, is well aspected for you.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer
NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue. Gambling colors, blue, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a windfall.

★ A surprise will make your life smoother. It could be a fatter pay envelope, or a dividend from a past investment. It may be a distinction or increased prestige. If you are a homemaker, it might take the form of a labor-saving device. Social activities are at a minimum. Your emotional life may be subject to storm and stress; quarrels ahead.

CAPRICORN
The Goat
DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a partnership.

★ Romance is well aspected. Single folk contemplate matrimony, marrieds step out to parties, and renew their romance. An anniversary or a birthday in the family circle may be the cause of a celebration. Your job is likely to be made easier through co-operation. A new friendship is growing more and more important.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in concentrated effort.

★ Only hard work and sticking on the job will spell success. Be early if applying for a position or engaging in any business transaction. Now is the right moment to go on a diet, do slimming exercises, have a new hairdo, or start beauty treatments. Romance and social life tend to fade into the background meanwhile.

PISCES
The Fish
FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a happy ending.

★ If you're in love, your engagement may be announced. If a teenager, you meet a dashing stranger at a party. Older folk who enter a tournament or competition have the stars in their favor. Good fortune in some guise will follow all your undertakings. Your social activities will be many and varied, with new friends and interests.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

. . . only a healthy skin can be

really beautiful!

To clear away skin blemishes and bring out your natural beauty, there is no better method than a twice daily lather with rich medicated Solyptol toilet Soap. Solyptol Soap is gentle, cleansing and refreshing — and mildly medicated. It keeps your skin healthy, and naturally beautiful.

Solyptol Soap

REGD TRADE MARK

"IF IT'S FAULDING'S — IT'S PURE"

Scientists find safe, easy way to remove facial hair at home without electrolysis

Leaves skin velvety smooth

Hair on a woman's face is an unsightly blight to her appearance. But fortunately women can now be free from embarrassing hair on the face, as well as the arms and legs, because two scientists have developed a most simple, easy and *medically-proven* way to remove excess hair at home . . . Neelo, a cosmetic creme.

Thanks to Neelo, women no longer have to resort to electrolysis which is so expensive, often painful. No longer do women have to resort to the vicious habit of shaving, which keeps bringing the hair back so coarse.

This highly successful method of removing hair is used by more women today than any other. Do not confuse Neelo with old fashioned, evil smelling depilatories which irritate and take so long to use. Neelo is a pink, odorless cosmetic creme and so easy to use. Just smooth Neelo on like a face cream — then wash hair off in a minute. Neelo gently dissolves hair *below* the skin's surface. That's why the skin always feels so velvety smooth without coarse regrowth.

Don't let unwanted hair ruin your appearance. Buy new, odorless Neelo Cream Hair Remover today. KY223R

BRASSO
strikes a bright note

Keep all your brass and copper shining bright and just like new with Brasso.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820940

Fashion PATTERNS

F9796.—Full-skirted, front-buttoning dressing-gown for a small girl. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2-3¾yds. 54in. material, ½yd. 36in. contrast material. Price 3/-.

F4160.—Pretty eight-piece layette is embroidered and lace trimmed. Size, infants. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

● *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

F3024. — All-in-one child's pyjamas have elasticised back. Sizes 1, 2, and 3 years. Requires 1⅝-2½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F3614.—Boy's tailored pyjamas are braid-trimmed. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2⅝-3½yds. 36in. material, 2½yds. braid. Price 3/-.

F4790. — Attractively designed dress for a young girl has weskit-style bolero. Sizes 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 2-2½yds. 54in. material for dress, ½-⅝yd. 54in. material for bolero, and ¼yd. 36in. material for collar. Price 3/-.

F2548.—Boy's serviceable windjacket has elasticised back. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires ⅞-1½yds. 54in. material. Price 2/-.

F3032.—Practical coogans with a matching cover-up jacket. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2⅜-4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F2511. —Fitted coat for a small girl has double-breasted buttoning. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1½-2yds. 54in. material, ¼yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

NO. 738.—TAILORED BLOUSE
Smart blouse, designed to be worn either inside or outside a skirt, is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is turella, and color choice includes white, pale blue, pink, lemon, and pale green. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 34/3; 36 and 38in. bust 36/9. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

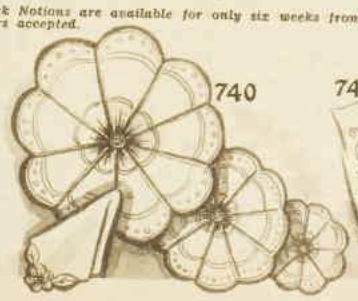
NO. 739.—TWEED SKIRT
Slim skirt with unusual tabbed pockets and a kick-pleat at the centre back is obtainable cut out ready to make. This material is Norfolk tweed, and color choice includes grey, navy, and bottle-green with a white fleck. Sizes: 24½, 26, 28, and 30in. waist 56/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

NO. 740.—LUNCHEON SET
Sunflower design luncheon set is obtainable clearly traced to embroider in white and cream Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat, 14in. x 14in.; plate mats, 11in. x 11in.; cup-and-saucer mats, 5in. x 5in.; serviettes, 11in. x 11in. Nine-piece set (1 centre, 4 plate and 4 cup-and-saucer mats) 18/9. Postage 2/3 extra. Thirteen-piece set (1 centre, 6 plate, and 6 cup-and-saucer mats) 22/6. Postage and registration 3/6 extra. Serviettes 1/9 each, postage 4d. extra.

NO. 741.—CUSHION COVER
Pretty floral-design cushion cover is obtainable traced ready to embroider. The material is white or cream Irish linen or cesarine in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: 18in. x 18in. Price (in linen) 10/3; (in cesarine) 8/3. Postage 1/9 extra.

NO. 742.—CHEMISE STYLE SUIT
The fashionable chemise suit is obtainable cut out ready to make in wool. The color choice includes violet, cherry, cocoa-brown, and avocado-green with a small white fleck. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust £4/17/3; 36in. and 38in. bust £4/19/9. Postage and registration 4/8 extra.

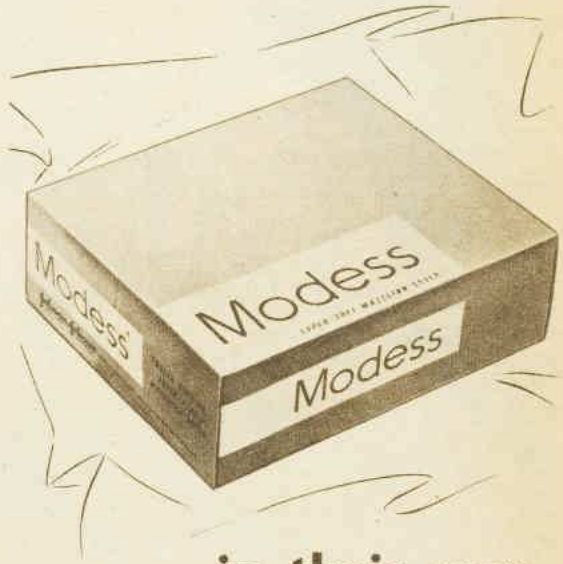
● *Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*



NOW

Modess

with SUPER SOFT MASSLINN or GAUZE cover



in their new fashion packages

Modess . . . with whisper-soft masslinn® for new luxurious softness . . . or gauze cover as you prefer . . . Modess gives greater than ever protection and comfort.

Look for:
- *Modess with MASSLINN cover in gay apple-green package.*
- *Modess with GAUZE cover in glamorous mist-blue package.*

Modess® MASSLINN or GAUZE cover still only **2/11**

Alternatively for your convenience, in paper pack with coloured band.

Products of Johnson & Johnson—the most trusted name in surgical dressings.

JM101/12.2

Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet

● *You'll save pounds and pounds if you spend 2/- a month on "Practical Householder," Australia's big Do-It-Yourself magazine. Packed with information on how to do those odd jobs round the house, it's on sale at all newsagents.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820941

To wake fresh and fit

It's marvellous what a difference MILO makes!

A bedtime cup of delicious, chocolate-flavoured Milo helps to relax the whole system, soothes the nerves, enables you to sleep restfully and naturally. And whilst you sleep, Milo ***nourishes*** you; rebuilds energy spent during the day. As a result, you wake in the morning full of vigour and zest for living. Milo is made from pure country milk and malted cereals fortified with energising vitamins. Yes, it's marvellous what a difference Milo makes.

The Milo label has been newly designed; but Milo itself is still the same delicious Tonic Food.

FOR SOUND, RESTFUL SLEEP

MILO

IT'S A NESTLÉ'S QUALITY PRODUCT

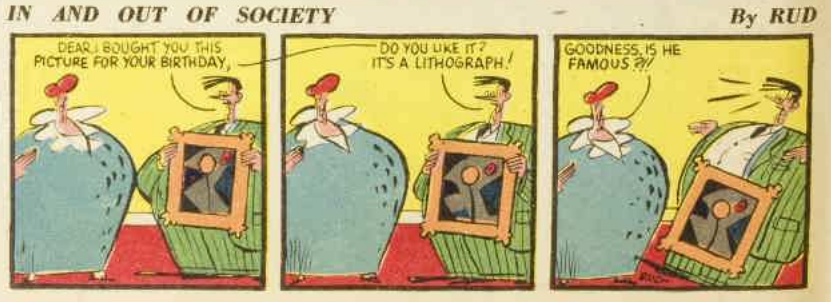
N.3970/57

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, is one of the captives of the greenies in the world of Xmyx. Although the greenies treat them well, the captives want to go home. An alarm goes on the borders of Xmyx and the peaceful land is invaded by the blazing fire-people from Flamz. The greenies are helpless. Then Mandrake suggests water as a weapon, a thing the greenies had never heard of. With their powerful green vacuums they draw up the water and pour it on the invaders, quenching their fire and sending them back to their own land. NOW READ ON:

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820942

You can lead a charmed life on "those days"

There's a magical discovery awaiting you when you start using Tampax sanitary protection

Ever wish you could wave a magic wand and just *banish* all the things that make you feel so *encumbered* on "those days"? Well, you can! You can feel so *different*, you'll hardly realise you're the same person. Just try internally worn Tampax. Instead of chafing and irritation, you have protection you can't even feel, once it's in place. Instead of bulky belt-pin-pad harness you have easy to use Tampax and its handy applicator, both easily disposed of. Instead of nagging fears about odour, you have the serene knowledge that it can't possibly form. Tampax really *is* magical! Get *your* supply at chemists or department stores. Choice of two absorbencies, Regular and Super. Month's supply goes in the handbag.

---- Send now for a----

TRIAL PACKAGE

The Nurse, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney. Please send me a trial package of Tampax in a plain wrapper. I enclose 7d. in stamps for postage and packing.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____ A.P82

UNWANTED HAIRS

Effective Home Treatment

Destroy unsightly hairs permanently by the "VANIX" devitalising treatment. "VANIX" penetrates deep into hair tissues and kills the roots without affecting the skin.

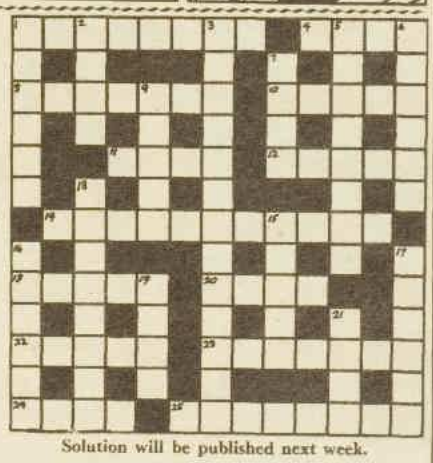
"VANIX"

is only 7/11 a bottle from all branches of Washington H. Soul, Pattinson & Co. Ltd., Sydney and Newcastle; Swifts Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer Emporium, Melbourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide; and Boans Ltd., Perth. Mail orders (9/- including postage) from above, or direct from The "VANIX" Co., (Dept. W) Box 38-A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Stop Winter Wrinkles

Use the colder months to give your skin a lovely bloom, but guard against dry wrinkles caused by the cold air. Even mildly crisp air causes the skin to contract, preventing protective oils from reaching the surface. Ask your chemist for a little oil of ulan and, before you make-up, smooth it over your face, neck and hands, being careful to pat it in generously round the eyes. You will be amazed how quickly this moist oil will give the skin a peaches and cream loveliness, especially on cold days ... *Margaret Merril.*

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

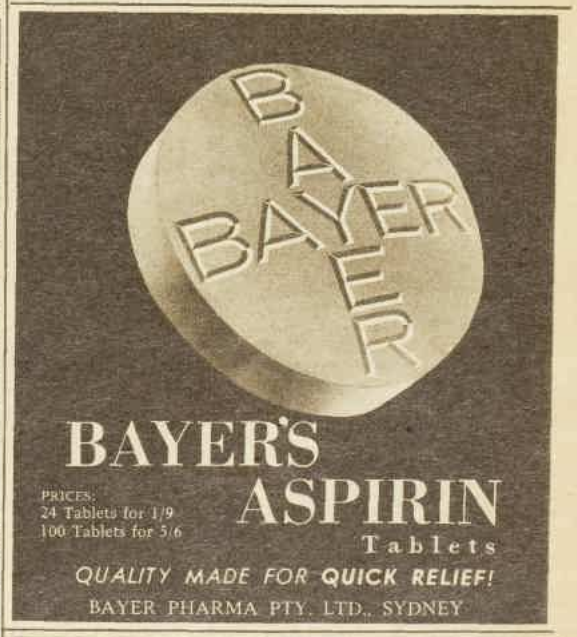
ACROSS

1. Sara with a robe in a trunk (8).
4. A disturbed mob placed in a medieval pulpit (4).
8. This flower may be a big one (7).
10. Burdened the French study (5).
11. A repaired part of a recommendation (4).
12. Decree once given by French kings (5).
14. Combine to study the sun with a broken tide (11).
18. Pertaining to the birth of an African country (5).
20. Depart from Aquitaine (4).
22. Be less than bright yet be correct (5).
23. Before a tiny thing becomes a hermit (7).
24. A hovel where she occupies the top place (4).
25. Fast lady who slowed down for a few apples (8).

DOWN

1. Bustle (Anagr. 6).
2. Fury produced by extra gentility (4).
3. Quaint, red, long, and bombastic (13).
5. Not excessive tear in common fashion (8).
6. Neat or richly embellished (6).
7. Island in Sentinel Bay (4).
9. Of necessity (5).
13. When Shakespeare put the goat into the menu he created a famous house (8).
15. The doctor I have can compel (5).
16. Painter who could have been a singer (6).
17. Private chamber of a judge in America when I am not there (6).
19. Long delayed part of a rainfall at eventide (4).
21. Chinese mile on a carnivorous quadruped (4).

Solution of last week's crossword.



● **PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLDER** *You'll save pounds and pounds if you spend 2/- a month on "Practical Householder," Australia's big Do-It-Yourself magazine. Packed with information on how to do those odd jobs round the house, it's on sale at all newsagents.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820943

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820944